HOLIDAY ISSUE
JANUARY, 1949
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CANADA 55¢

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

1949'S LOVELIEST NEW YEAR'S EVE, BY AL MOORE
P. 49-50

QUENTIN REYNOLDS' KNOCKOUT STORY OF THE RING
P. 36

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12-PAGE SECTION

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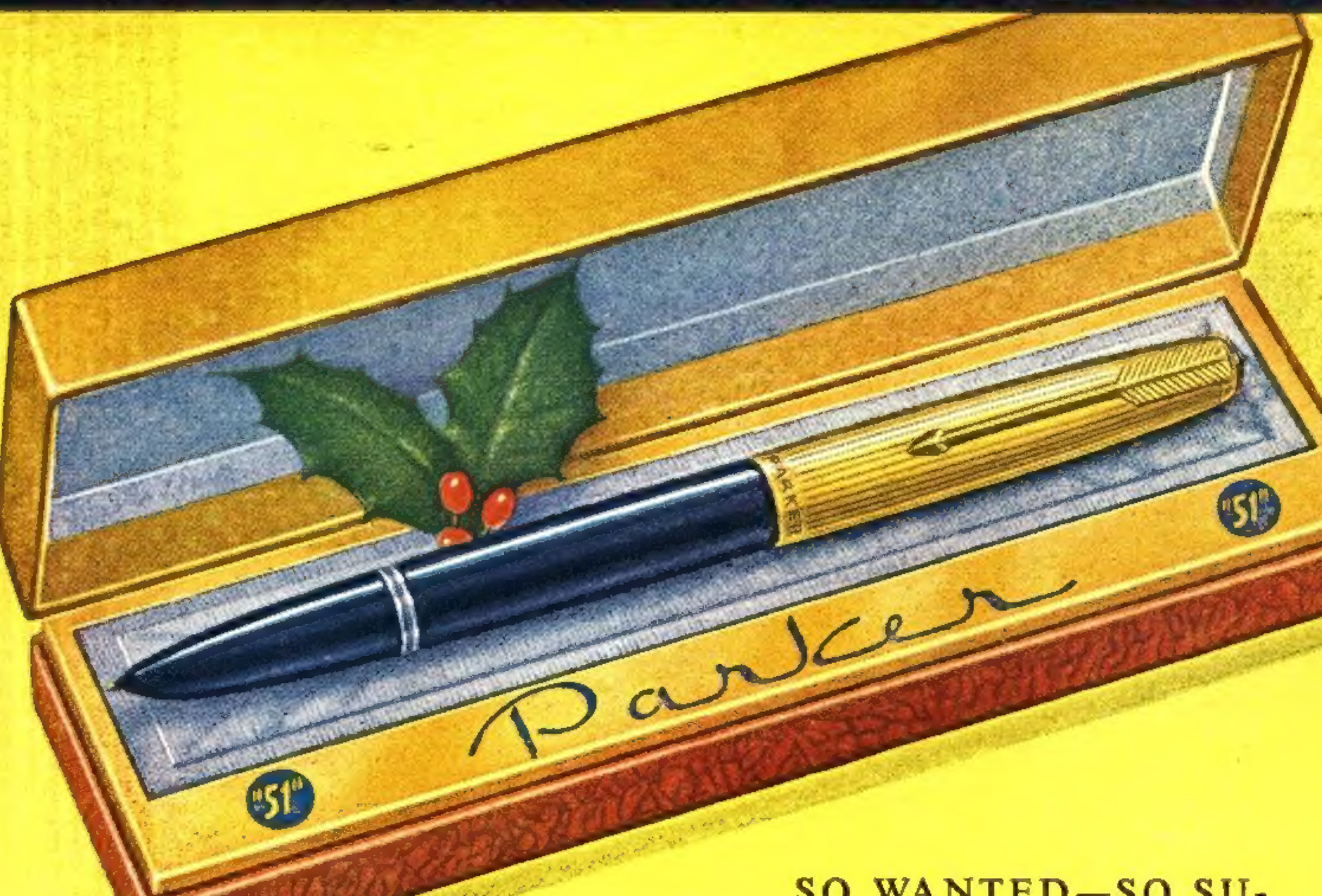

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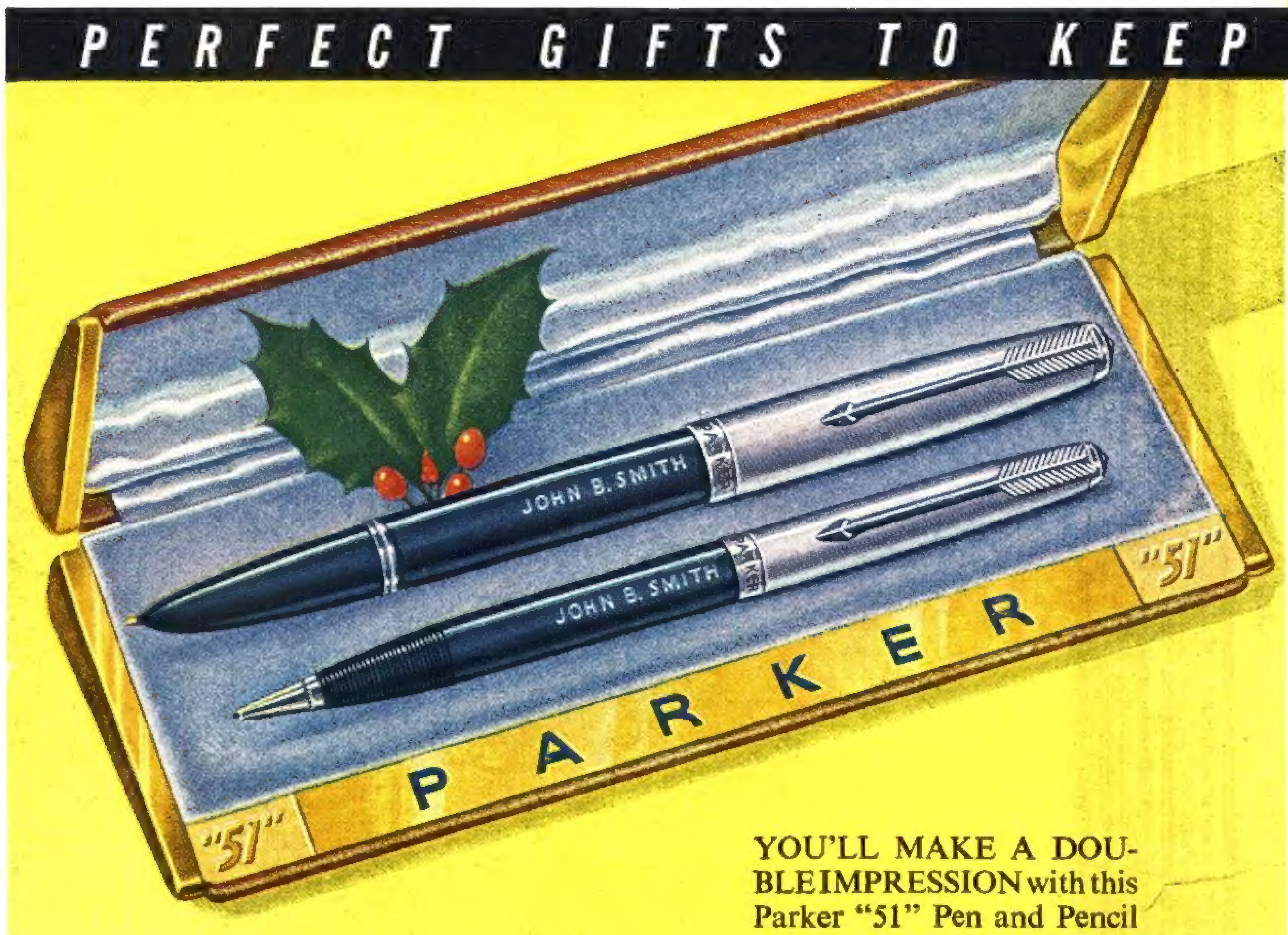

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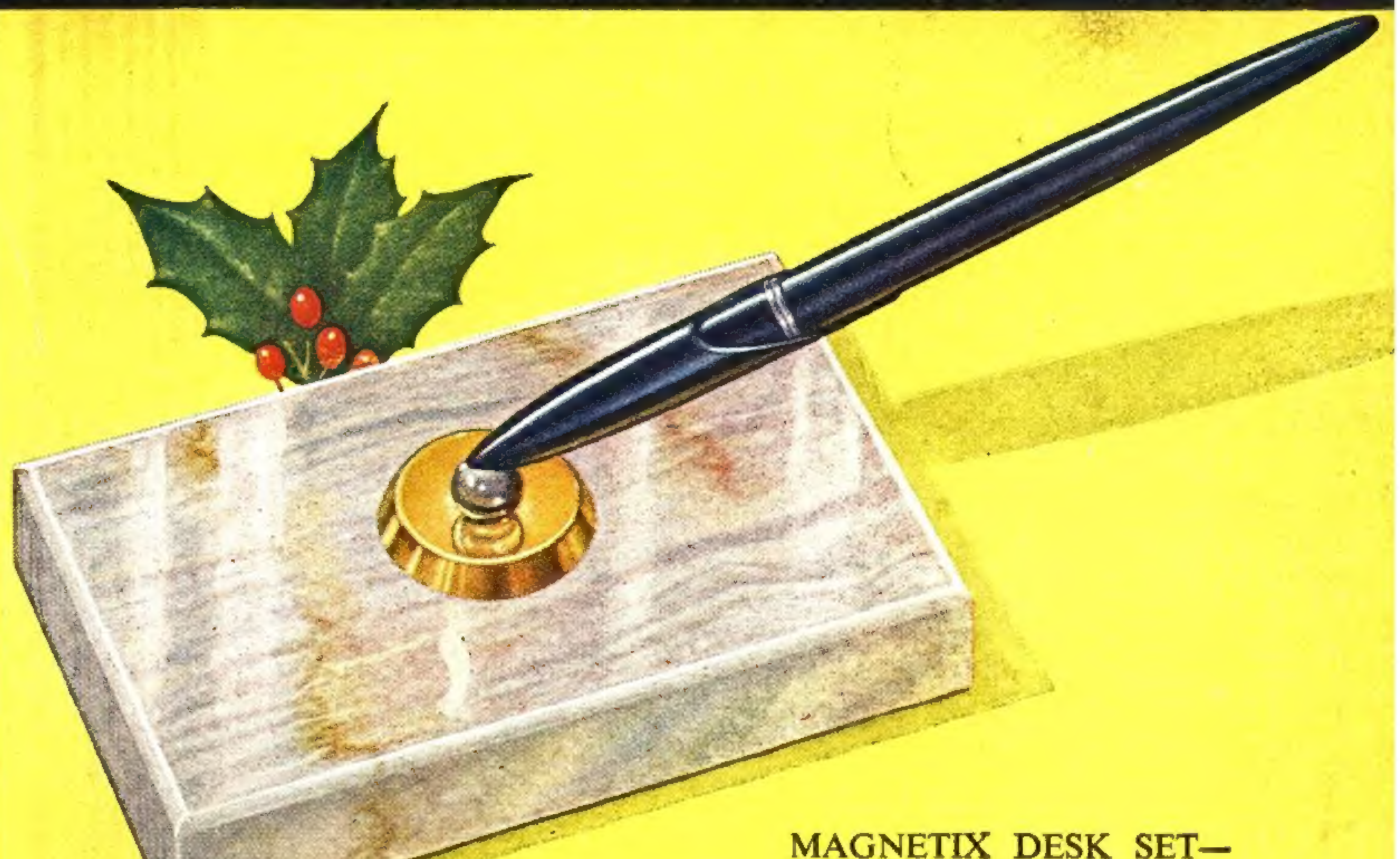

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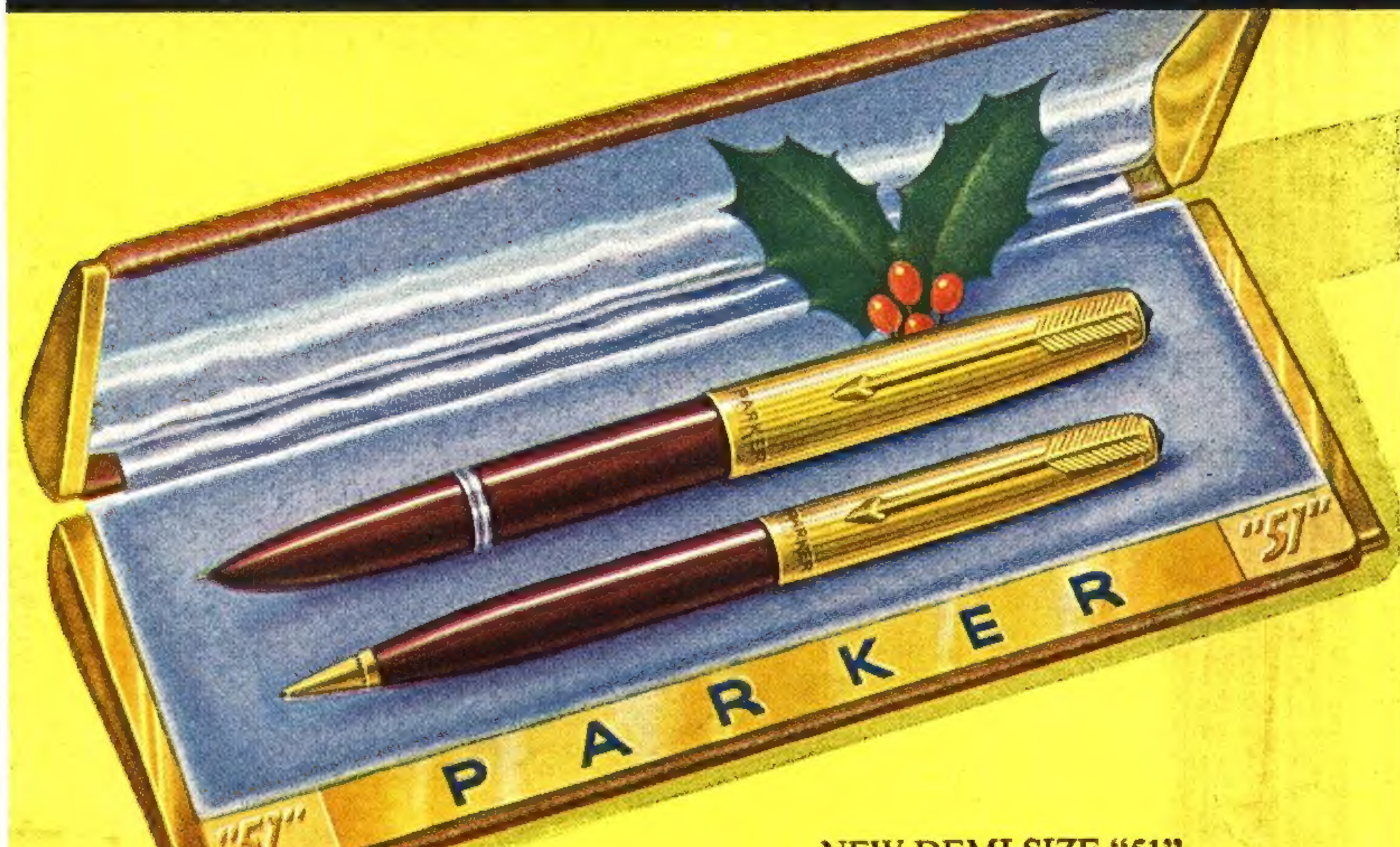

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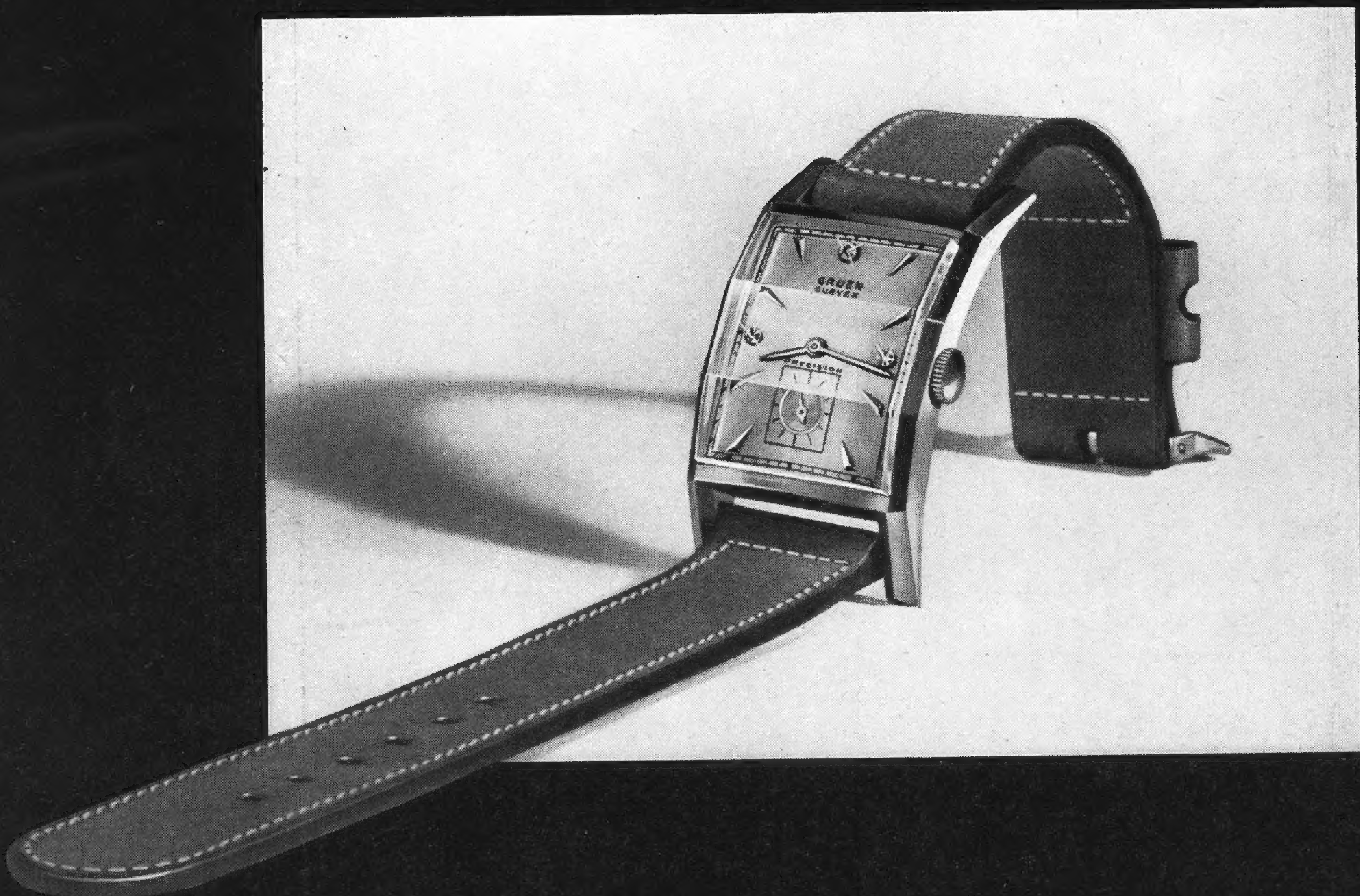

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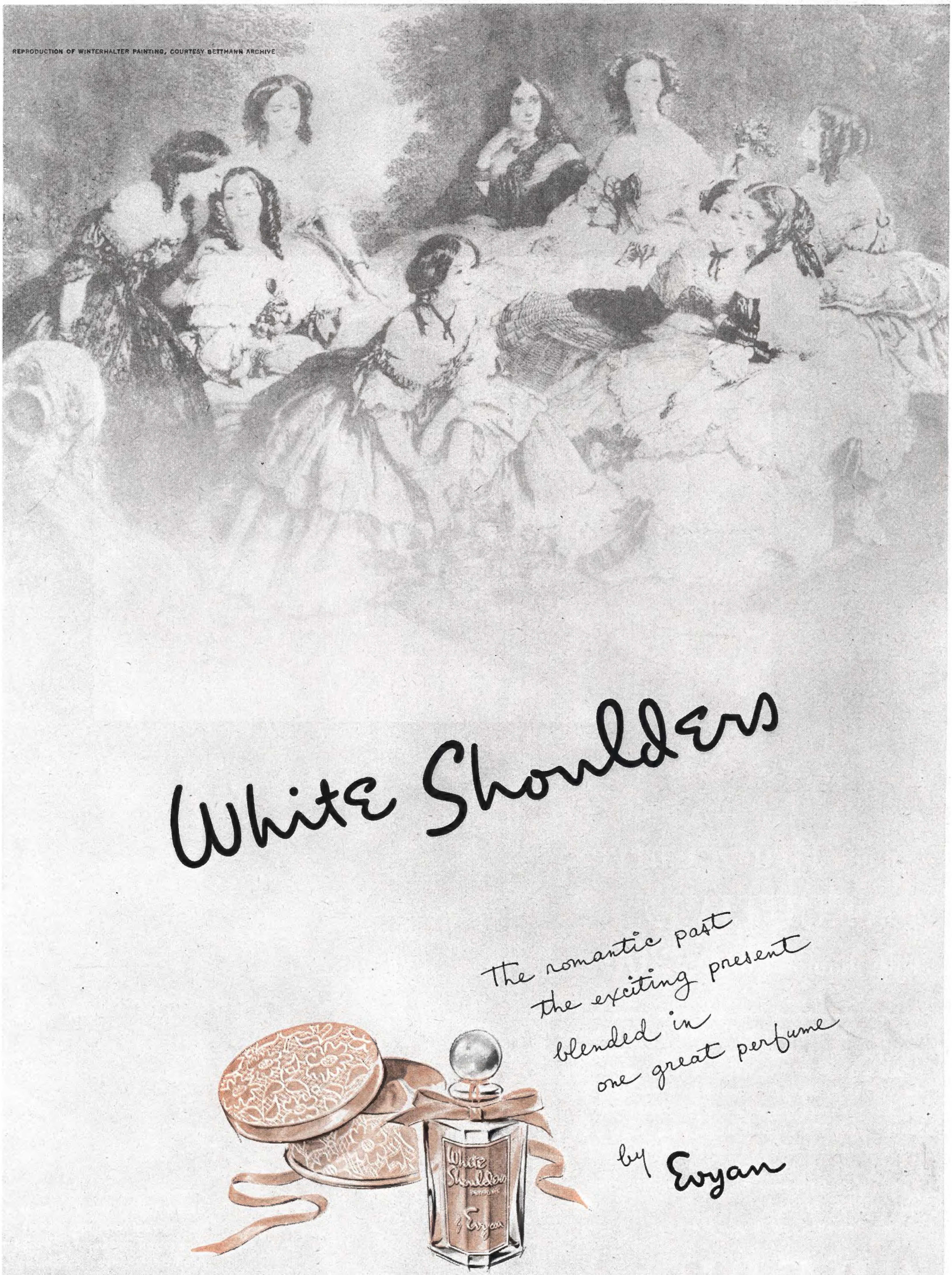

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memo from the publisher:

manual of arms

Carl Sandburg, the great author, writes these lines in his magnificent novel, *Remembrance Rock* (Copyright 1948 by Harcourt Brace & Co., Inc.):

> *Long before this time of ours America saw the faces of her men and women torn and shaken in turmoil, chaos and storm. In each major crisis you could have seen despair written on the faces of the foremost strugglers. Yet there always arose enough of reserves of strength, balances of sanity, portions of wisdom, to carry the nation through to a fresh start with an ever renewing vitality.*

Mr. Sandburg might well have been thinking of the young man whose letter we reprint on page 6 of this issue (one page over from this memo). This lad in the 303rd Bomb Group was just one of the millions of Americans who found in themselves those "reserves of strength" of which the author speaks, and which so surprised and confounded the Nazi supermen who had laughed at our army of clerks, teachers, and other peace-loving and unmilitary citizens. Surely Carl Sandburg has spoken for us all in praising the boys and men—sons and their fathers who raised such sons—who lived up to this American tradition once more.

Proudly we note in this letter from the navigator in the Hell's Angels his reference to Esquire—proudly, and, we hope, modestly too. Yet the G.I.s themselves have always taken Esquire for their own, always come back to us, always let us know that Esquire was their favorite picker-upper in rough weather. We have no claim to a share in what they did, or in what they are doing today. But it is of interest in planning the future Esquire to know that these men are still our faithful readers. It is our sincere intention to create for them an Esquire which will be just as much a "natural" for these "men of peace" as it was for them as "men of war."

If you sometimes wonder just who are Esquire's most valued readers today, put the men who were in uniform at the top of the list.

GTS

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T.M.REG.

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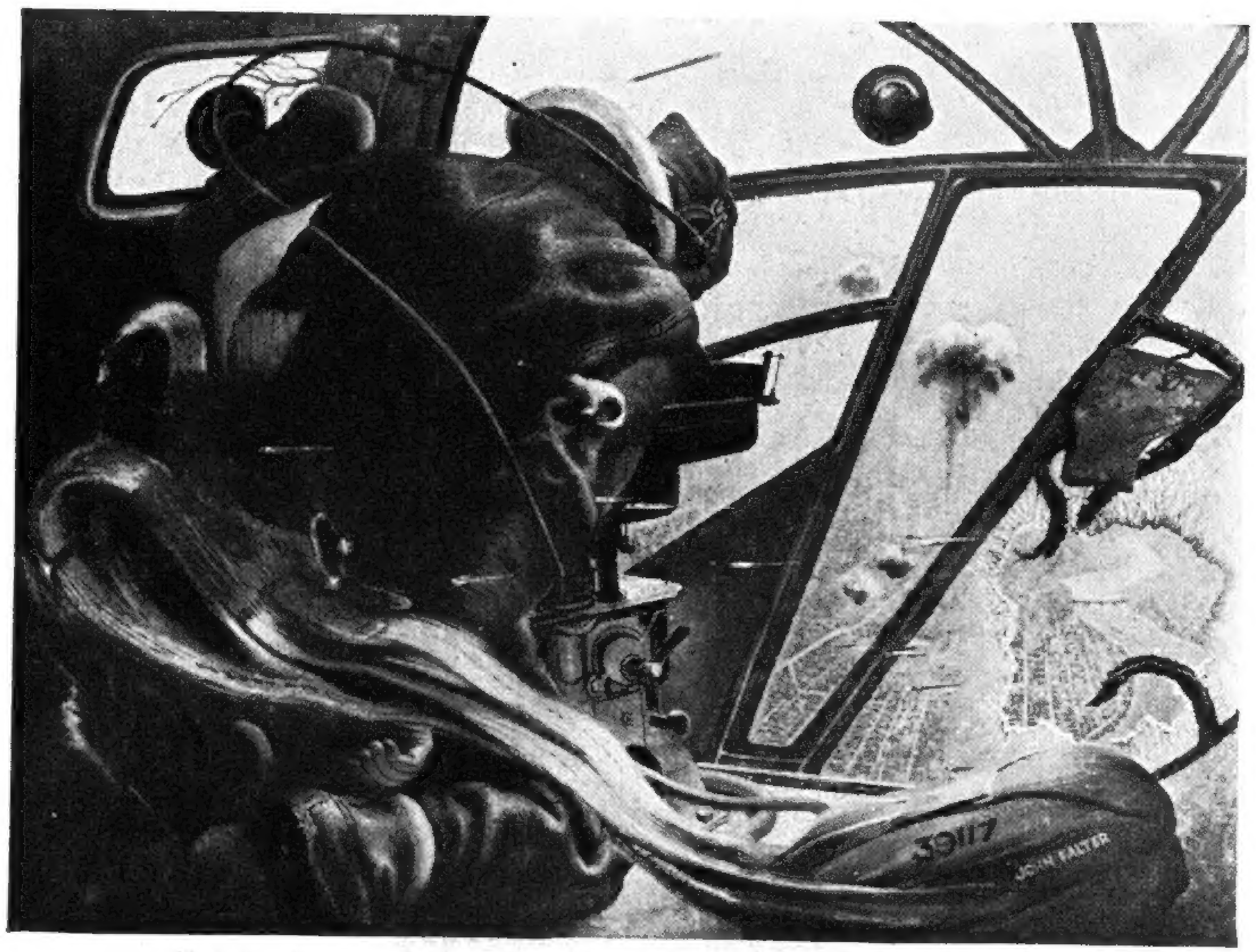
Editorial: The Duchess Comes Back

This is the story of a fancy lady who had a lot of boy friends and got around a great deal. It can be told in three chapters, and somehow we know that this slightly battered lady, The Duchess, will warm your heart, just as she did so many others. But, to the tale:



Original painted especially for Esquire by John Falter

Chapter I

The story began in the August, 1943, issue of Esquire. There was a painting there, reproduced on this page, of a U.S. bomber in action, and the text with it, by Paul Gallico, told of the young bombardier, fatally wounded, who coolly looked Death in the eye and made this last enemy stand off, too, until the mission was fulfilled.

Chapter II

Several months ago, Mr. Gallico received a letter from another airman, Harold A. Susskind, who served in this same plane—The Duchess. Let the airman tell his story:

Dear Mr. Gallico,

Back in August, 1943, when I was a 2nd Lieutenant, just graduated from navigation school, I passed the time on board a train to Washington leafing through a copy of Esquire. One picture, in particular, caught my eye. It was the picture of a bombardier kneeling over a bombsight; the Plexiglass nose of the plane was shattered and the big black puffs of smoke were swirling around it. The picture intrigued me, so I started to read the story, which was written by a fellow named Paul Gallico. The story, entitled *The Exploit of the Bombardier*, told about the bombing of Vegesack and the heroic death of Lt. Jack Mathis. After I closed the magazine, I sat back in my seat and wondered what my tour overseas would bring. Would I go to Italy, the Far East, or England?

Two months later, my question was answered when, having arrived in England, I was assigned to the 359th squadron of the 303rd Bomb Group—the same squadron as Lt. Jack Mathis'.

I got my first taste of aerial warfare on Christmas Eve when we bombed the rocket installations in the Pas de Calais area of France. But my acquaintance with The Duchess—the plane that helped Lt. Mathis make history at Vegesack—began on January 11, 1944, when, after the four a.m. briefing, our crew made our way to the flight-line in the darkness and got a look at our plane for the day. It was The Duchess. The ground crew crowded around us as we prepared to enter the plane. This was the "old lady's" fiftieth mission. She was one of the very few planes in the E.T.O. to run up that total at that time. Cameramen were going to be on hand when we landed to take pictures of the event. We promised the ground crew we would bring her back and ourselves with her. While the pilot was revving up the engines, I started to study my maps. What I saw there made me whistle! Today we were feinting at Berlin and bombing Oschersleben. To my way of thinking, that was like feinting at Joe Louis and hitting a flyweight—that is, if you recovered in time to hit the flyweight.

The group formed over England and departed from the coast on time and on course. We hit the enemy coast at Egmond and picked up our fighter escort of P-47's, as the weather started closing in. It was hard going from then on. As we passed over the Zuider Zee, the Luftwaffe seemed to be sending every plane it could muster through our formation. The Duchess rocked and shuddered as her upper and lower turrets started to answer the Luftwaffe, which seemed determined to stop us from reaching Berlin. Hours that seemed like days dragged on and finally the target came into view. We turned on the I.P. and started on the bomb run. Finally, the words "Bombs Away" sounded over the intercom, and The Duchess bucked as the bombardier hit the toggle switch that released our load of bombs on an aircraft plant at Oschersleben. It was a direct hit!

As soon as we left the target area, the German Air Force, which hadn't tried to come through the flak to attack us, took up where they had left off. They seemed angrier than before and came at us like a swarm of bees. We made it, though, through the bad weather and through all the fighting. When we finally landed at our home base, in rain and semidarkness, it was too dark to take pictures; but we had brought The Duchess home. We got out of the plane and looked it over. The tail was chewed up from flak and lead from the German planes. The wings and fuselage were battered. When they took the "old lady" to the hangar for a beauty treatment, they found an unexploded 20mm. cannon shell in the gas tank. So you see, Mr. Gallico, it was this grand old lady of the air, The Duchess, that had brought *us* home instead.

Maybe I should end my story here, but The Duchess wasn't finished. She seemed to be having a private war with the Nazis. While she was still having her war paint restored, I was transferred to a Pathfinder Group, but I kept hearing about The Duchess. After our Oschersleben mission, she flew seven more before she was at last retired from combat in April, 1944. *And* she had two famous offspring—The Duchess's Daughter and The Duchess's Granddaughter. I saw both those planes in action; and, I can tell you, they helped even the score for Vegesack!

On May 7th, the 303rd Group is going to hold a reunion here in New York. As the fellows from all over the country get together and relive the battles of the war, I'll hear three planes roar overhead—The Duchess, her daughter, and her granddaughter. Wherever she may be, I would like to salute that grand old lady—The Duchess—and her immortal bombardier, Lt. Jack Mathis.

Sincerely yours,

Harold A. Susskind

Chapter III

Harold Susskind has just sent us a P.S. to his letter. Here again, the story is all his:

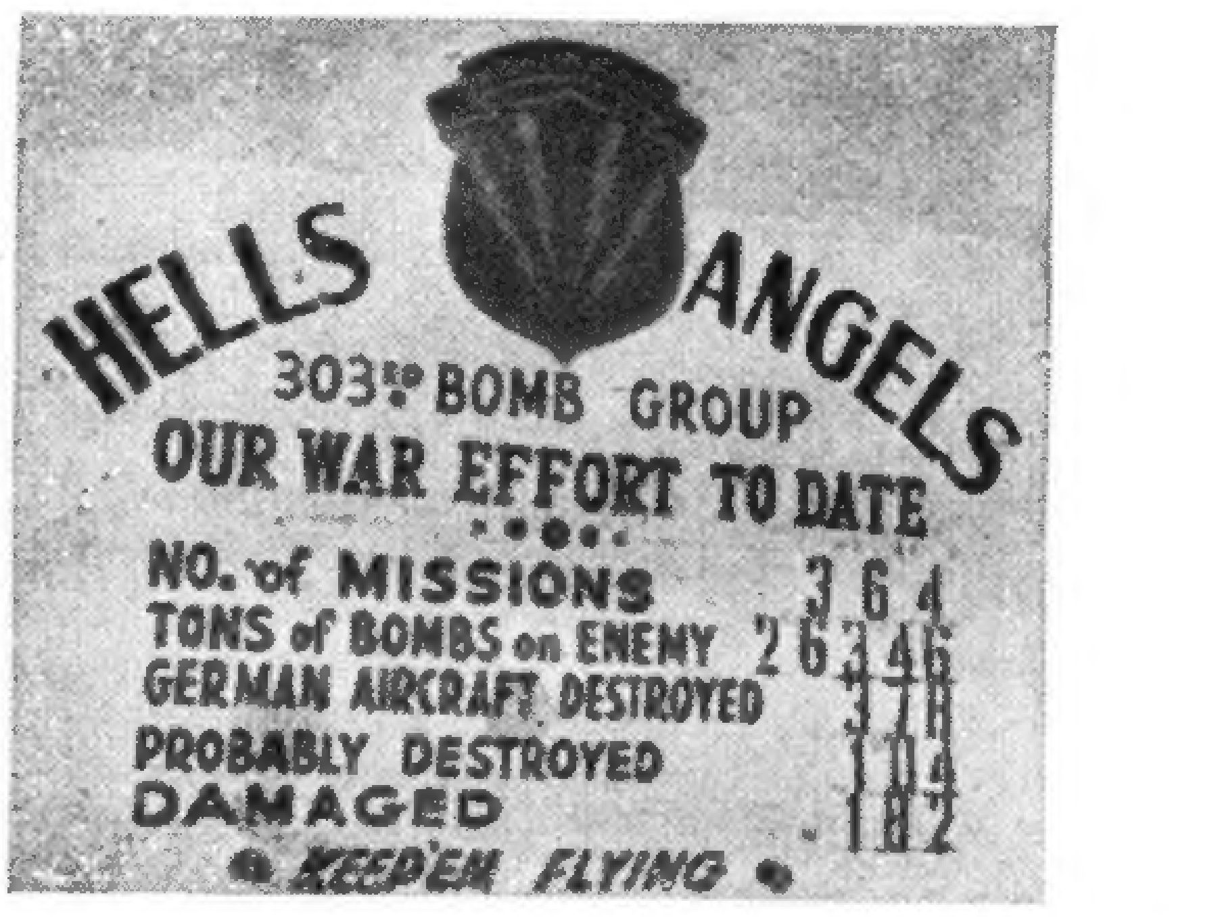
On a rainy, windswept evening, in weather reminiscent of some that they had flown through during their bombing missions, the Hell's Angels Group held their first annual reunion on V.E. Day eve, May 7, 1948, in New York City. The reunion was dedicated to the memory of their buddies who had failed to return.

Over four hundred members of the 303rd gathered from all parts of the country for their first briefing since those hectic days in England, and, as the evening wore on, there was plenty of talk about planes—their relative merits and records. Famous planes came out of the past to roar through the night in fond memories: "Hell's Angels," after which the group was named; the "Knockout Dropper," first in the E.T.O. to finish seventy-five missions; the "Eight Ball," the plane that carried Clark Gable on a few missions; "Jersey Bounce, Jr.," which helped one member of the 303rd to win a Congressional Medal of Honor.

But to me the best plane in the E.T.O. was The Duchess. The Duchess and Jack Mathis—what a combination! And later Rhude Mathis. To many, Rhude Mathis is a stranger. To the 303rd, he is a hero just like his famous brother. Rhude was a young shavetail, a bombardier, and just over from the States when he first came to the 303rd. He came over first, as a visitor from another group, to see his brother who was a lead bombardier. Jack was leading a raid that day; and when the lead plane returned and fired red rockets, Rhude hurried to the dispersal area just in time to see them carry out his brother's body. Rhude asked for and received a transfer to the 303rd. He flew many missions in The Duchess, but one day he took off on a mission in another plane. That night Rhude Mathis, too, was listed as missing in action.

Out of all our memories and the reminiscences of last May 7th grew a determination in us fellows of the 303rd to keep our old spirit alive. We discussed plans for holding an annual reunion in different parts of the country. And, too, we discussed plans to erect a memorial in Molesworth, England, to honor the members of the group who died for their country.

With 364 bombing missions and one successful reunion to their credit, the members of the Hell's Angels Group have resolved that those of us, like the Mathis brothers, who never came back shall not be forgotten. And we won't forget the Duchess either—nor her daughter, nor her granddaughter, nor any of her valiant sisters.



A toast, then, gentlemen, to Lt. Mathis, to the Hell's Angels Group, and to the old Duchess! ##

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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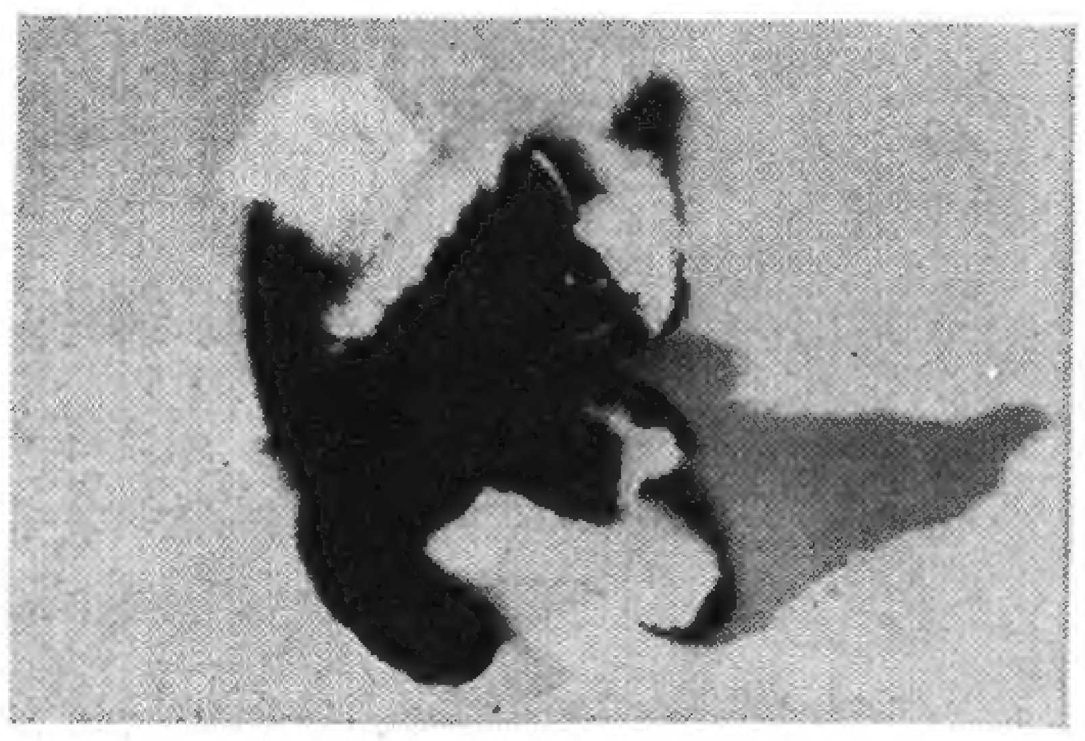

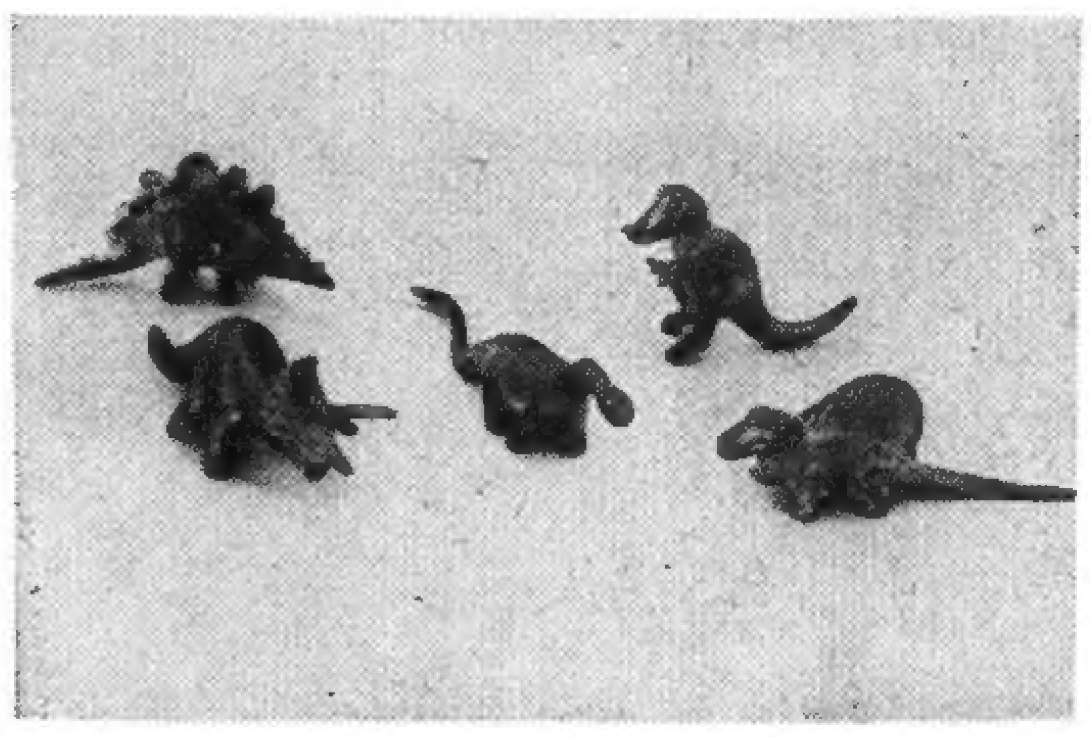

MONSTERS IN MINIATURE. Allosaurus, Stegosaurus and their dinosaur pals are cast in bronze and make effective paperweights for the Zoological minded. They're authentic miniatures of the Museum of Natural History—about 1/100 of the size of their grandads, who roamed around over 60 millions years ago.

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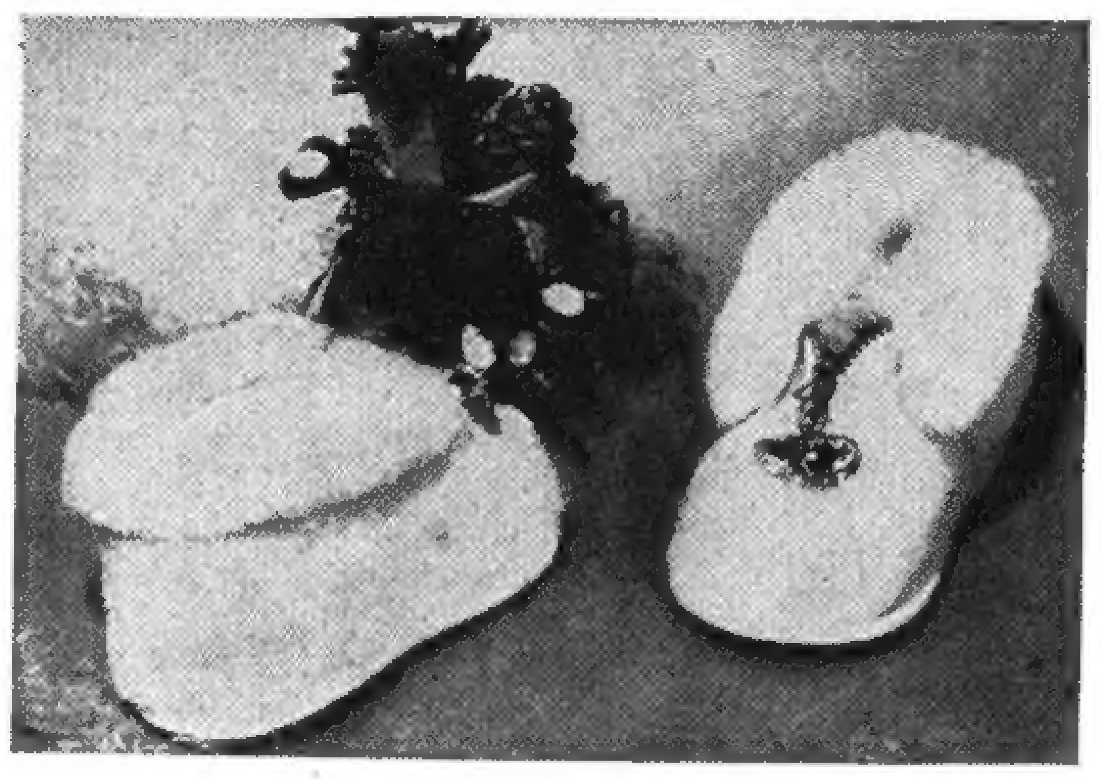

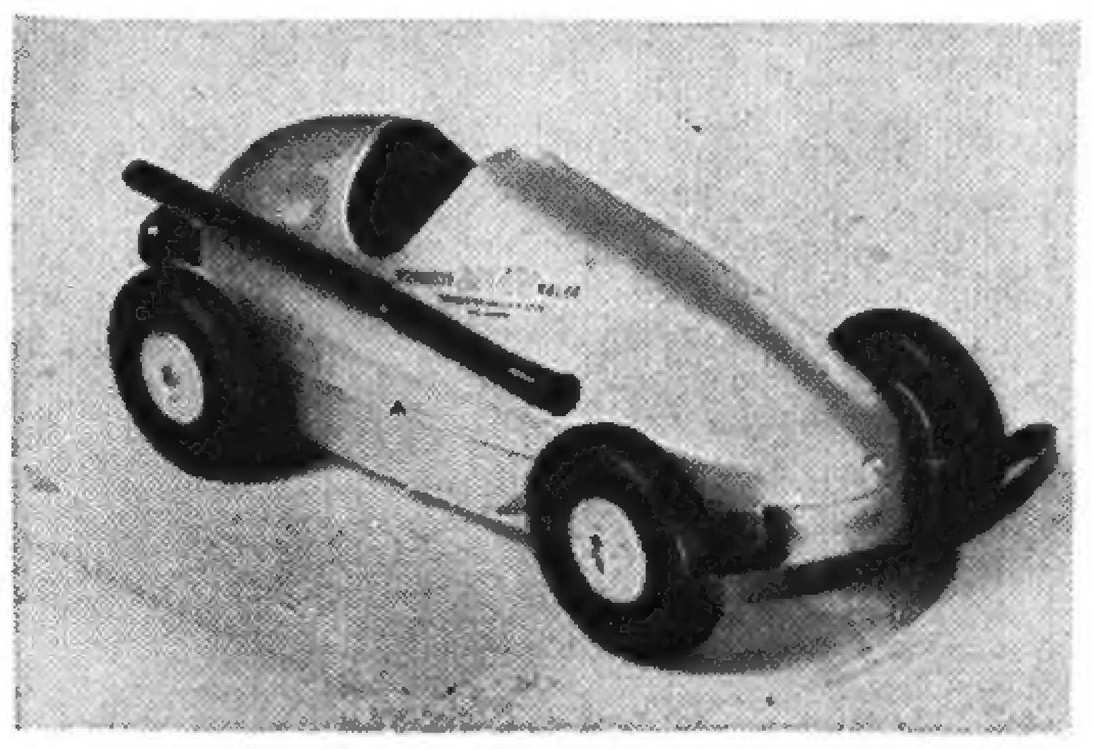

SILVER RACER. A toy automobile that put-puts along at quite a clip. An air pump built into the body of the car provides power, and realistic sound effects, too. About 14" long, with real rubber tires and silver finish. Pump up with the switch closed. Release the pressure, repeat the process and she's ready to go.

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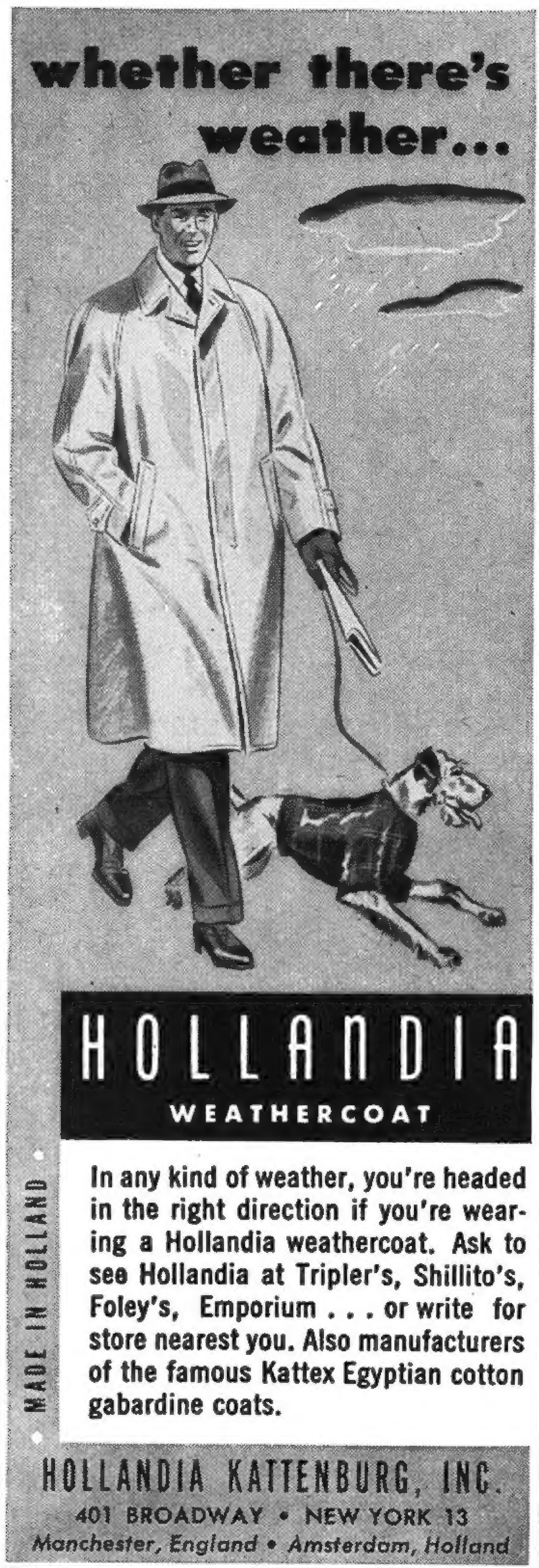

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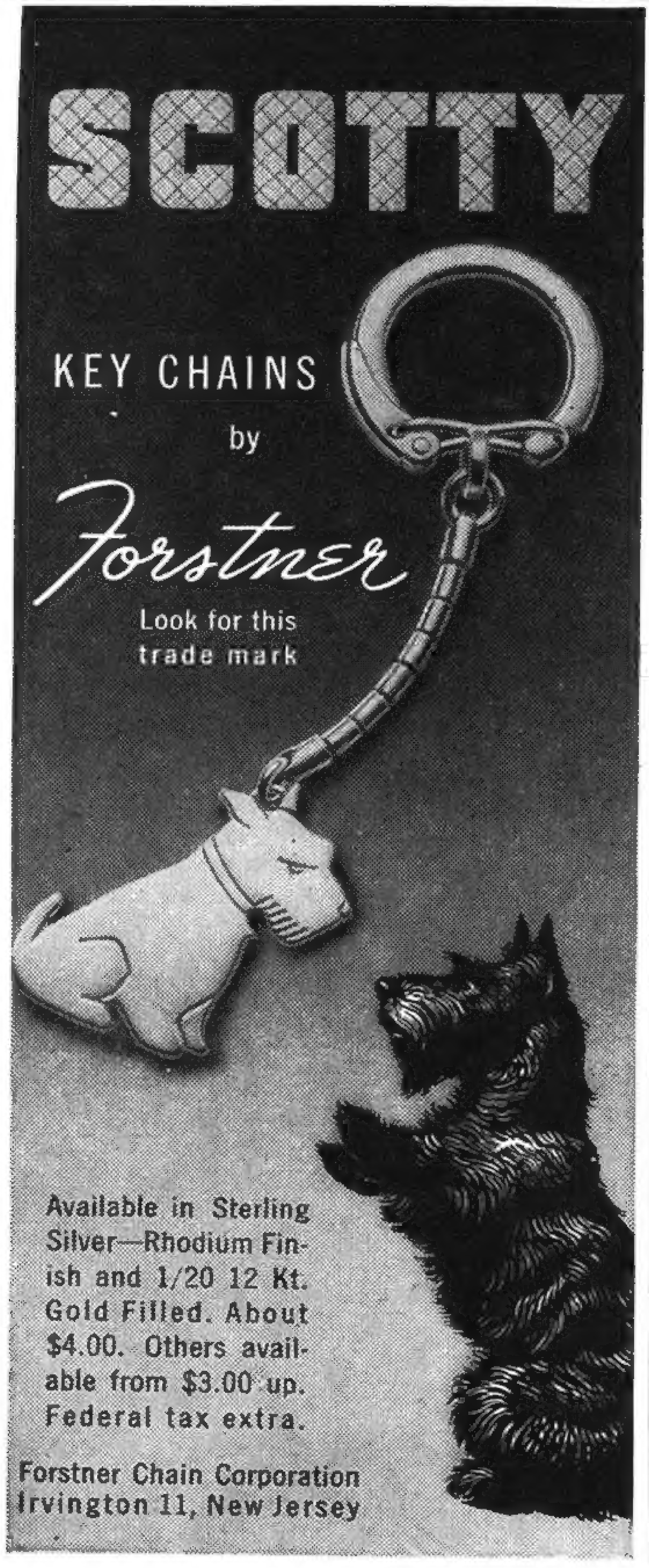

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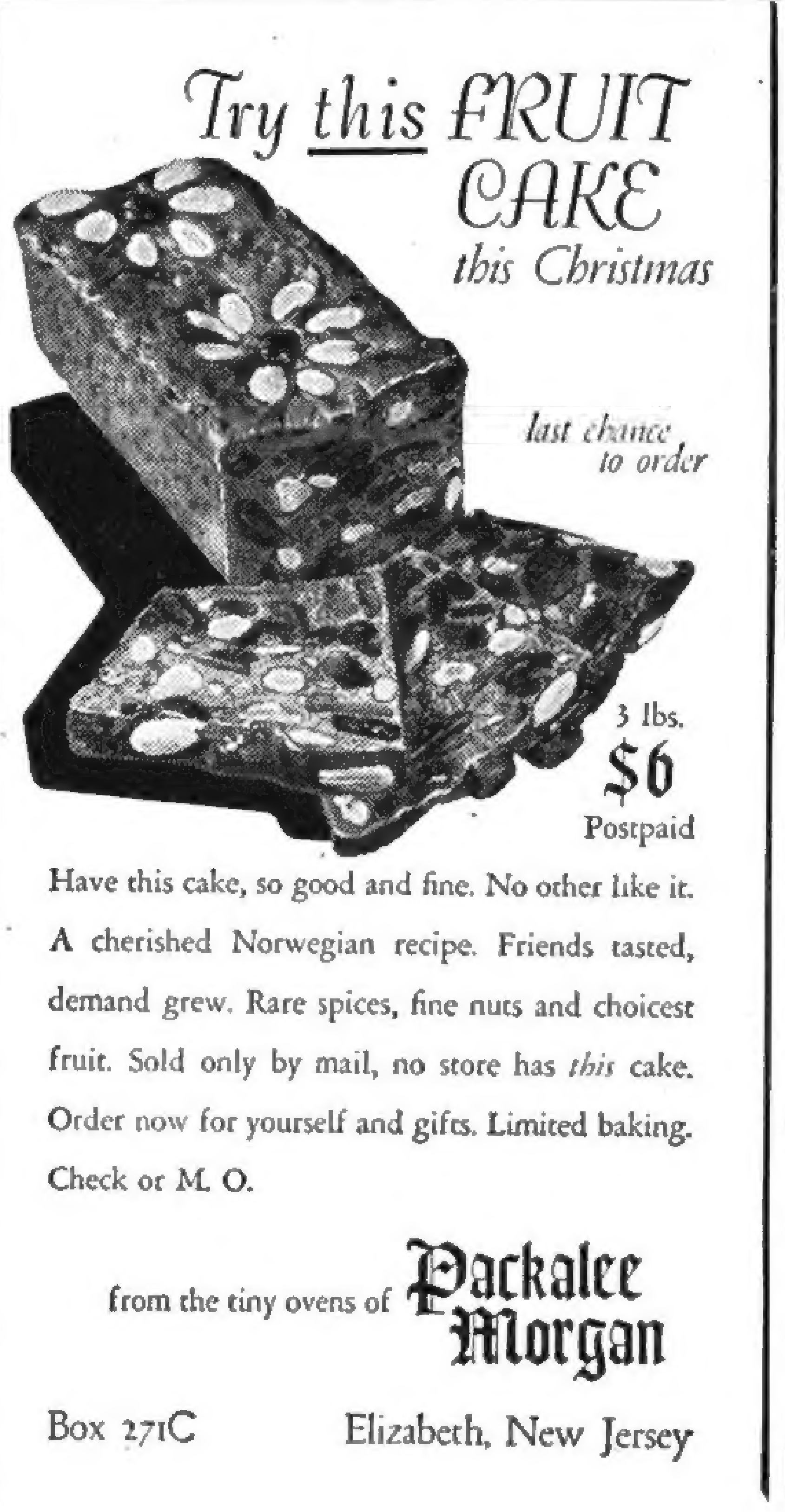

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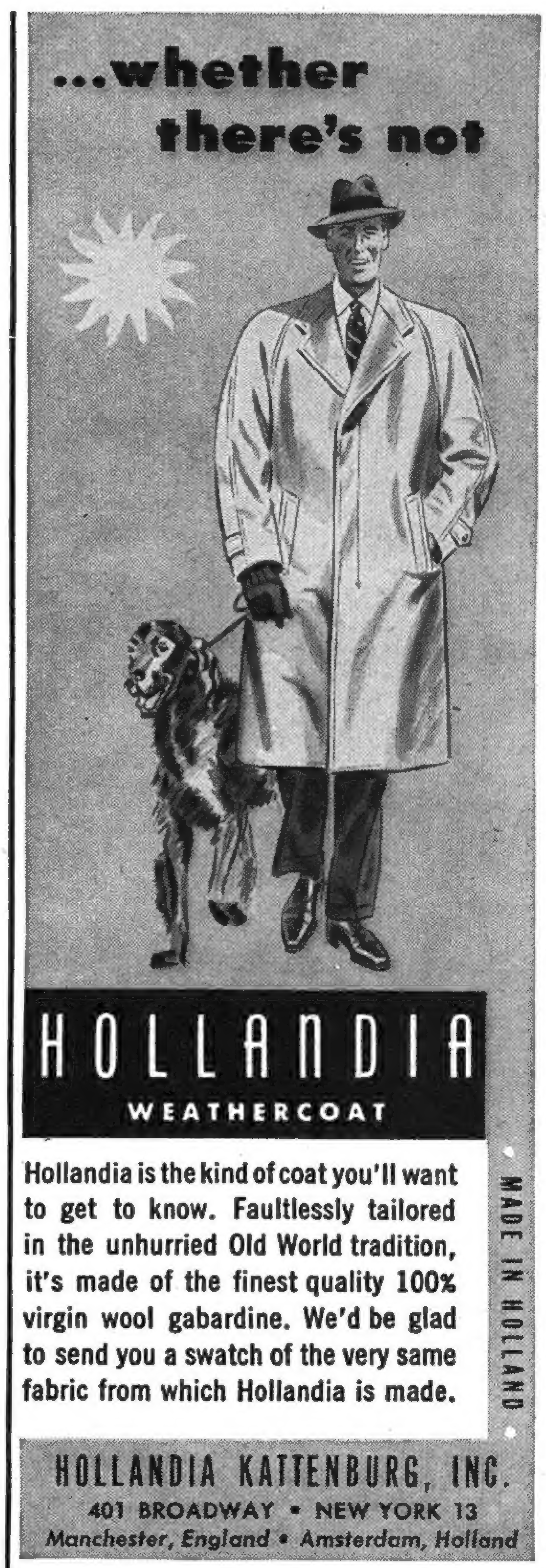

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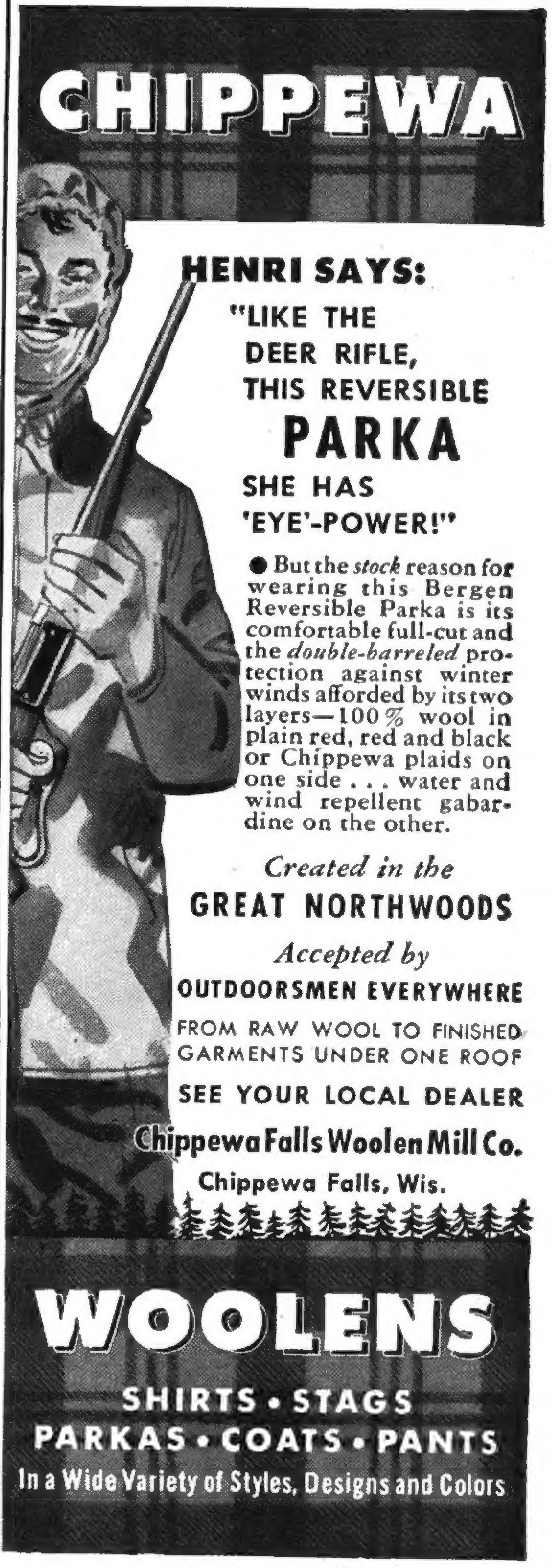

CHIPPEWA

HENRI SAYS:
"LIKE THE DEER RIFLE,
THIS REVERSIBLE
PARKA
SHE HAS
'EYE'-POWER!"

● But the *stock* reason for wearing this Bergen Reversible Parka is its comfortable full-cut and the *double-barreled* protection against winter winds afforded by its two layers—100% wool in plain red, red and black or Chippewa plaids on one side . . . water and wind repellent gabardine on the other.

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HOW THIS OFFER CAN BE MADE: For many years, the Book-of-the-Month Club NEWS has included in every issue a reproduction *in full color* of a world-famous painting. Hundreds of high schools and colleges have come to use these beautiful reproductions in their art classes, and many thousands of people over the country, we find, have been collecting them. Over the years the highly expensive full-color plates, necessary for such fine reproduction, have accumulated one by one and—with the recent addition of many of the famous German-owned masterpieces now being exhibited—*by printing them all together in one large edition*, this extraordinary gift to new members has been made possible.

You buy many Club selections ANYWAY—why not get those you want from the Club, often PAY LESS, and share in the Club's book-dividends which totalled over $30,000,000 in the past two years

As a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club *you pay only for the particular books you decide to take.* You may take as few as four selections in any twelve-month period.

You receive a careful pre-publication report about each selection. If you decide you want it, you need do nothing; it will come to you on a regular shipping date. If you don't want it, you may either specify any other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing next month."

The amount you pay for the Book-of-the-Month is the regular retail price set by the publisher in each case, frequently less. Notice, in the coupon, that the members' price is substantially lower in four out of six cases. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) *Yet with every second Book-of-the-Month you take, you receive—free—one of the Club's book-dividends.* These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes two-or-three volume sets.

Since the books you take from the Club *are only those you would buy anyway,* the saving is extraordinary. We suggest you try it for a short time, and see how it works. You may begin your subscription by ordering any book listed in the coupon at the right.

NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to have *The Portfolio of 100 Full Color Masterpieces* under the Club's book-dividend system, write for information as to how to obtain it.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A821
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Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE PORTFOLIO OF 100 FULL COLOR MASTERPIECES with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after buying four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ CRUSADE IN EUROPE by General Eisenhower (The December Selection) *Price (to members only) $3.75*
☐ CATALINA by W. Somerset Maugham *($3.00)*
☐ TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER by Betty Smith, Author of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" *($3.00)*
☐ THE GATHERING STORM by Winston Churchill *Price (to members only) $4.00*
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*Trade Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

The Sound and the Fury

the loving cup

Happily it has remained for Esquire to complete the field of belles-lettres by the publication of the *Liquor Intelligencer*.

There should be an immediate and decided improvement in the sociological order of human relations, including in-laws. There is little doubt that the major cause of ill-tempers, boring associates, scandals, family brawls and even divorces arise from lousy cocktails and highballs.

You have performed a distinct and meritorious service for a distraught humanity.

Thomas N. Ashton
Fall River, Mass.

rhyme with reason

Regarding those cocktails and long drinks in the *Liquor Intelligencer*, you do not specify the servings obtainable from the recipes. From what I saw of your soldiers over here during the war, you would have been more in line multiplying everything by four, and saying, "Enough to serve one person one snort." Aged in the Wood should have included Henry Aldrich's poem—Five Reasons for Drinking:

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink;
Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why.

And on behalf of all Scotsmen—a toast—"Here's tae us, wha's like us, damn few an' they're a' daid!"

Of course, we are a nation of beer drinkers here, although we have our moments. I'll bet some of the G.I.s remember with nostalgia the plonk, pinkie, bombo or steam they used to punish themselves with. And the combinations; black and tan (beer and stout), dog's nose (beer and gin), Maori Blush (stout and raspberry), depth charge (overproof rum and a beer chaser).

G. Rowan Thomson
Minto, N.S.W., Australia

Editor's Note: *Readers are hereby invited to share the toast in these columns.*

memo for Lions

I would like to sound out the readers of Esquire on earrings for men.

Men wore them for hundreds of years, until only a generation or so ago. *He*-men, pirates, scholars, Shakespeare and all. When I was a kid (I'm fifty) the better class in Italy, Wales, and Portugal wore them; a few still do.

As a lodge pin in one's ear, it would always be there. No forfeit for going to Lions Club meeting without your pin.

H. H. Crittenden
Hot Springs, Ark.

a need for laughter

(1)

I am appealing to your readers on behalf of the Queen Victoria Hospital, East Grinstead, Sussex, England, for any back numbers of Esquire, as your magazine is much appreciated by the patients.

This hospital, specializing in plastic surgery and skin grafting, is the home of the famous "RAF Guinea Pigs," some of whom have been receiving treatment since Battle of Britain days, and are likely to do so for some further period. As a subscriber I can verify that Esquire is eagerly scanned when it is obtainable. The hospital is well known among U. S. AAF personnel, as many of their friends received treatment there while they were based in Europe. Should this be read by any of them, hope they will send to the hospital any light reading matter.

Hanna Smullian
London, England

(2)

My husband and I are connected with the Welfare Department of Singapore. Since the Liberation we have been slogging away at the opening of Orphanages, Homes for Destitutes and those who are suffering from leprosy, etc.

As you can imagine, our funds are not sufficient for us to provide magazines.

I wonder, therefore, if your readers would kindly supply me with some old numbers, so that I could distribute them to the Leper Settlement and the T.B. Hospital. Such a gift would be greatly appreciated.

Lillian Buckoke
Singapore

Collins quest

Very nice—your *Liquor Intelligencer*—but it failed to answer one question I've had for years.

You show a Tom Collins made with gin, soda, etc. What is a John Collins? Some insist the only difference is ginger ale instead of soda, others contend that rye whiskey is used. What is correct?

I have also seen on liquor menus other "Collins'" such as Joe, Mary, Jim, etc. What are they?

R. Powell
Phoenixville, Pa.

look down, Harriet

As a descendant of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (who incidentally was also a superb wife and mother) Leland Stowe should realize the injustice of keeping any individual, be it man or woman, colored or white, in slavery. If escape from bondage, of whatever sort, is provided through newspaper columns, it is far healthier than complete suppression.

He finds that they do not hold hands on the street as they do abroad. On a summer trip to Coney Island I saw men and women locked in fond and frank embrace on the sands. Just how far does he want public demonstration of affection to go? In dance halls, bars, at cocktail and dinner parties, American women are as eager in expressing their interest in males as any Britisher I ever encountered.

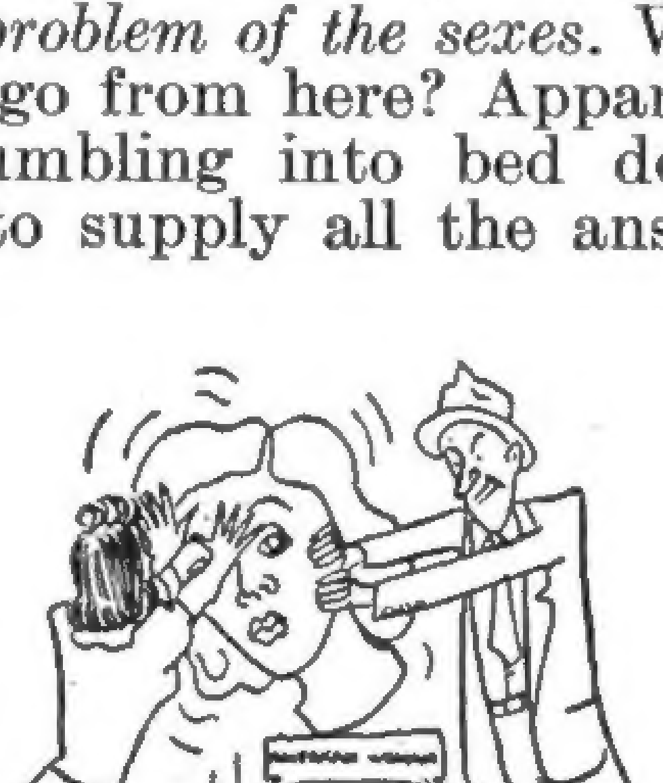
More women support their men in this country than in any other nation in the world. This may not be exactly "feminine," but I'll be darned if I can see that it is "self-centered," or indicative of "money-grabbing" tendencies.

June L. Aulick
New York, N. Y.

Stowe's rebuttal

Yes, I know it's a rash venture to take the much-ballyhooed American woman off her pedestal and register certain critical observations. But at least it's no sudden, ill-considered, unstudied move on my part. This subject is an egg I've been sitting on and warming up for some eighteen years. Eventually the egg simply had to hatch some kind of a chick.

The real purpose of my unorthodox chick is to scratch up some realistic thinking on the part of American males. If there are some things pretty haywire or rather tragic about the Eves of the U.S.A., then the habits and attitudes of our Adams must have quite a bit to do with it. If we've got something of a sex problem in America, we have certainly also got a *problem of the sexes*. Where do we go from here? Apparently just tumbling into bed doesn't begin to supply all the answers.



There are many other pertinent matters; such as how much do men make women feel purringly feminine, and how much do women make men feel barkingly masculine. Do the sexes in America complement each other as much as they might? Why are so many of our women discontented and "off center" spiritually? What to do?

Maybe we Americans don't take sex seriously enough—and I don't mean the birds-and-the-bees angle. It's a helluva lot more complicated than the well-known biological urge. On the broader and perpendicular basis the problem of the sexes is a subject for non-stop exploration. Why not join up, fellows? You'll never run out of surprises—or out of fresh subjects for examination.

Leland Stowe
New York, N. Y.

turnabout is fair

Once upon a time there was a well-known author who found himself a little short of ready cash. Perhaps his pocket had been picked; perhaps he had lost heavily at poker the night before. So what did he do? He went into his little study and sat waiting for inspiration to strike. Eight hours and two-fifths later, he emerged and headed for the nearest mailbox. Two weeks later, he received a crisp pink check with lots of nice fat zeros after the first digit. Breathing a sigh of profound relief he went out to play more poker.

This little tale seems to be repeated, with variations, about every other month in the glossier American magazines. One can rarely pass a magazine stand which does not feature some home-spun Kinsey-Woolsey piece of Didacticism about what's wrong with the American woman.

As a member of the lesser, and according to some of these Wisenheimers, the looser sex, I protest—but vigorously. The only fair basis of such comparisons would be if American women were to have the opportunity of marrying European men in droves. Indeed, it hath been rumored that the European male has his good points. He does not regard the locker room as the cultural center of civilization; he is not ashamed to be caught discussing art and music, and most important of all—he understands that being a father entails more than providing a blank check and leaving ma to raise the children, supervise their education, and form their tastes and moral standards; while he comes home just often enough for the kids to recognize him.

But who knows? American women might be just loyal enough to prefer what they have at home—"be it ever so humble."

I don't know who started this lucrative racket—Schopenhauer or Philip Wylie—or maybe it was Adam. Lining up the sexes on opposite sides of the fence to throw brickbats at each other is an adolescent pastime at best; there are no problems which can be said to be the fault of only one sex. The frustrations, failures and faults of the individual are but the reflections of our whole sick society.

S. J. Melby
Bemidji, Minn.

Continued on page 142

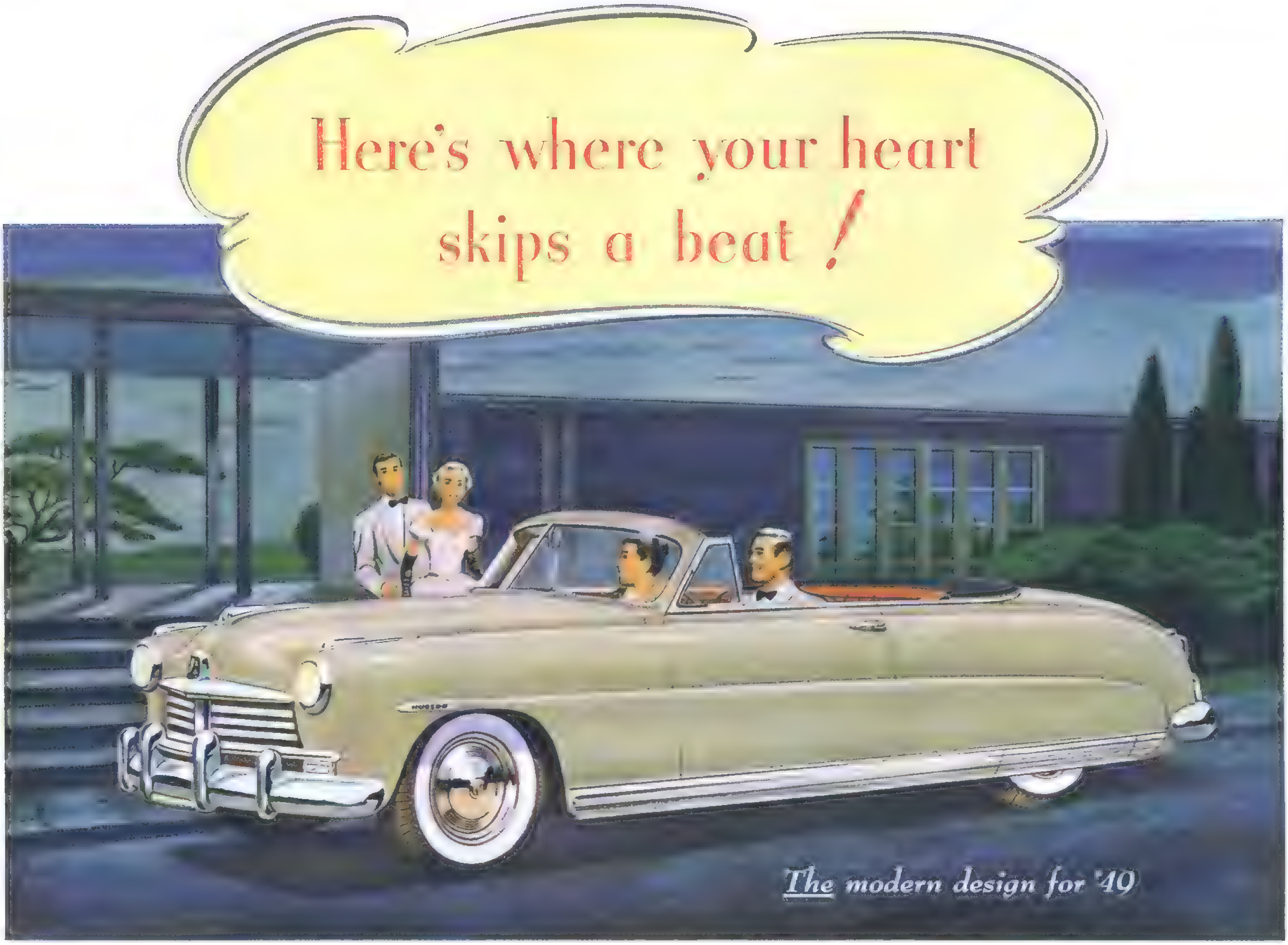
For Father...
Uncle...
or Friend...
the One Gift that says...
Season's Greetings
To A MAN OF DISTINCTION
From
LORD CALVERT
For Men of Distinction
LORD CALVERT
Custom Blended Whiskey
LORD CALVERT
Custom Blended Whiskey
TO A Man of Distinction
FROM

This is one of three distinctive Christmas gift cards available at your Calvert dealer at no cost.

The Gift of Distinction.... LORD CALVERT

For Men of Distinction

Lord Calvert, Supreme Achievement of America's Most Distinguished Distiller · Custom Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits · Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.


Here's where your heart skips a beat!
HUDSON
The modern design for '49

A magnificent New Hudson Convertible ready for your inspection

HERE, beyond all doubt, is the most elegant convertible American motor-car artistry has ever conceived for assembly line production!

The long, sweeping lines of this magnificent automobile, its gorgeous interior appointments, chaste chrome fittings, and rich leather or special combination of leather and fabric upholstery, mark it as a car you can own and drive with deep and enduring pride.

Over and above its beauty and luxury, you will find many notable and fundamental advances in convertible construction in this remarkable car.

This convertible has unexcelled riding qualities and a new measure of safety, both largely resulting from the fact that it has the lowest center of gravity in any American stock car—yet road clearance is ample!

Even with this lower center of gravity and the car's new, low silhouette, there is *generous head room* with the top up, because Hudson floors are recessed down within a base frame. Hudson is the only car you step *down* into!

Outward vision with the top up is greatly increased, not only through a wide, curved windshield and generous side windows, but also through a new type "FOLD-AWAY"‡ rear window that is 100 per cent larger than usual, and is invisibly hinged across its plate-glass area so that it folds down into the body with the top.*

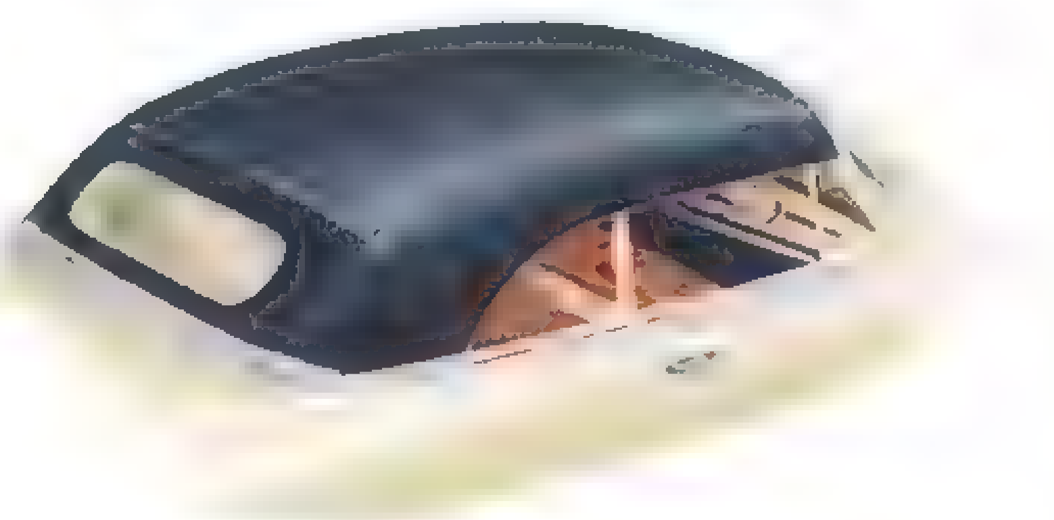
There is a beautifully symmetrical new windshield header that not only contributes to the remarkable over-all rigidity of this convertible, but also nests a Pullman-type interior map light, twin sun visors, and a radio antenna control knob, all instantly available for use, yet protected and out of the way where they do not impair vision.

Everything possible is provided for your convenience and ease. A touch of your finger on a button automatically raises or lowers the top and windows*, and the well which receives the top as it is lowered is enclosed with leather-fabric panelling, and carpeted for parcel storage when the top is up.

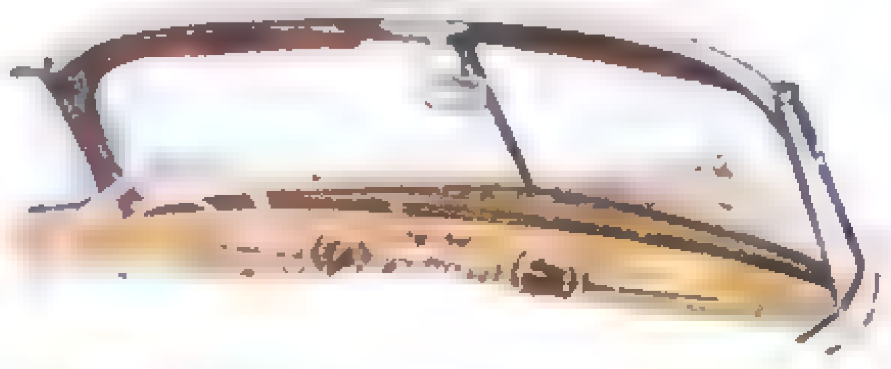
Among the many options available in this new convertible, is Hudson's Drive-Master automatic transmission** which provides the easiest of all ways to drive. At the turn of a button on the instrument panel, you have your choice of three driving methods . . . conventional drive, manual shifting without use of the clutch, or fully automatic gear shifting in forward speeds.

This outstanding motor car was conceived and built to thrill you right down to your toes! Hudson dealers will gladly show it to you at your earliest convenience. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

*Standard on the Commodore, an optional extra on the Super
**An optional extra available on all New Hudson models



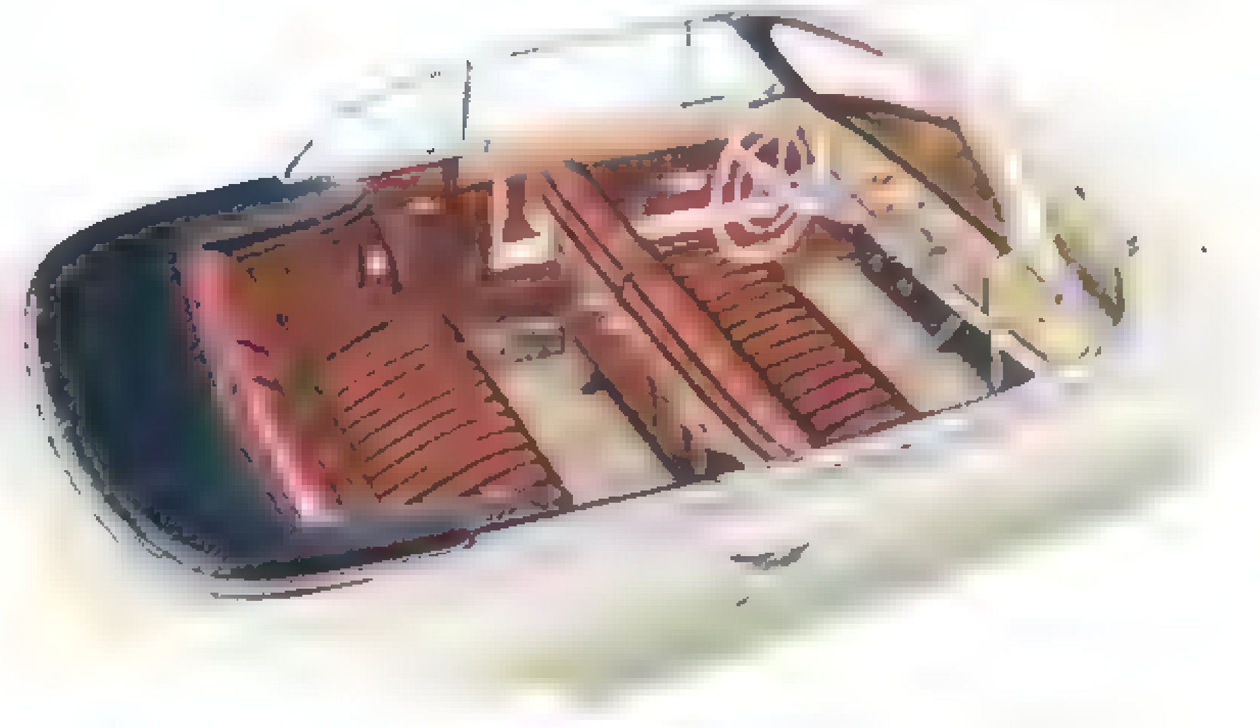
New Safety through a large, newly developed, plate-glass window, which gives 100 per cent more rear vision and is invisibly hinged so that it folds snugly down into the body with the top when not in use! No other convertible offers the advantages of this "FOLD-AWAY"‡ window, which is built into a cloth section that is "zippered" into the top*. Top materials are black, red or gray to harmonize with your choice of several sparkling new body colors.



Unique Windshield header described in the text of this advertisement is illustrated above.

Both Commodore Eight and Super-Six upholstered in rich, antique red leather, with an optional choice at no extra cost of leather and cloth combination—the cloth being a new, specially treated, water-repellent, worsted Bedford Cord in two selections of three-tone colors. Super-Cushion, low-pressure tires standard; white sidewalls an optional extra.

‡Patents applied for



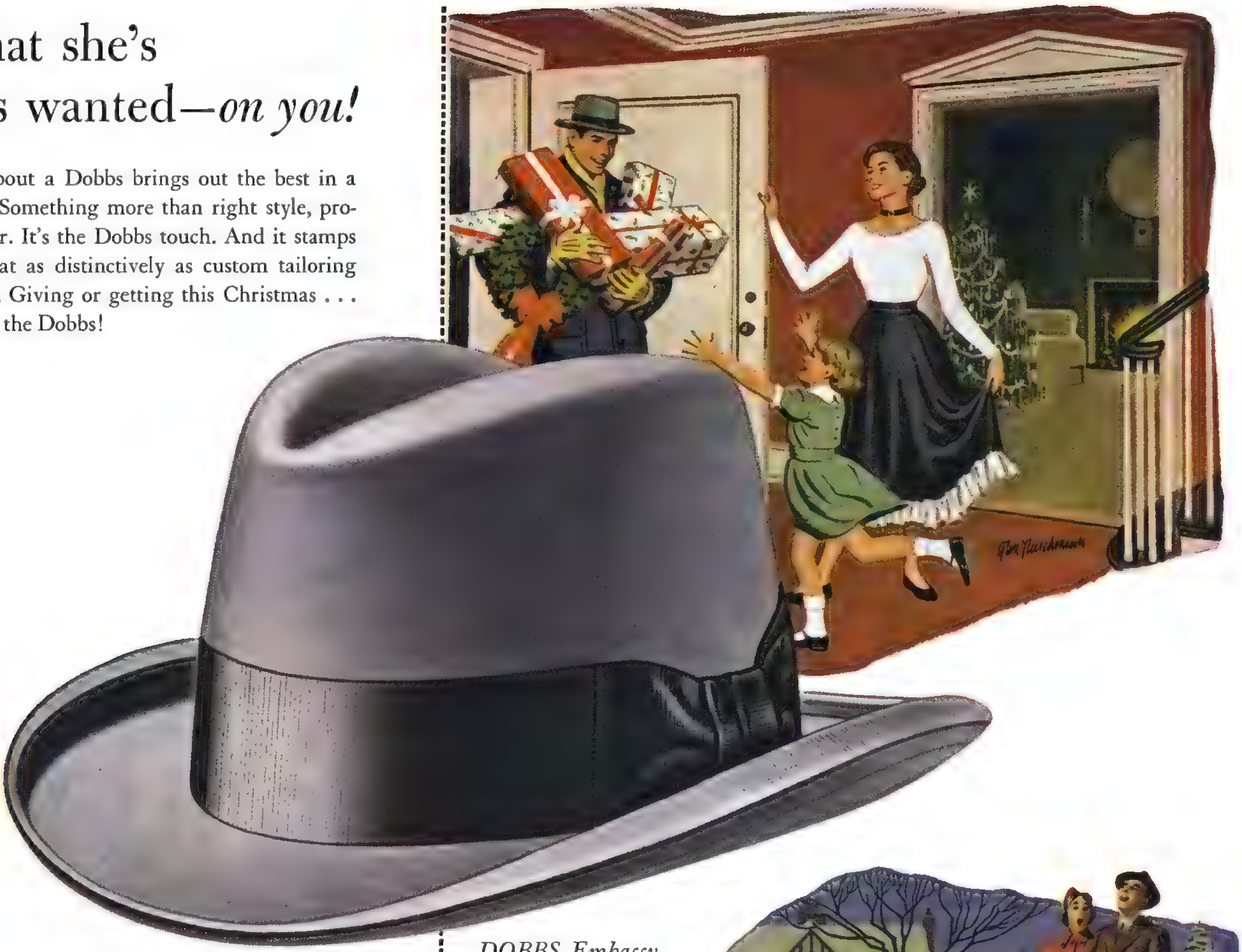
The only car you step down into

Hudson

Copyright 1948, Hudson Motor Car Co.

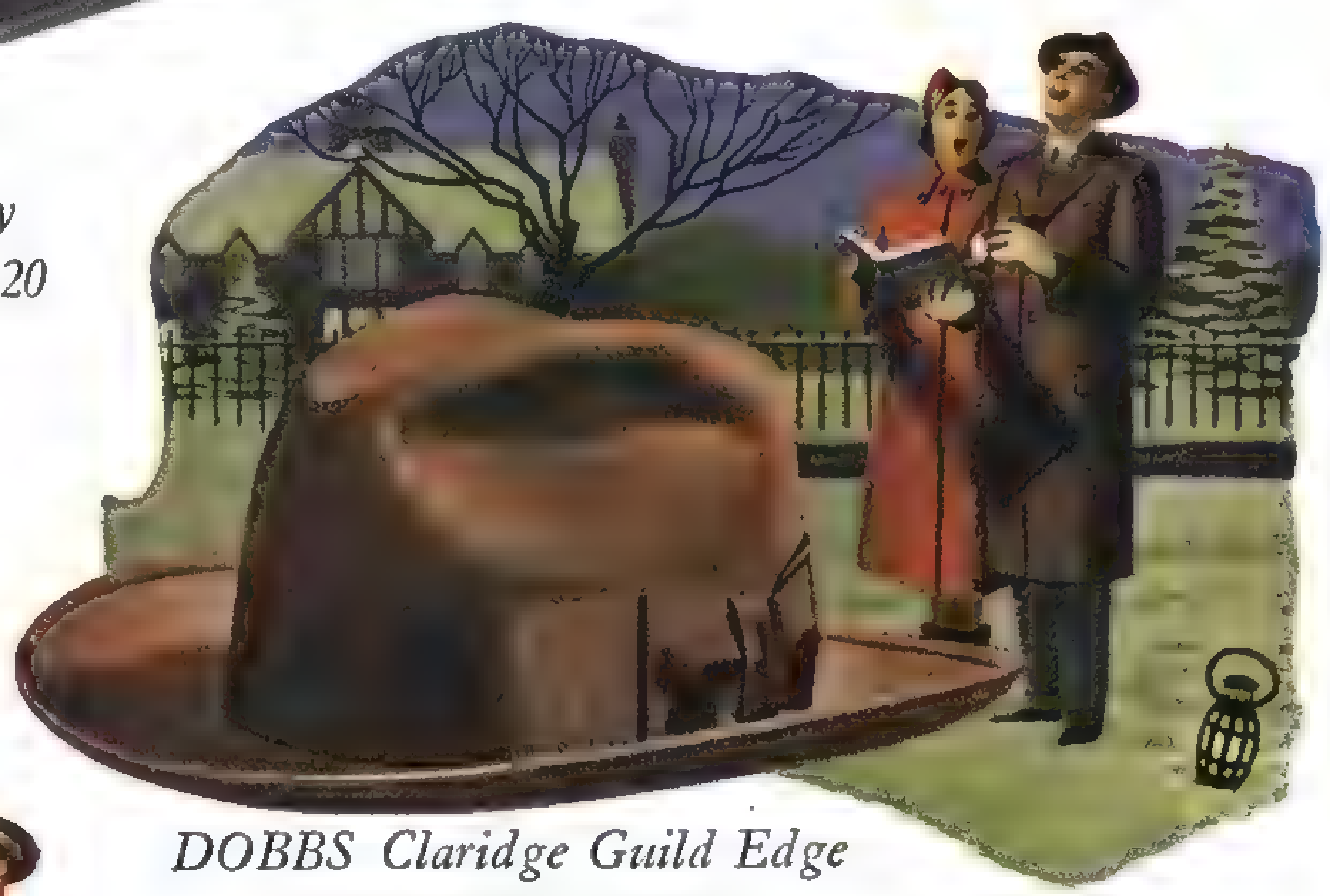
Just what she's always wanted—*on you!*

Something about a Dobbs brings out the best in a man's looks. Something more than right style, proportions, color. It's the Dobbs touch. And it stamps any Dobbs hat as distinctively as custom tailoring stamps a suit. Giving or getting this Christmas . . . make sure it's the Dobbs!

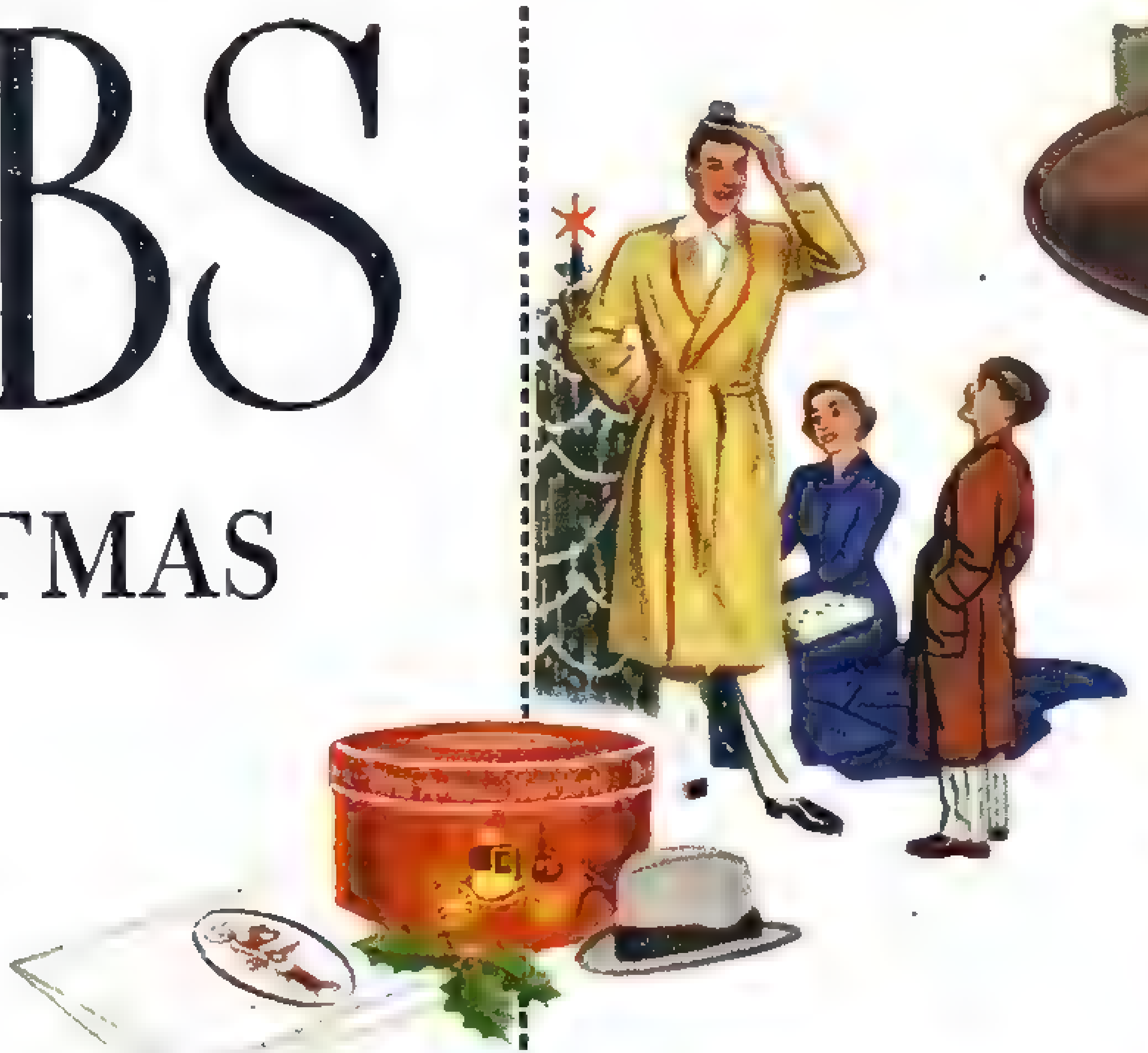


DOBBS Embassy
$12.50, $16.50 and $20

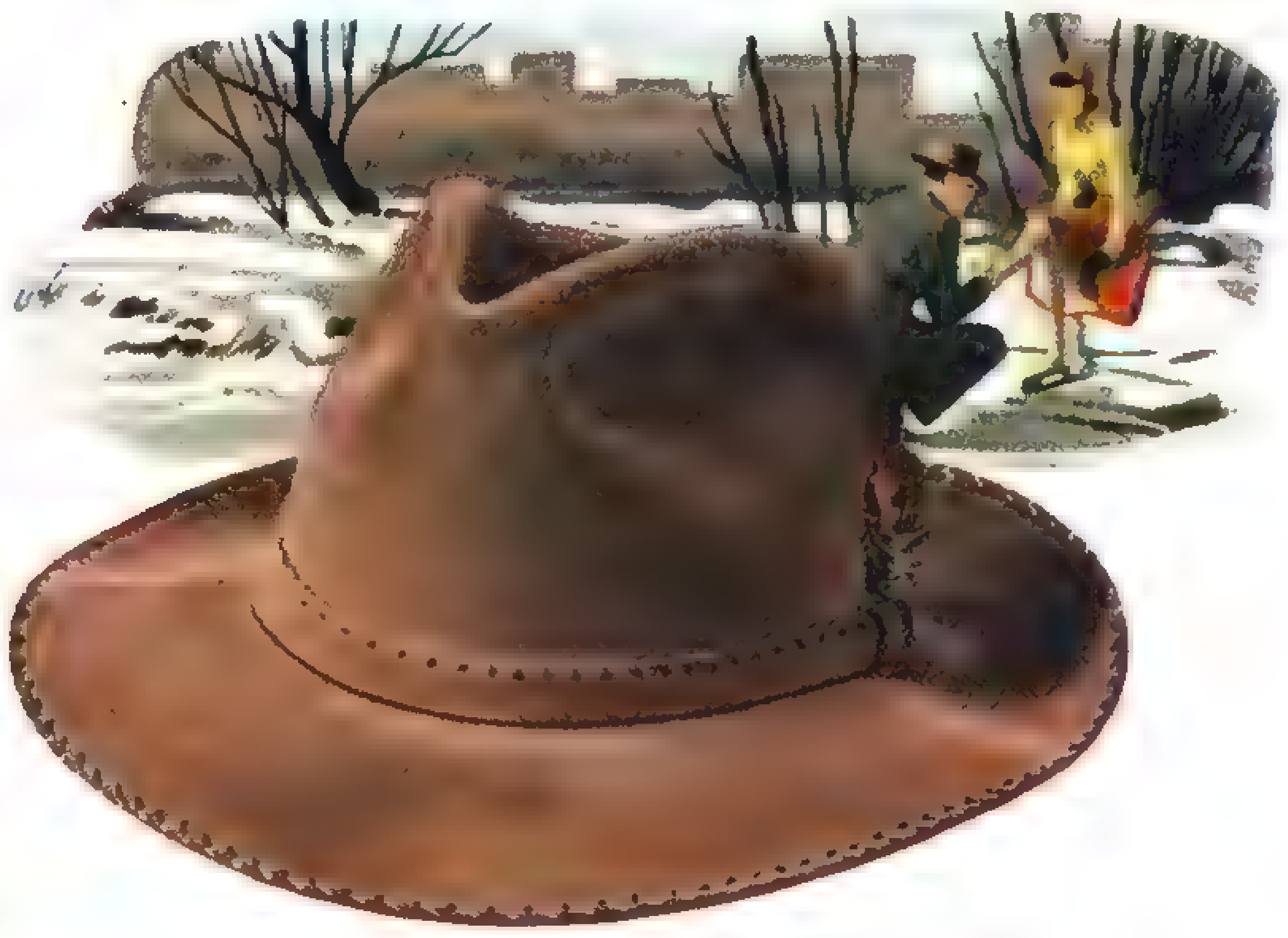
It's the
DOBBS
FOR CHRISTMAS

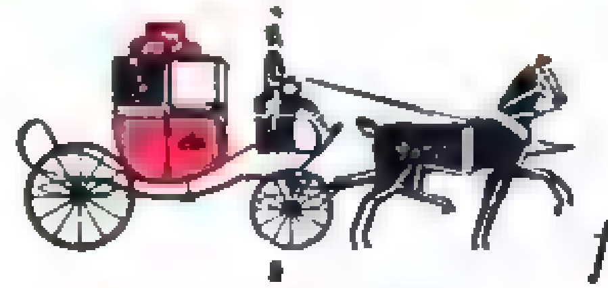


DOBBS Claridge Guild Edge
$16.50, $20 and $40



Presents of mind—give Dobbs invitation gift certificates. With each certificate goes a tiny Dobbs hat box containing a miniature Homburg. Just right for a man's Christmas tree. And any man will look forward to picking out that Dobbs he's always wanted!

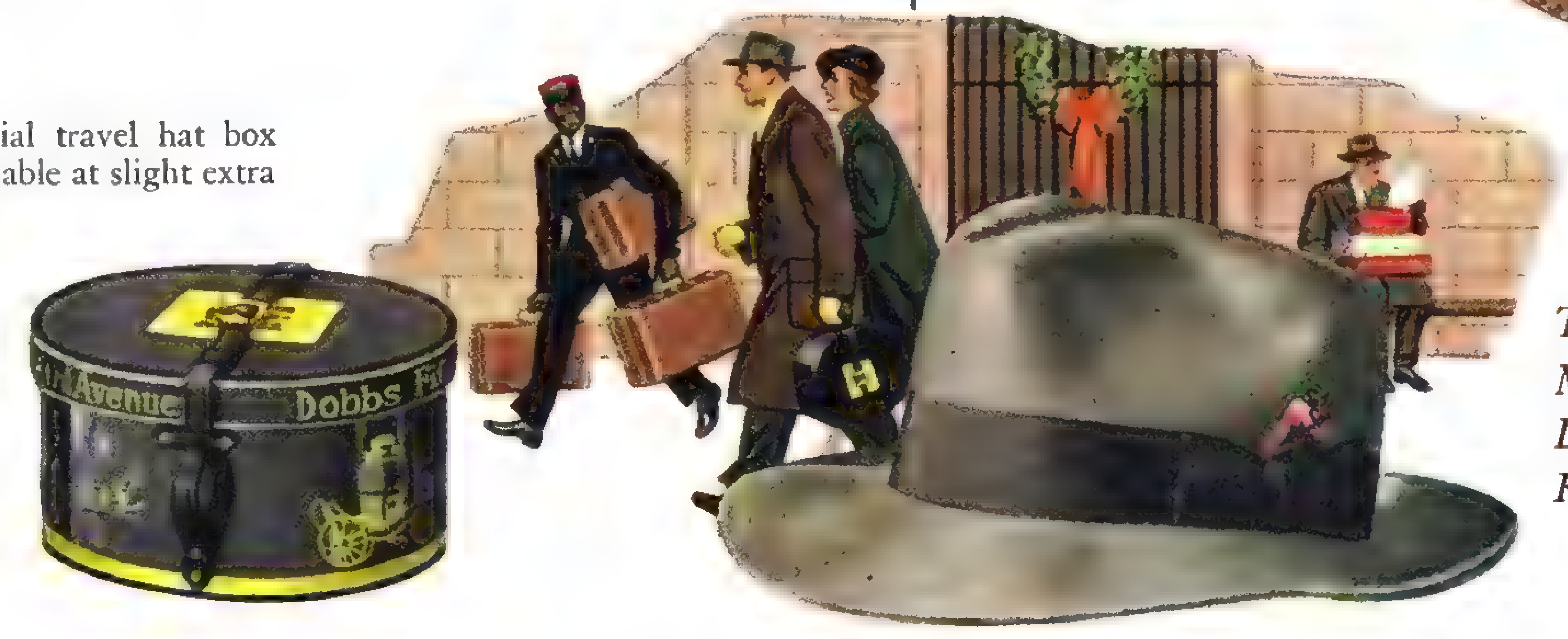




Available at the finer stores

DOBBS Gay Prince
$20

Special travel hat box available at slight extra cost.



THREE DOBBS HUSKIES
Molama $16.50
Leisure Mauve with Guild Edge $20*
Kerrie $10

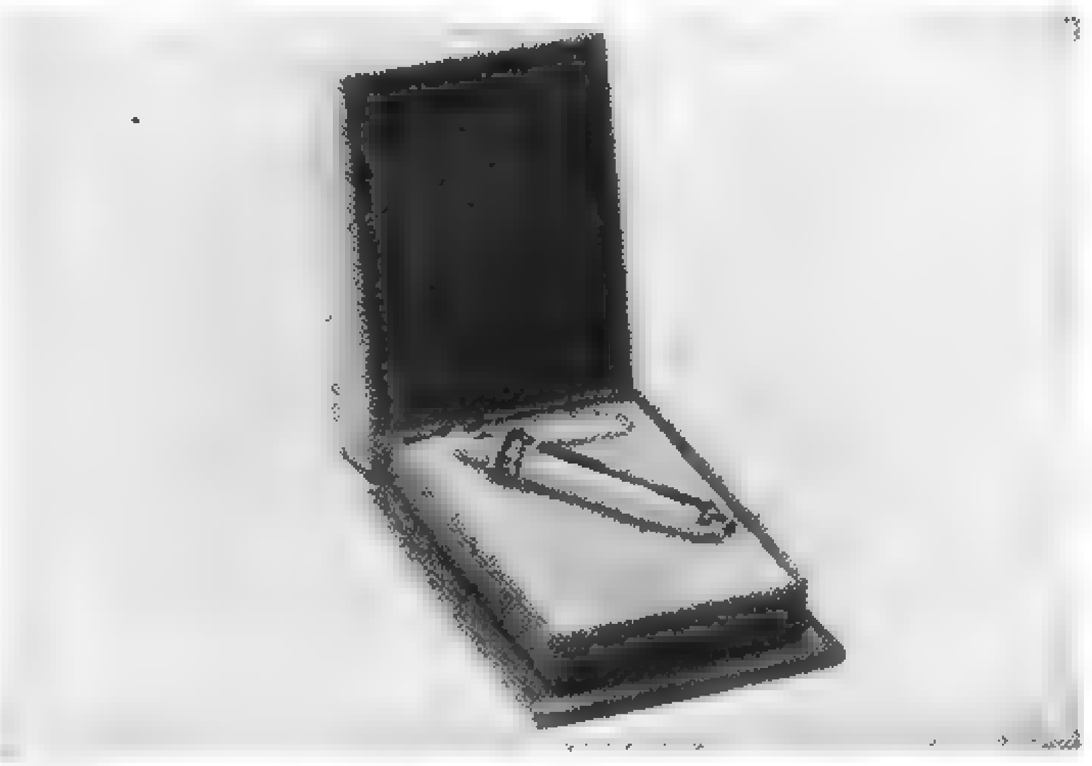
*Trade Mark

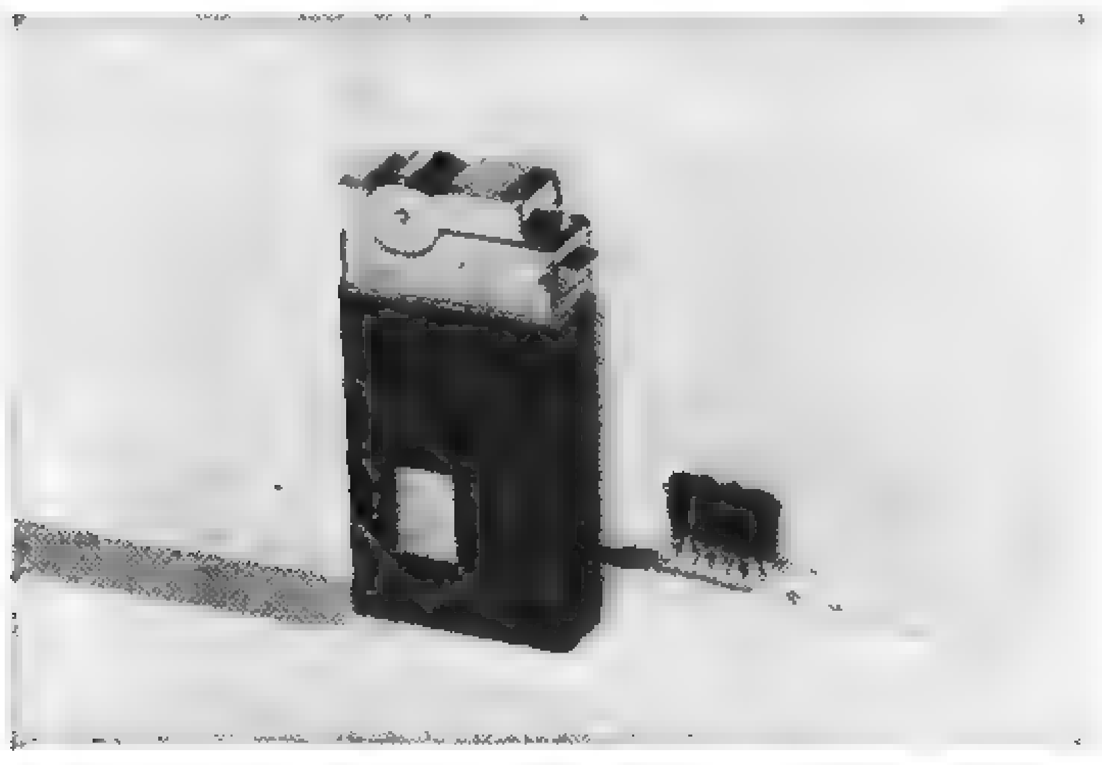
DOBBS HATS, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER, PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

. . . . Insist on White Horse Scotch with its rare distinctive flavor and let your palate decide.
WHITE HORSE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86.8 PROOF BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Talking Shop with Esquire

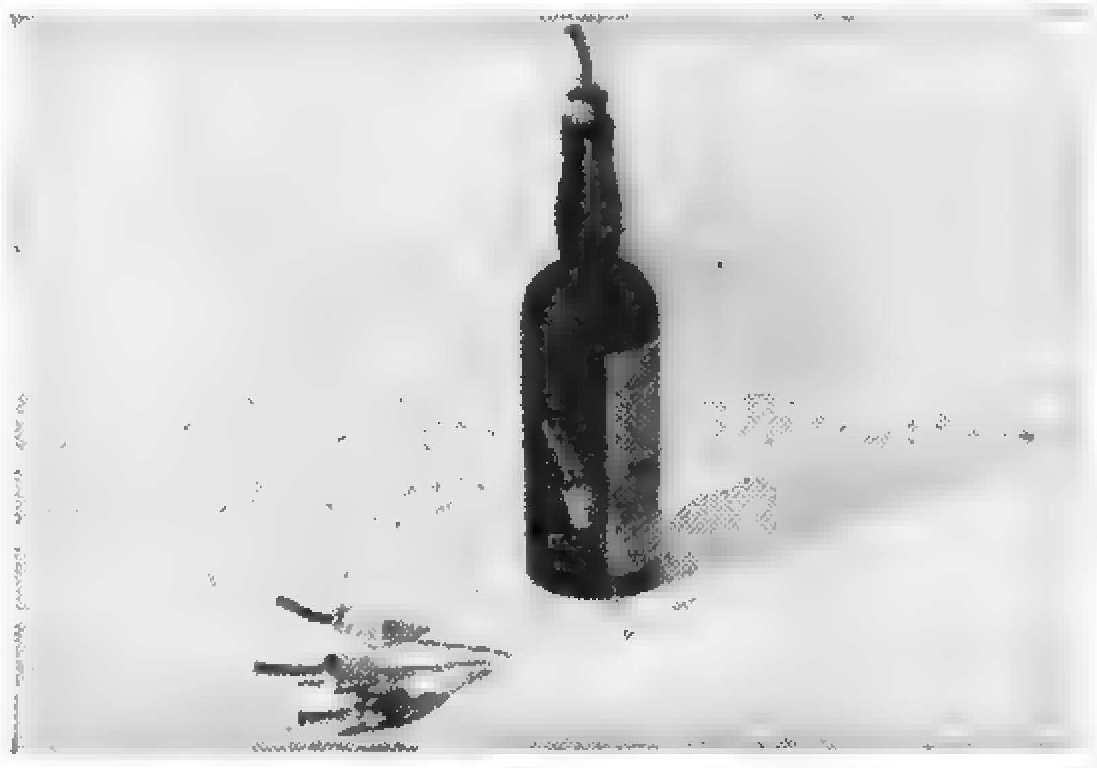
FOR A LADY IN THE DARK. A miniature pocket flashlight, gold-plated and mounted with simulated stones . . . to help her find her face in the mirror when lipstick needs repairing (and you don't want to turn on all the lights!) . . . or find the gloves she drops in the theater . . . Comes with keychain attached.

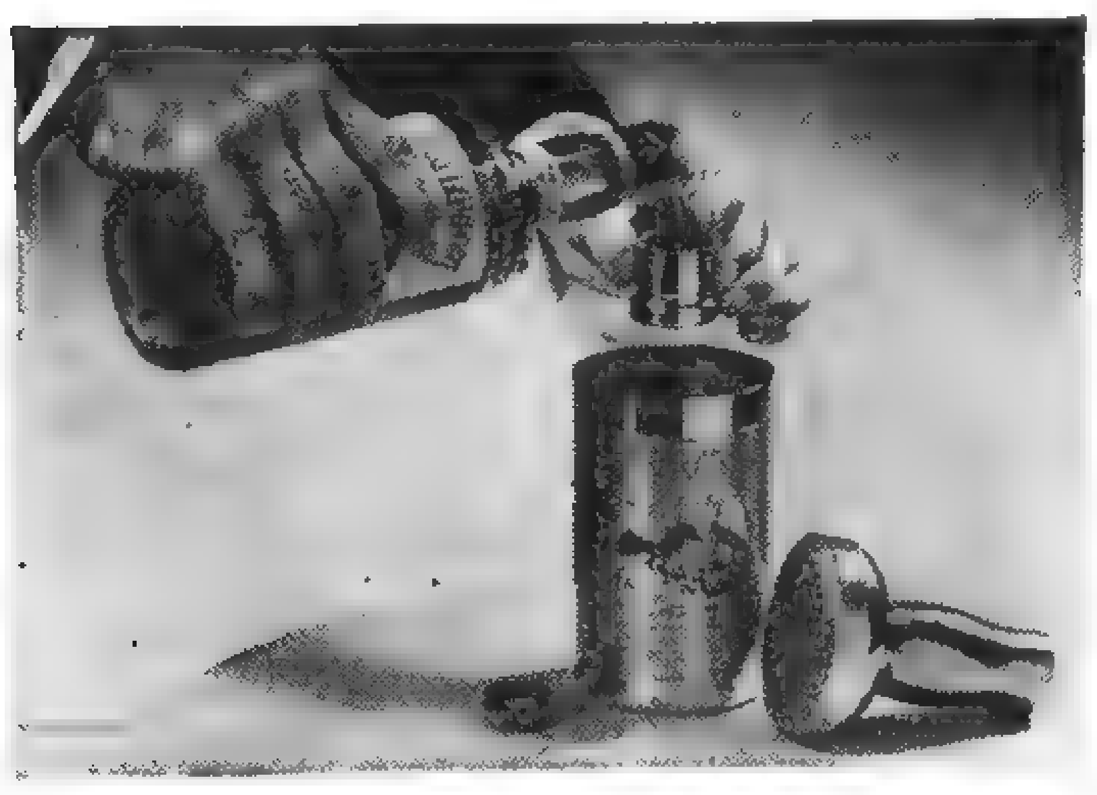




LEATHER LIGHTER. Alligator and Rhodium plated lighter with a simplified automatic action. Just flip open the top and there's your light. Comes with extra flints and a miniature brush to keep it shipshape. Other versions in Red Cobra, Mother of Pearl, Black Morocco, Sterling Silver, and 14K gold.

SPEEDY SPOUTS. Home bar-keeps will find this professional looking little pouring spout a useful piece of equipment. It's gold-plated, mounted in cork and fitted with an air shaft which enables the liquor to pour quickly and smoothly and stop on a drop. Precision made in solid brass, electro-plated in 14K gold.

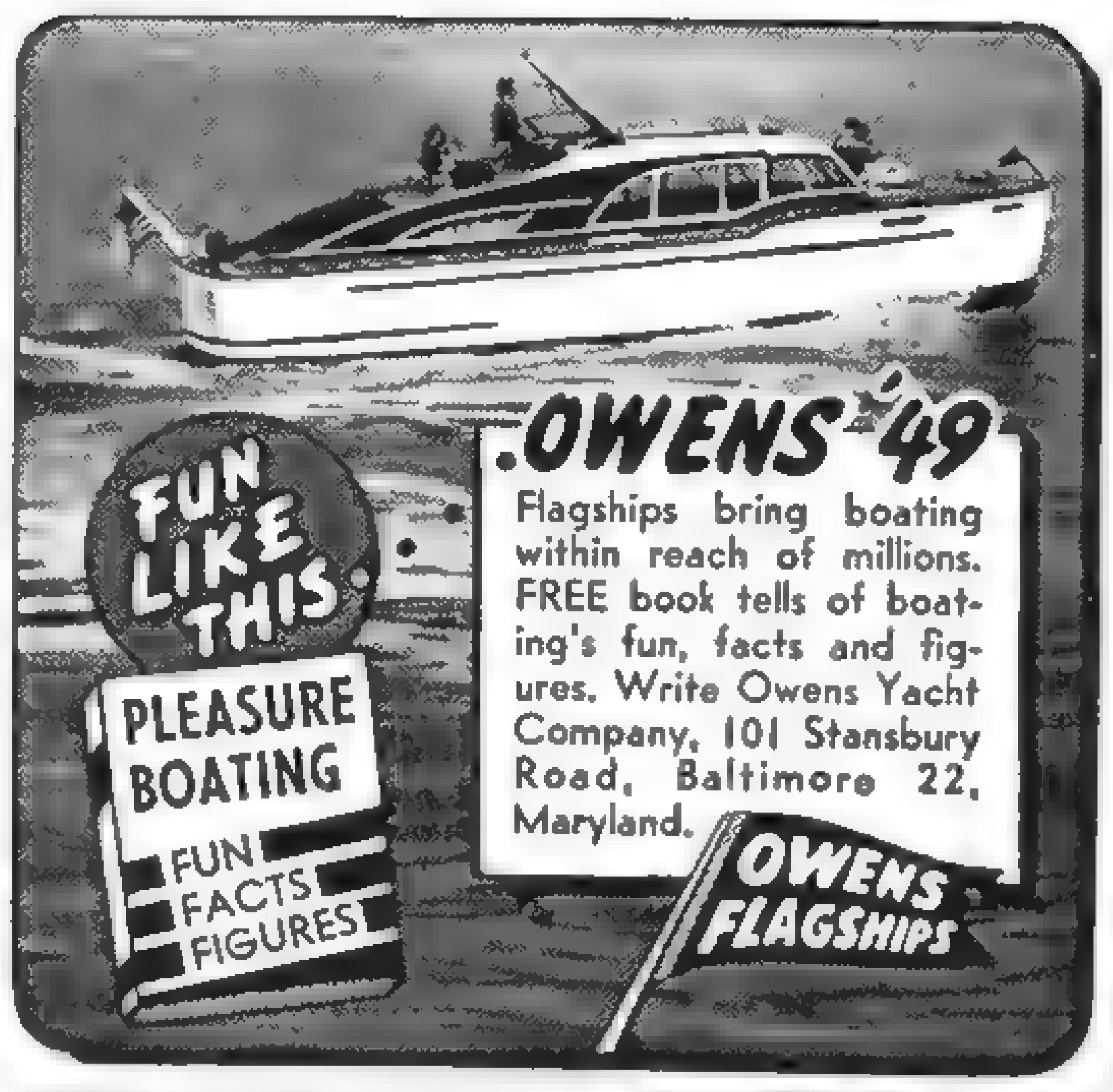




FOR PARTY GIVERS. A bottle-shaped, stainless steel cocktail shaker that also doubles as a protective travel container for a standard fifth of liquor. Because of the bottle shaped neck, it pours without a dribble and has a built-in, removable strainer. The top is detachable, one ounce jigger.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



OWENS '49

Flagships bring boating within reach of millions. FREE book tells of boating's fun, facts and figures. Write Owens Yacht Company, 101 Stansbury Road, Baltimore 22, Maryland.

Distinctive Christmas Gift

for Customers and Friends

Haddonfield Farms

PHEASANTS

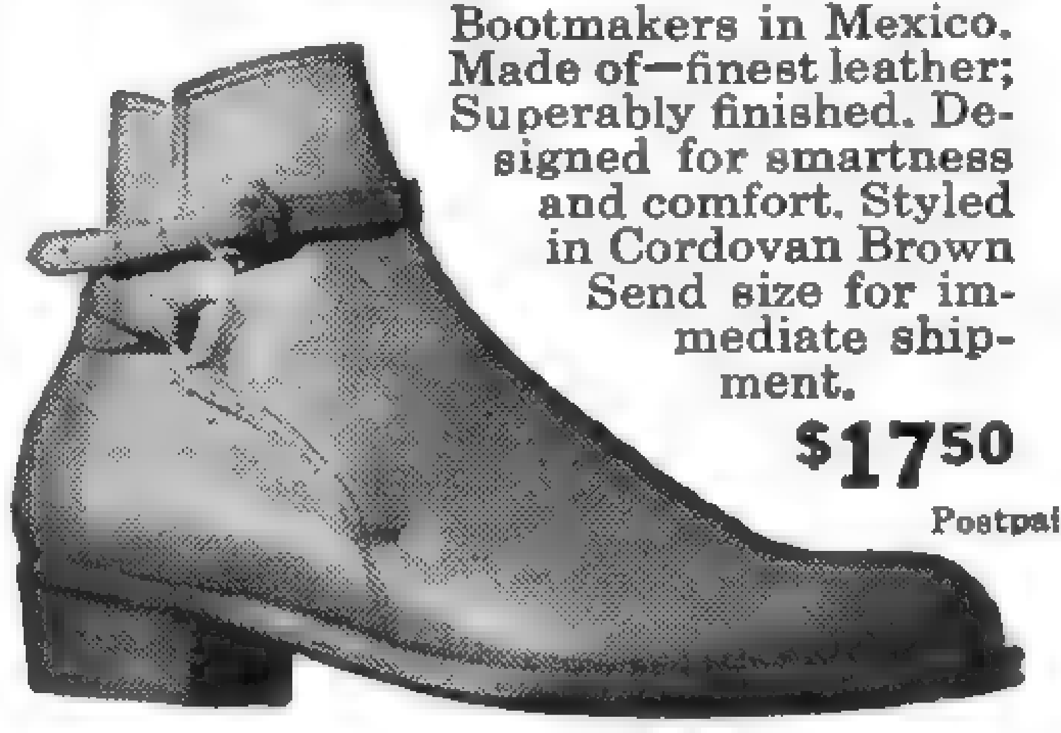
A gift of rare good taste—one that will long be remembered! Treat, too, for your own Christmas table. Beautifully plumed birds (or oven-dressed if you prefer). Large, plump, meaty. Cooking directions included . . . SHIPPED IN ATTRACTIVE KNOTTY PINE UTILITY BOX.

Brace of Pheasants
Hen & Cock
Prepaid $12.50
Mallard Ducks $9.50
per Brace

ORDER EARLY! Send check or money order with complete mailing address and name for gift card.

Write for Illustrated Circular

HADDONFIELD FARMS, DEPT. E, DALLAS, PA.



JODHPURS FOR SMART MEN

Our most popular import from Expert Bootmakers in Mexico. Made of—finest leather; Superably finished. Designed for smartness and comfort. Styled in Cordovan Brown Send size for immediate shipment.

$17.50
Postpaid

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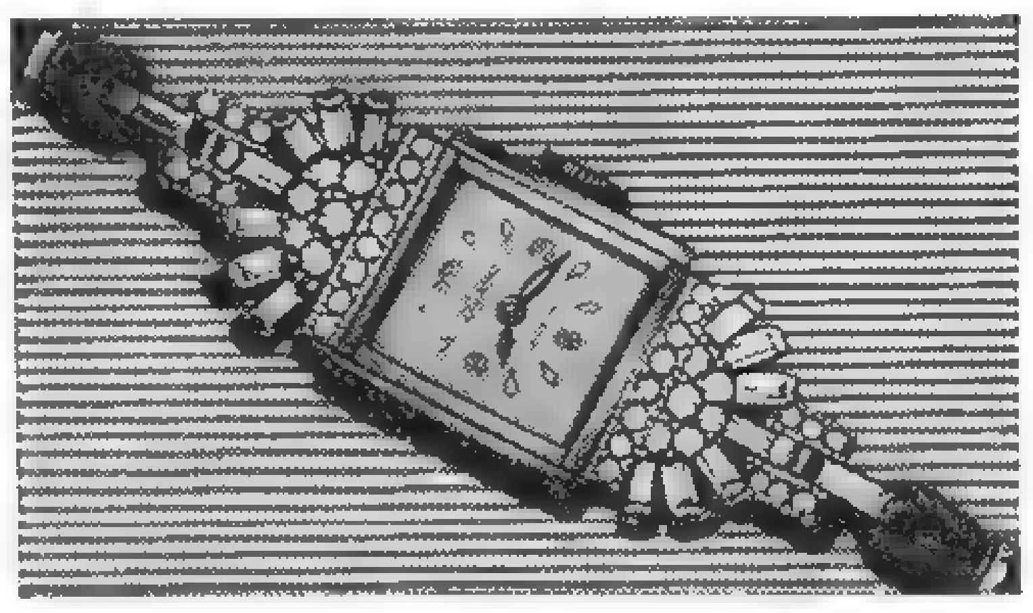

Eye-catching BEAUTY!

On your wrist . . . the brilliant, sparkling, hand-set rhinestones of this fabulous timepiece will excite the envy of everyone. Designed by our master craftsmen with Rhodium, guaranteed non-tarnishable finish. Its precision 17 jewel Swiss movement is guaranteed for 1 year. That very same Oh-so-expensive-looking watch you've longed for...now easily available at only—
39.75 postpaid • Plus 10% Tax

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Please send me wrist watch as illustrated.
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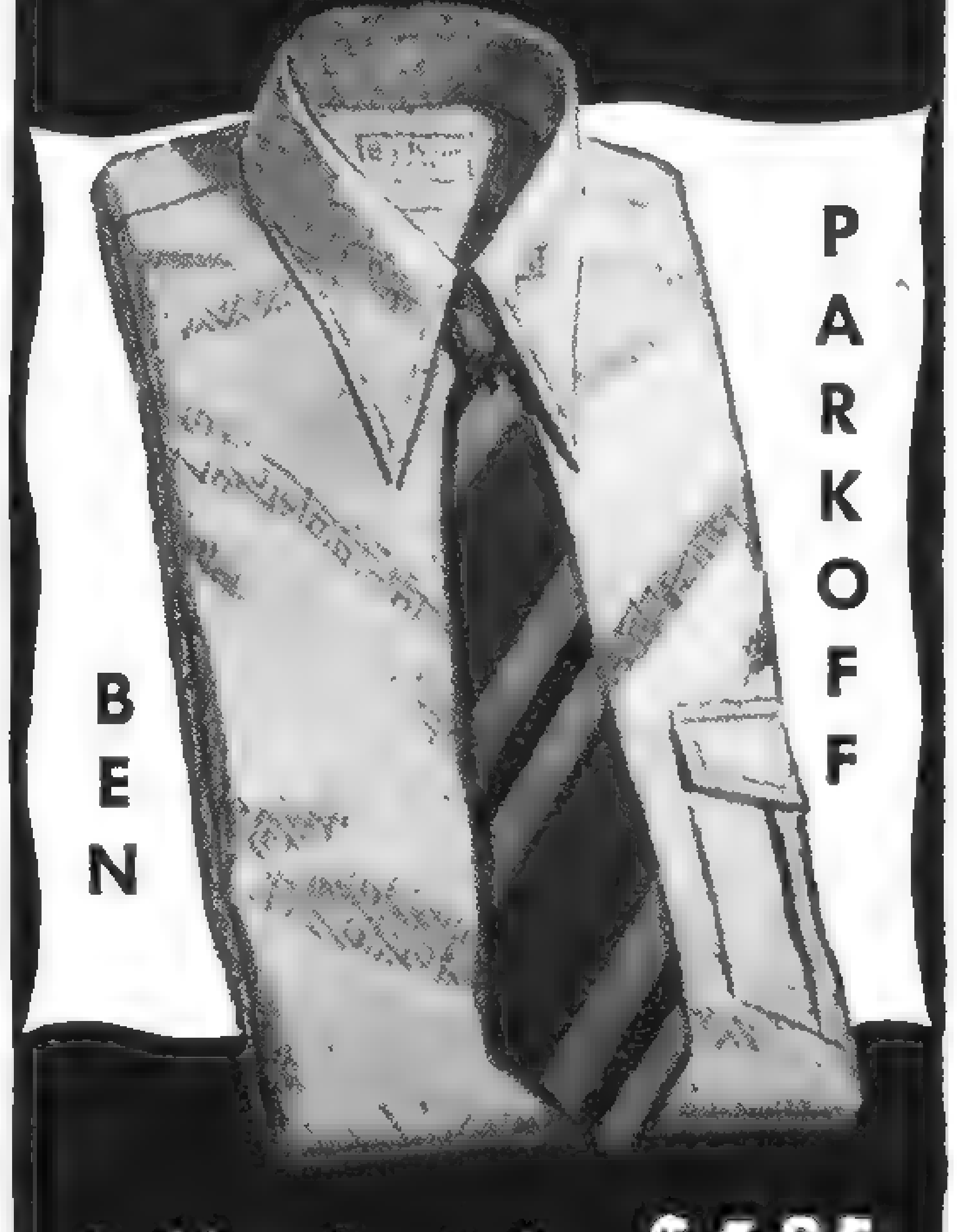
Please send check or money order



America's
BEST DRESSED MEN
insist on custom made
WHITE ON WHITE SHIRTS

And here is a truly OUTSTANDING VALUE $6.85

in LUXURIOUS JACQUARDS and DOBBY WEAVES . . . small figured white patterns against rich white fabrics; superbly tailored with special regard for the expensive details that matter. COLLAR SIZES 13½ to 20. SLEEVES 31-37.

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RIDE and ROW THE BATTLE CREEK WAY!

Enjoy most efficient health-building rowing AND riding! Natural HYDRAULIC pull of rowing plus benefits of horseback riding—adjusts for mild exercise or strenuous workout as you wish. Rhythmic movement of handles, seat and pedals "symmetrizes" and beautifies entire figure. EXEROW safely normalizes WEIGHT—improves HEALTH and appearance. Direct factory price. Write for information TODAY.

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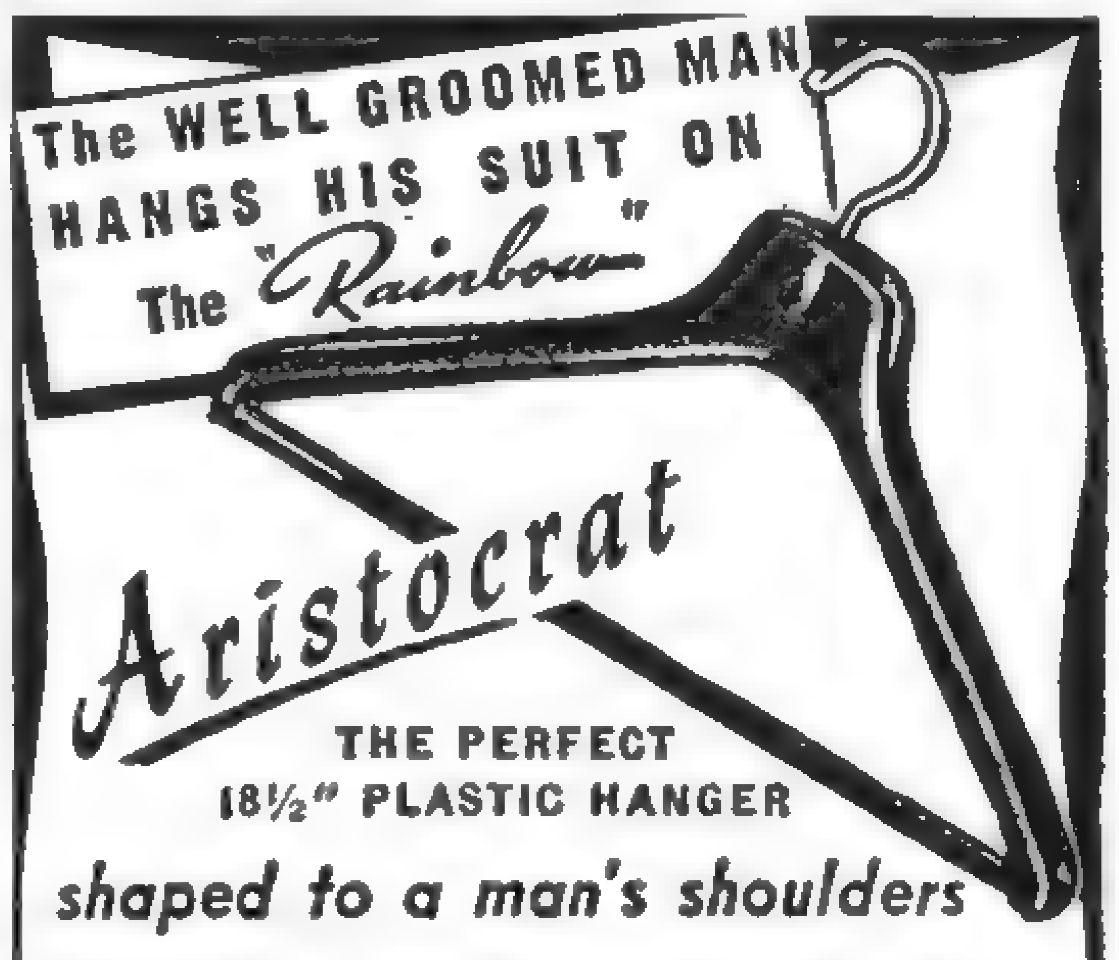
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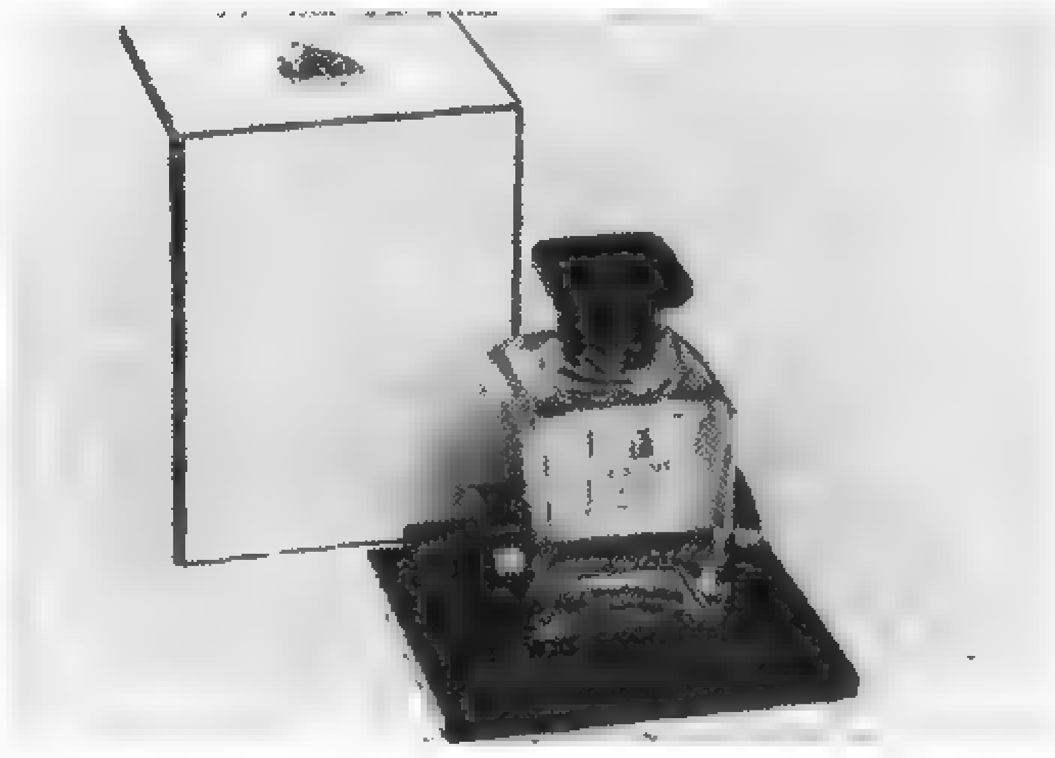
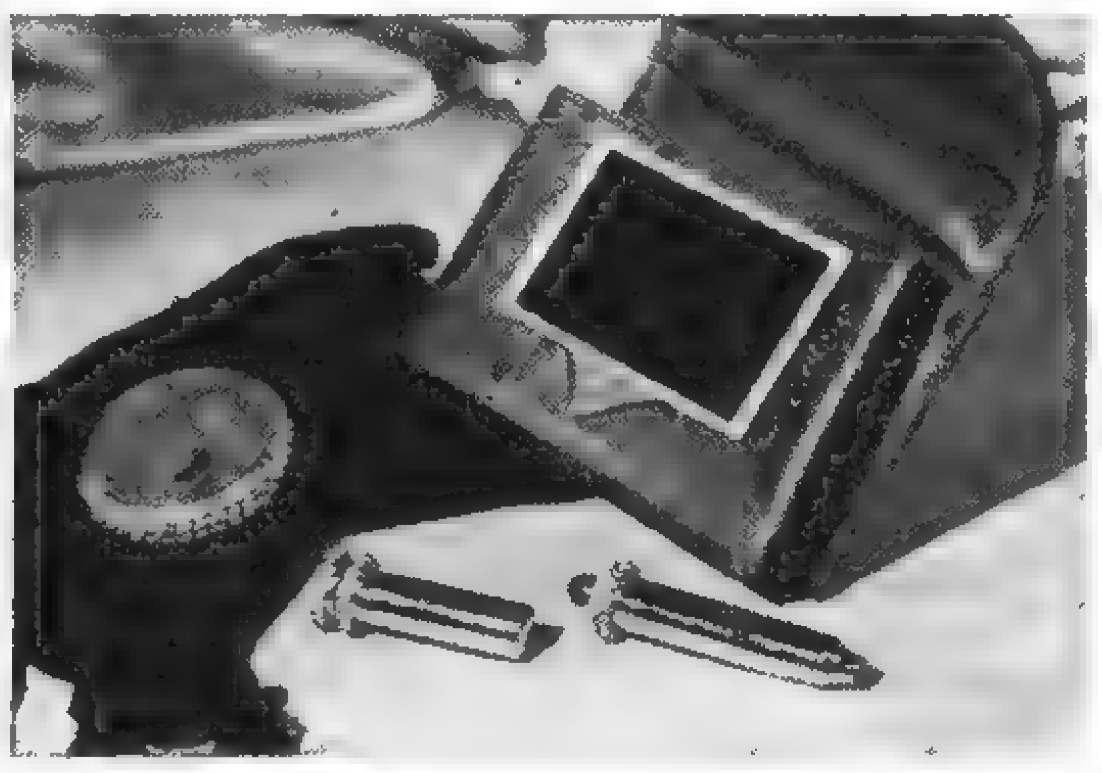
Talking Shop

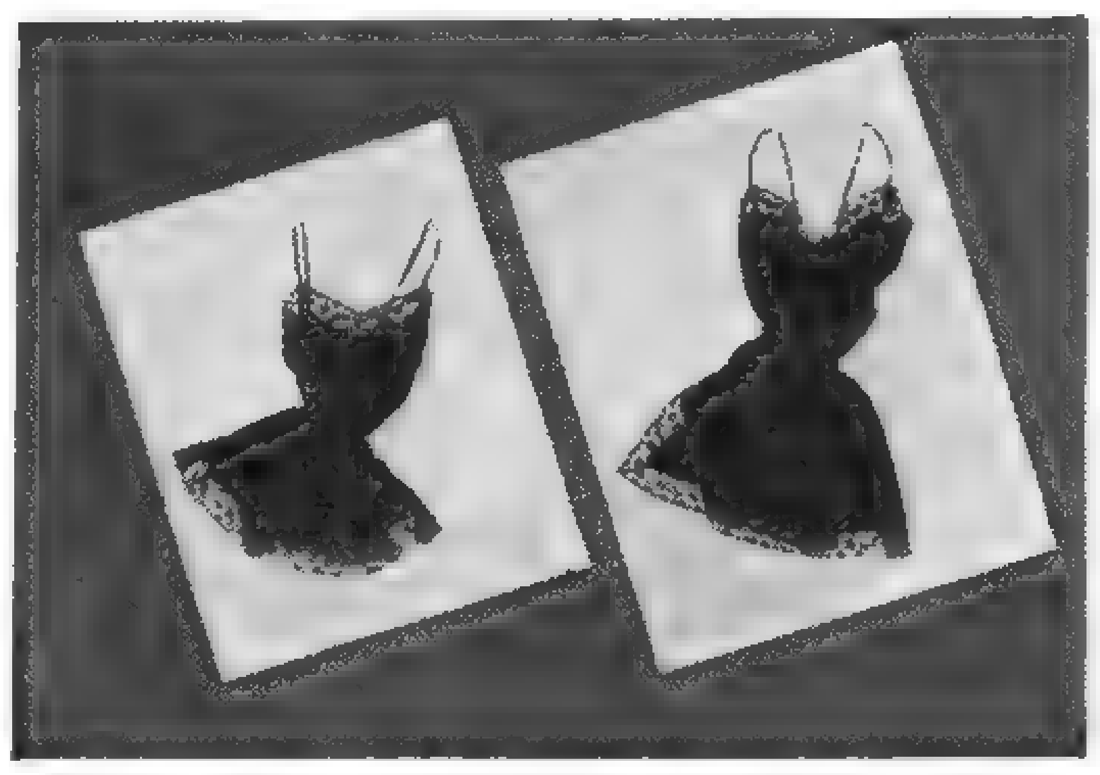
WHAT'S HER TYPE? If she's a woman-of-the-world, says this Paris Perfumer, give her a flacon of this well-poised perfume called "Arpege." For a light-hearted, sweater-and-skirt type, "My Sin" (!) is prescribed. "Rumeur" gets the vote from the ladies who like a scent that is subtle.





IN THE BAG — Brocaded evening bag, that is — all the standard equipment for a lady theatergoer, lipstick, compact, and even a miniature flashlight so she can see what gives with the program. These small scale accessories are done up in 24K gold plate or silver rhodium plate, and set with simulated jools.

BLACK MAGIC. If you're feeling adventurous this Holiday season, give her this matching duo of slip and chemise. (Word from the distaff side has it that the chemise, popular during the 20's, is enjoying quite a revival!) In black satin, trimmed with a wide band of black lace around the—er—upper storey and hemline.



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Ranger

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The Xmas tie he'll wear

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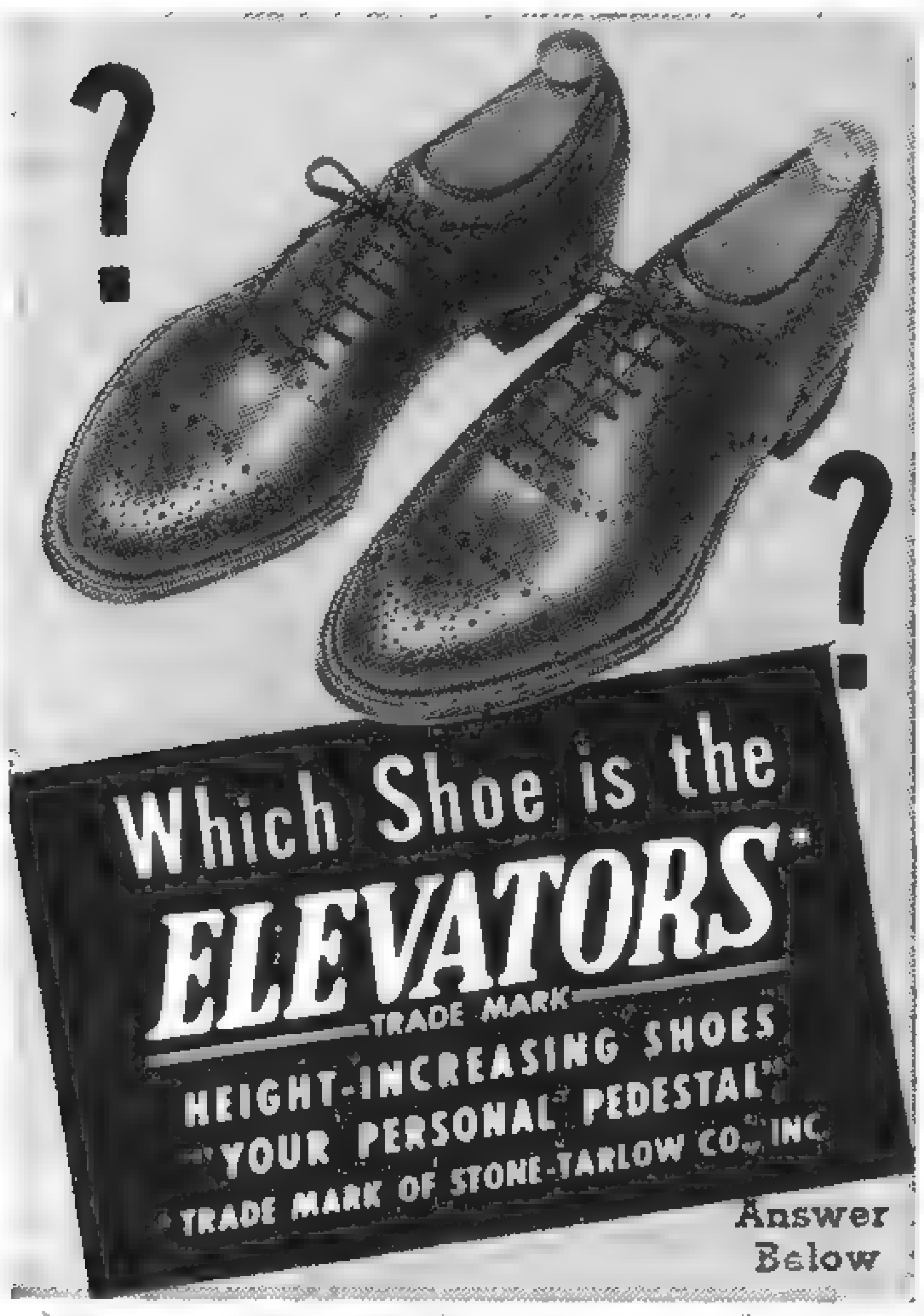

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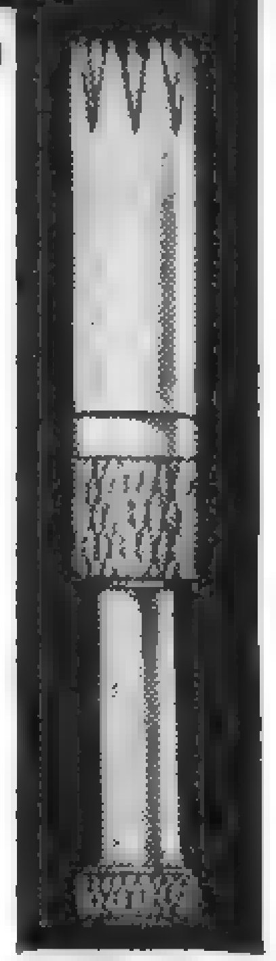

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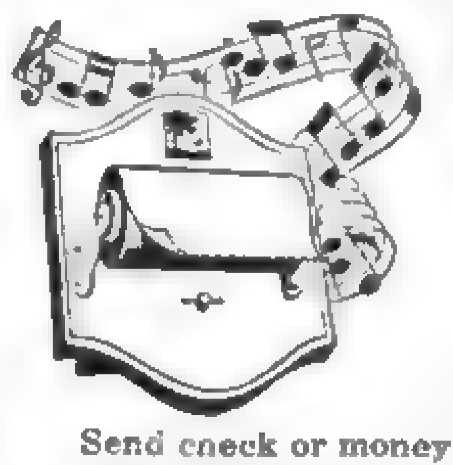

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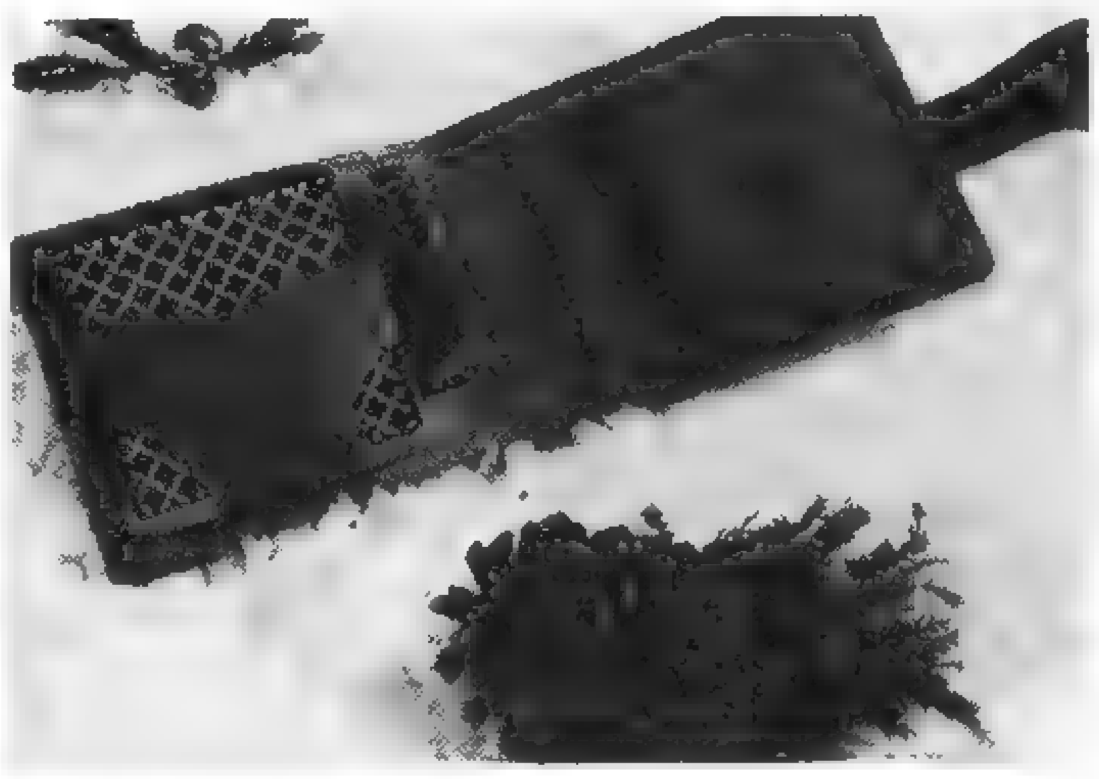

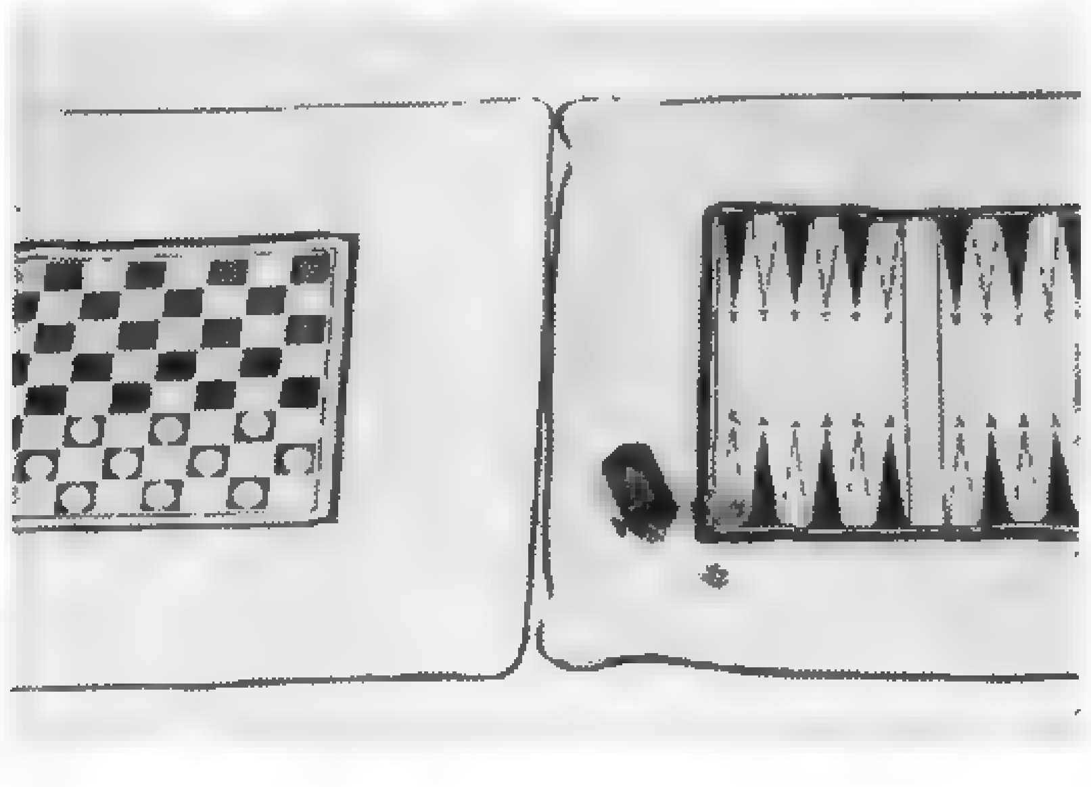

TWO-FACED. One side of this card table cover sets you up for a game of checkers; turn it over and you're ready for Bridge. (It also comes in a Backgammon and Checkers combination.) Comes wrapped around a tube which contains 30 Catalin gaming pieces, dice and a pair of simulated leather shaker cups.

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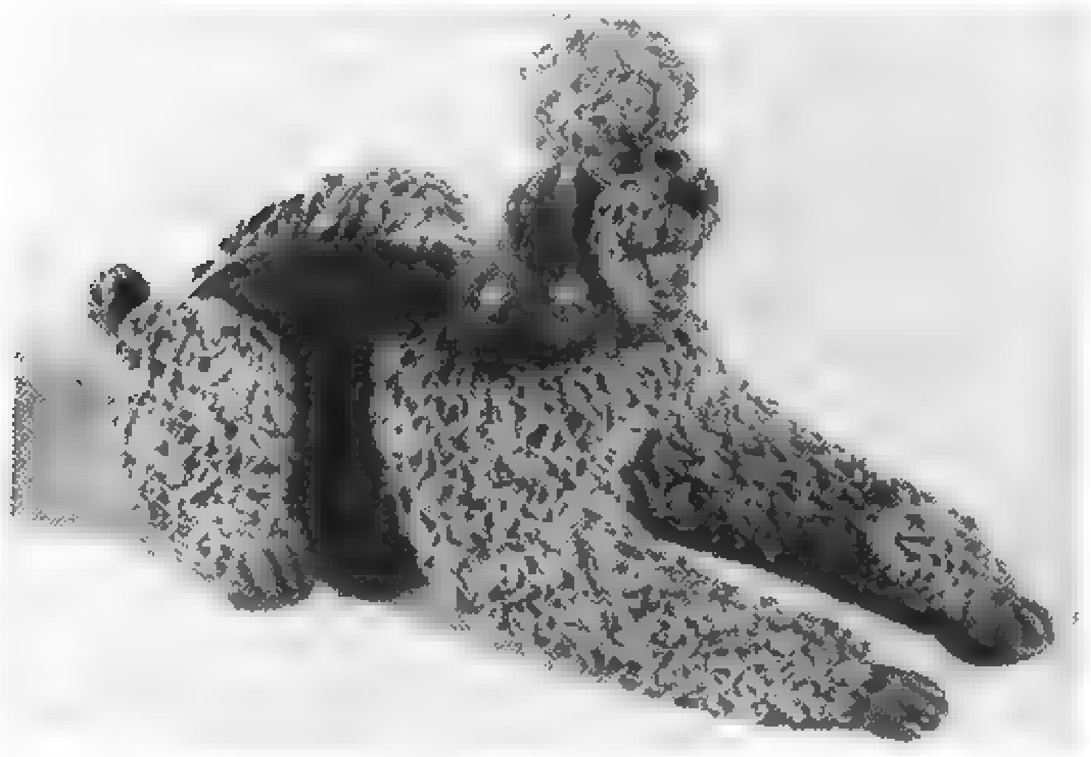

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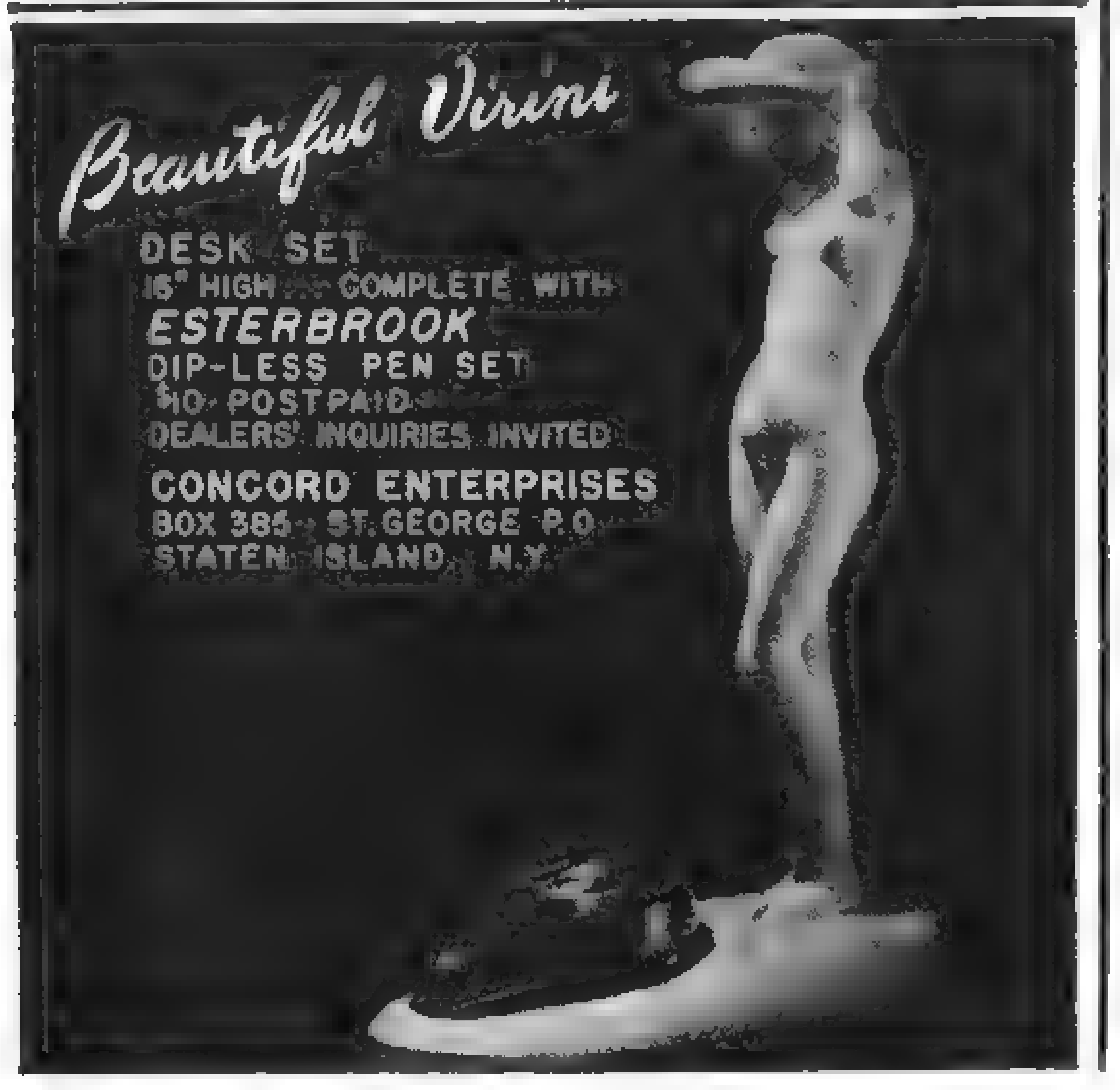

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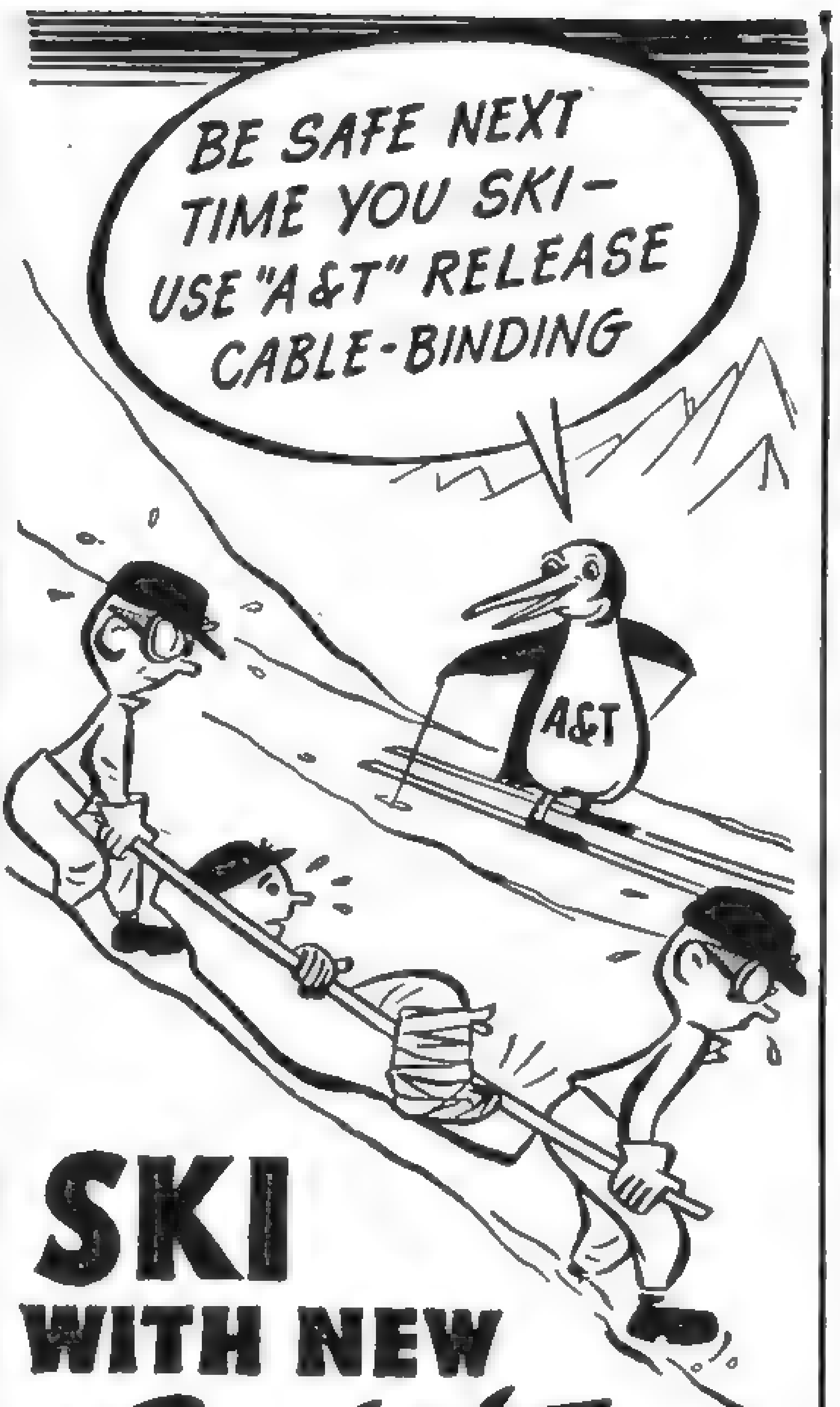
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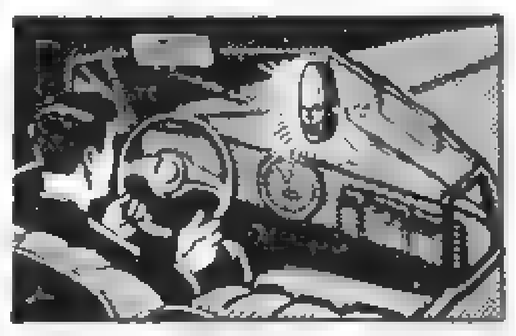

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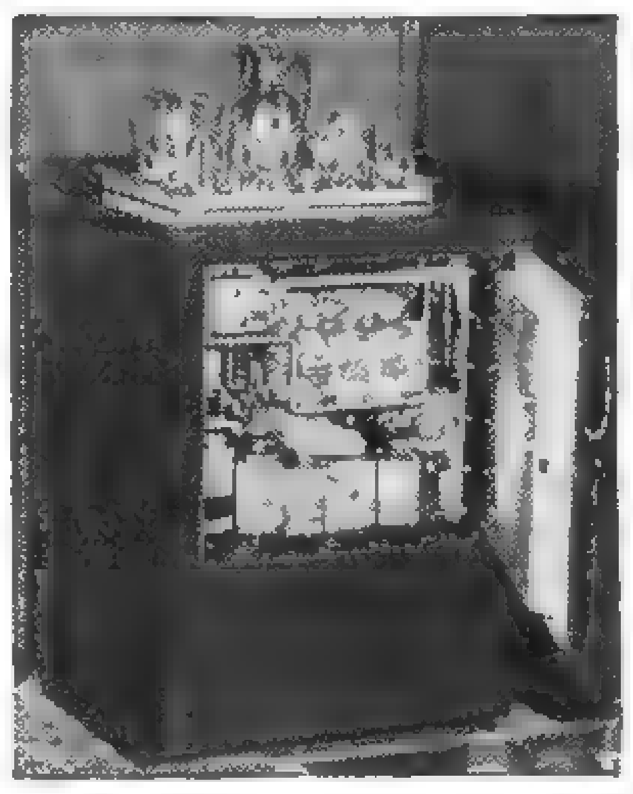

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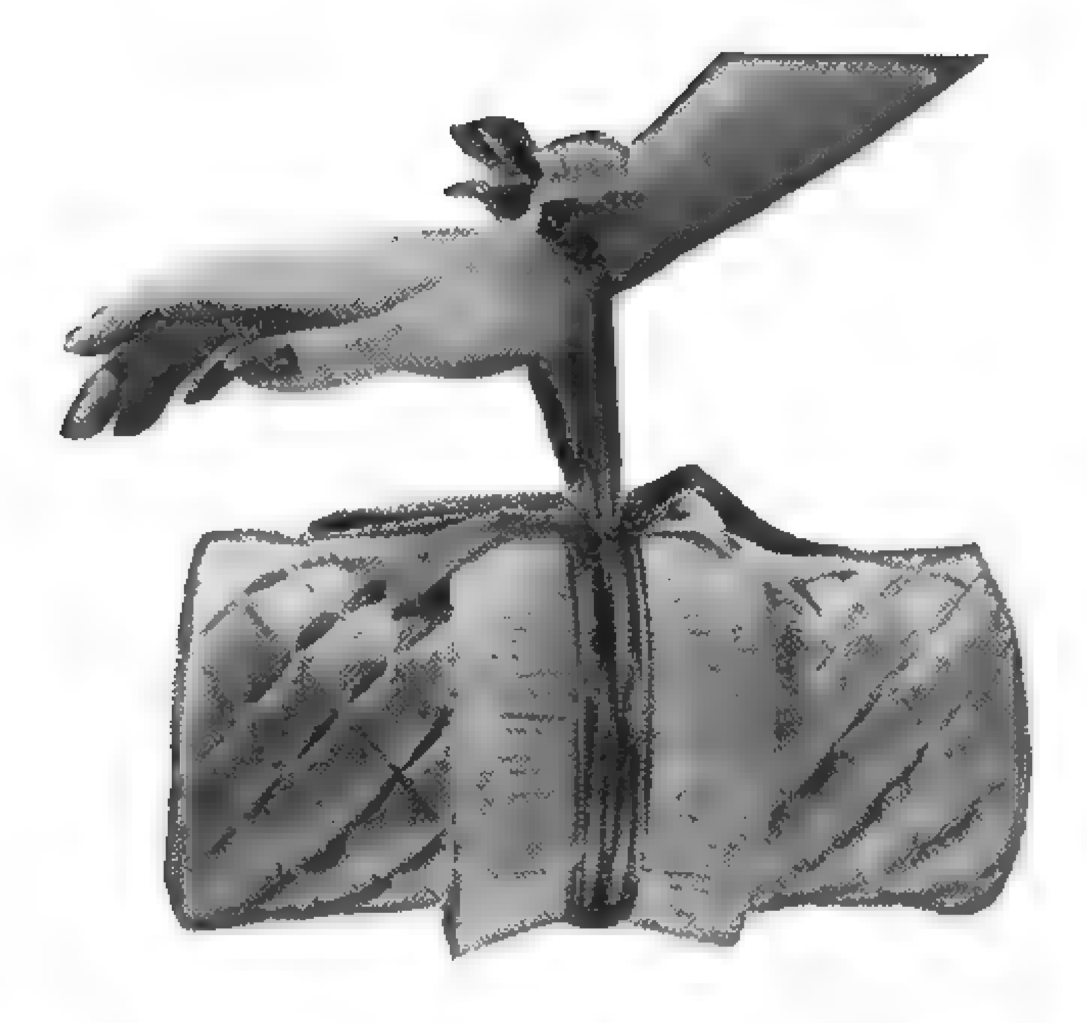

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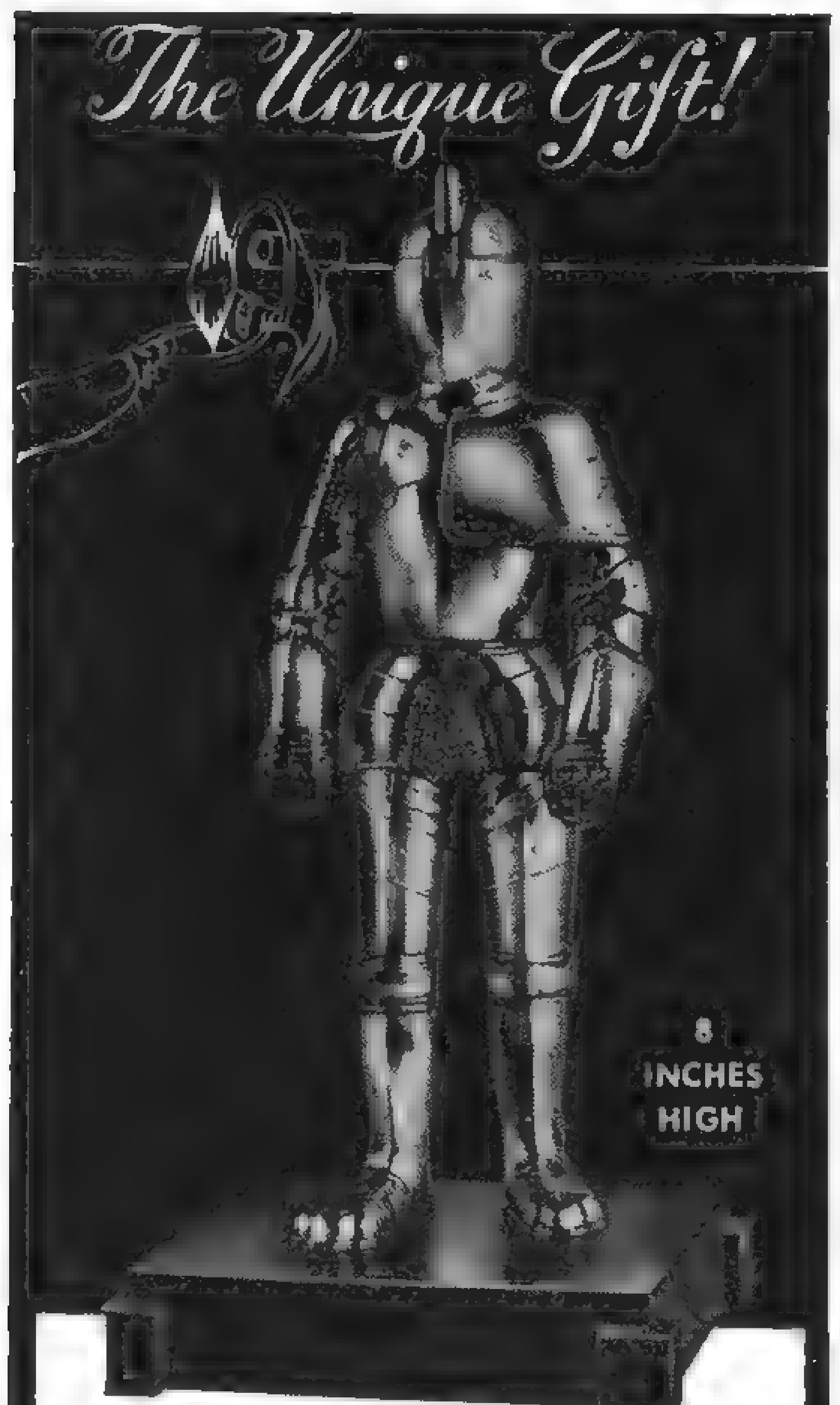

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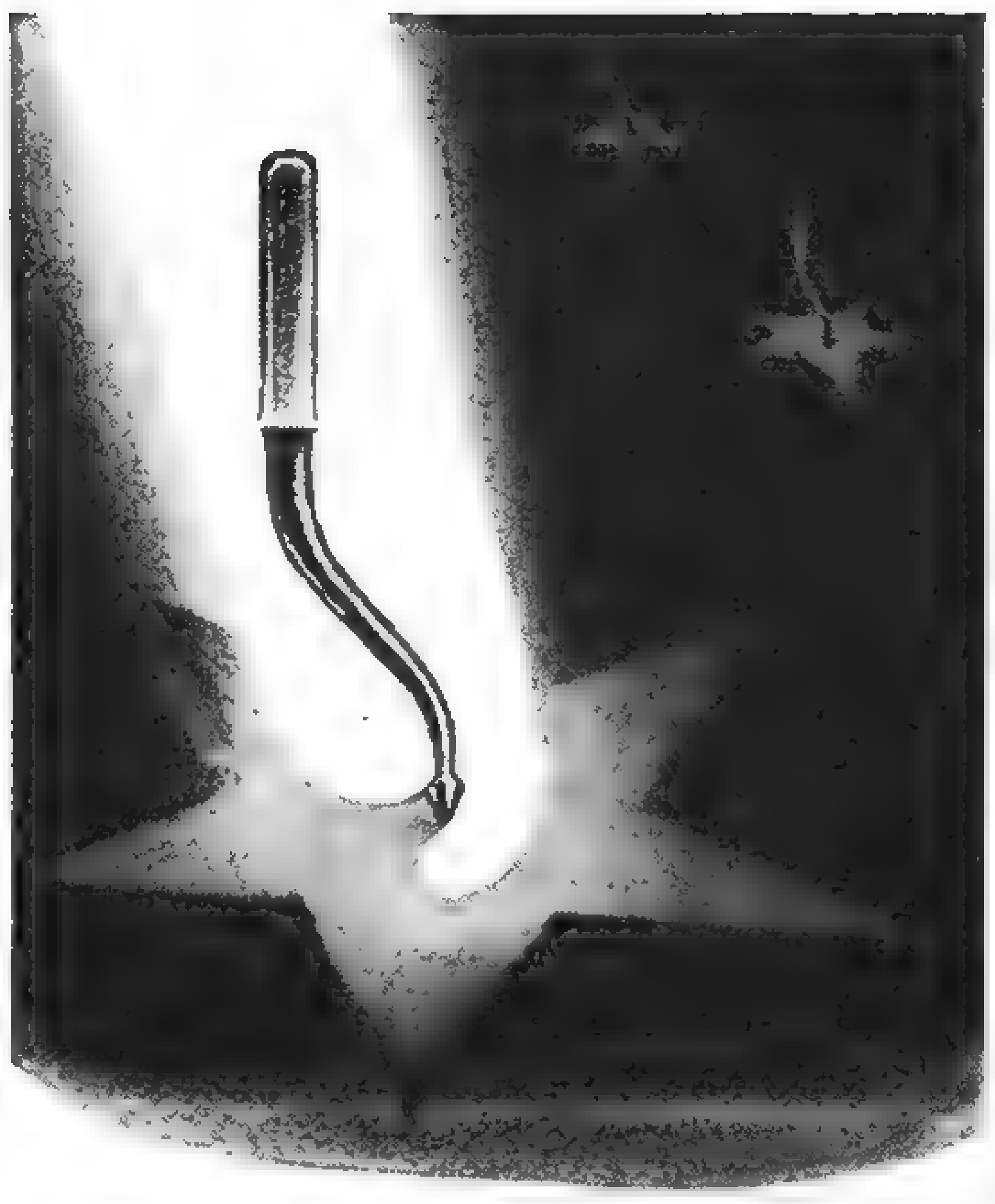

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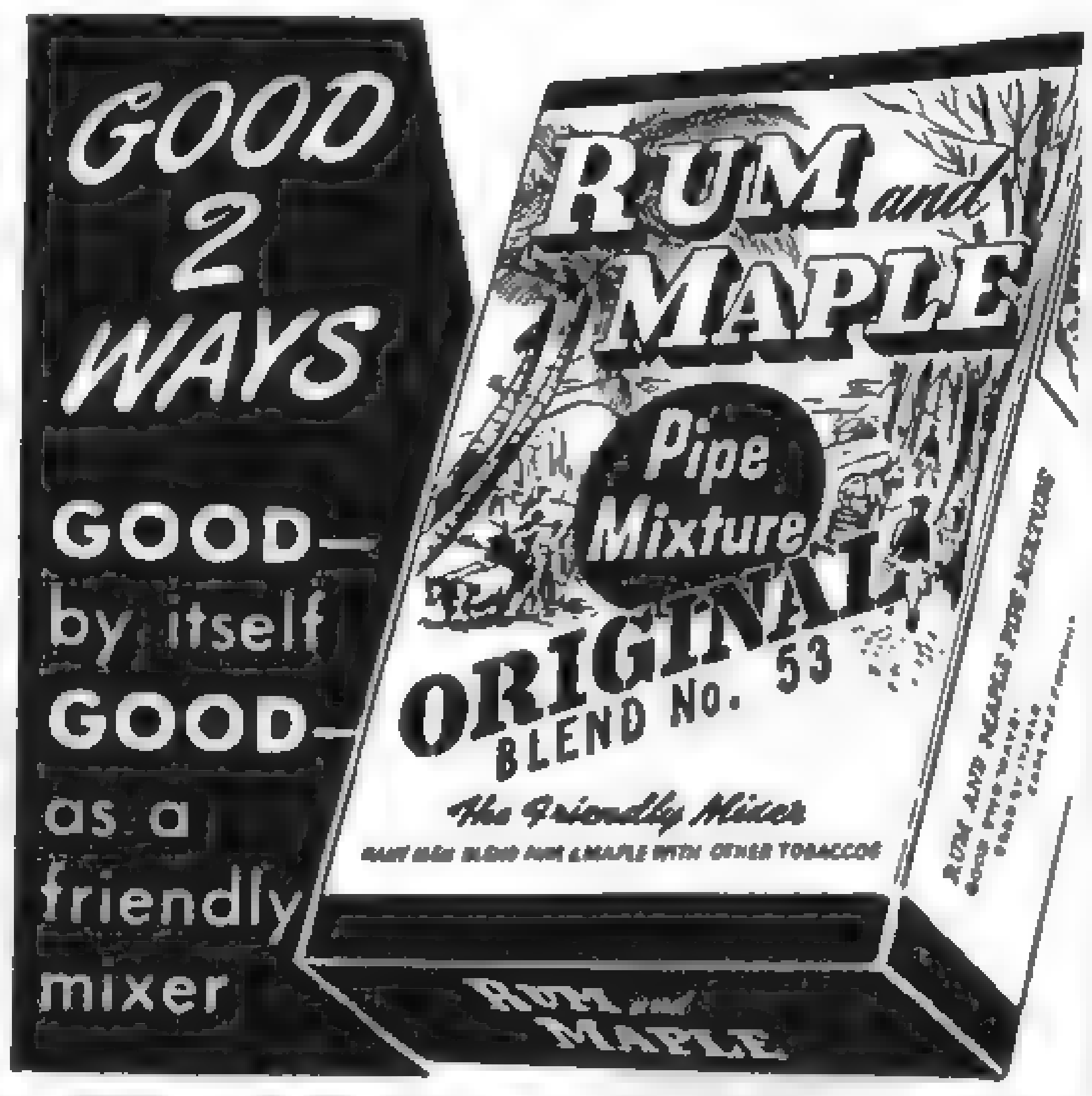

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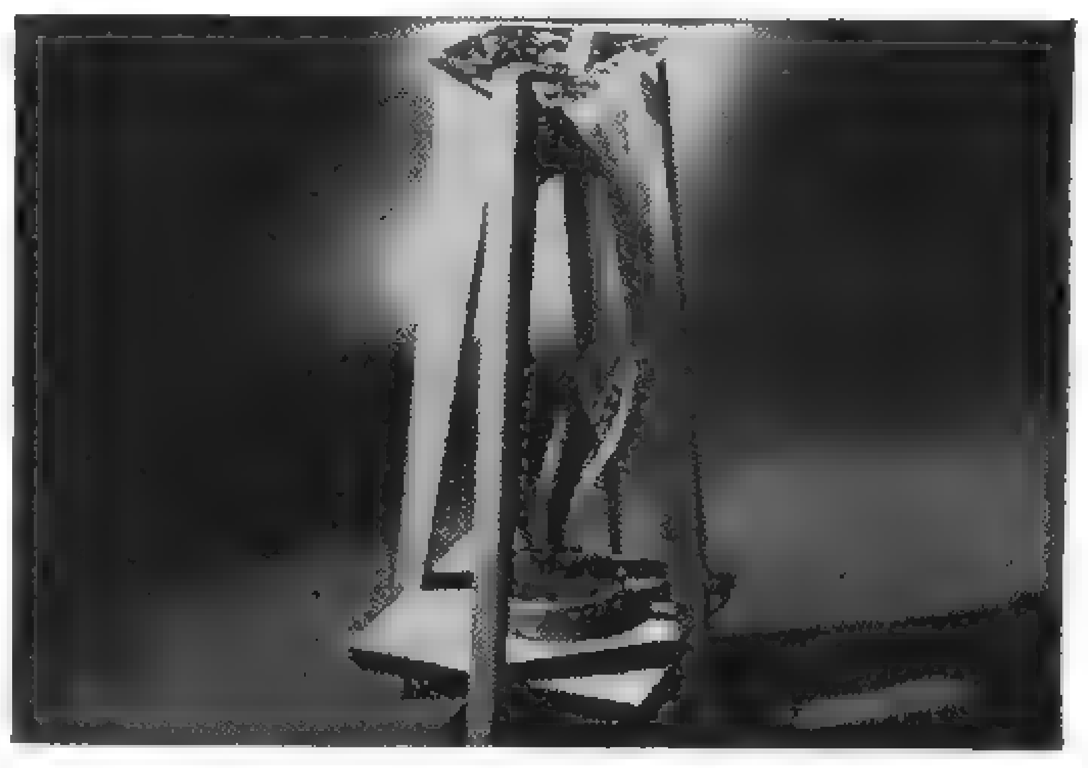
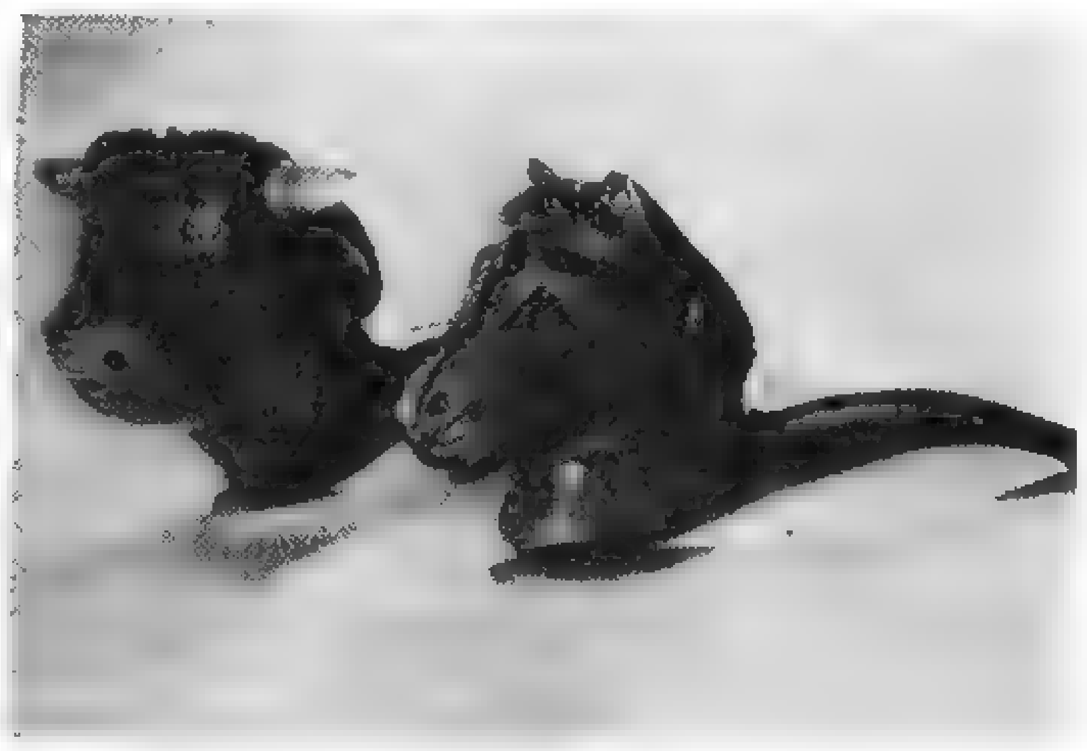
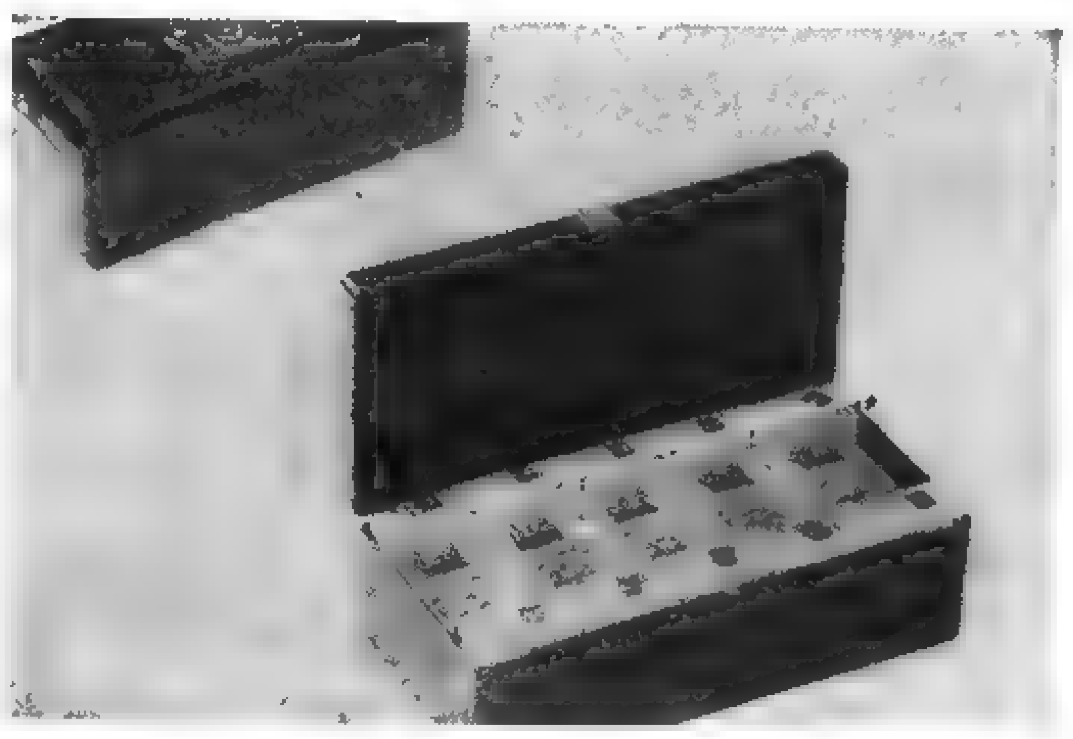
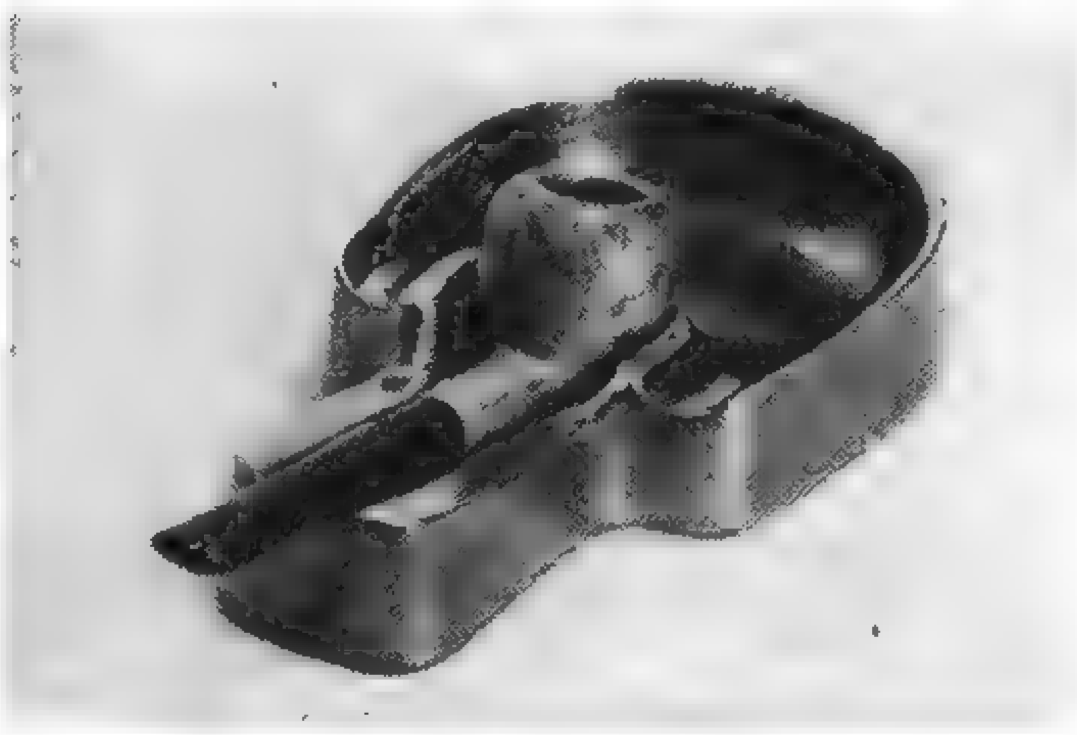




FOR PIPE COLLECTORS—imported briar pipes, each one with a different head carved into the bowl. A pipe-smoking cattleman might fancy the one with the steer's head, or the horse. Other pipes bear the hand-carved features of an Indian, a visored knight, a skull, a calm-looking Lady and the Devil himself.

SUBTLE SUGGESTION for a lady who's always bumming your cigarettes—Give her this gift chest of twenty packs, and maybe she'll take the hint and tote her own cigarettes. At any rate she'll probably salvage the empty chest and use it for gloves or cosmetics or as a sewing kit. Also a good man's gift.





PARK YOUR PIPE in this special ash tray. Made so that it holds the bowl upright—your smoke doesn't go out and the tobacco doesn't spill out. Bronze finish metal that's hefty enough so that you can use it to knock the ashes out of your pipe and it won't shatter. Felt backed so it won't scratch table-tops.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Give COMFORT this Christmas

Here's a smart, all-purpose casual shoe to warm the heart and comfort the feet of any man. Swagger "buckle-and-strap", hand-sewn notched vamp, flexible leather sole—in rich Burgundy. Feels like a slipper. Many other he-man styles. Write for folder.

ORDER BY MAIL — *Immediate Delivery*

Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-28 TODAY. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, B, C, D. **$9.95**. Add 25c for mailing.

Satisfaction or your money back.

CONCORD SHOES, Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

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NEW PALETTE

HAILED BY FAMOUS ARTISTS

Peel-off
ANTHONY'S
Disposable Palette
SAVES TIME!
SAVES WORK!

New "PEEL-OFF" PALETTE takes the bother out of painting—eliminates messy "clean-ups." Just peel off top sheet and Presto! . . . a fresh, paint-free working surface is ready to use. Each palette contains 50 specially processed sheets, impervious to all mediums. *The perfect gift for professionals and amateurs alike!*

A FULL YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PALETTES GIFT WRAPPED—$3.00
3 Palettes (App. 9" x 12").... $3.00
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Sorry no C.O.D.'s

At your dealer or send postpaid to

JOHN J. ANTHONY
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A Very Special Cognac...
***for a* Very Special Person**

This Cognac Grande Champagne has been served at the Royal Banquet offered to their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elisabeth at the Chateau de Versailles on July 21st, 1938. It is the finest Cognac procurable.

RÉMY MARTIN *Louis XIII* COGNAC

80 PROOF, RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK

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ROLEX

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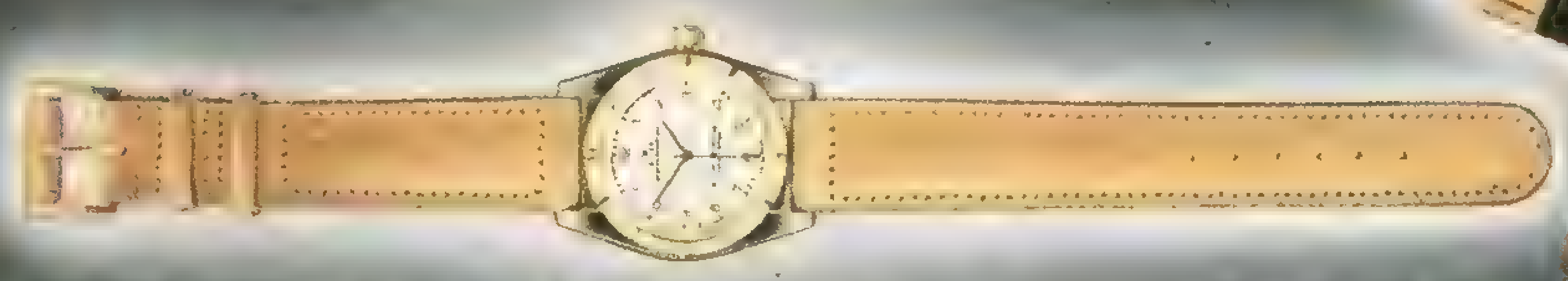
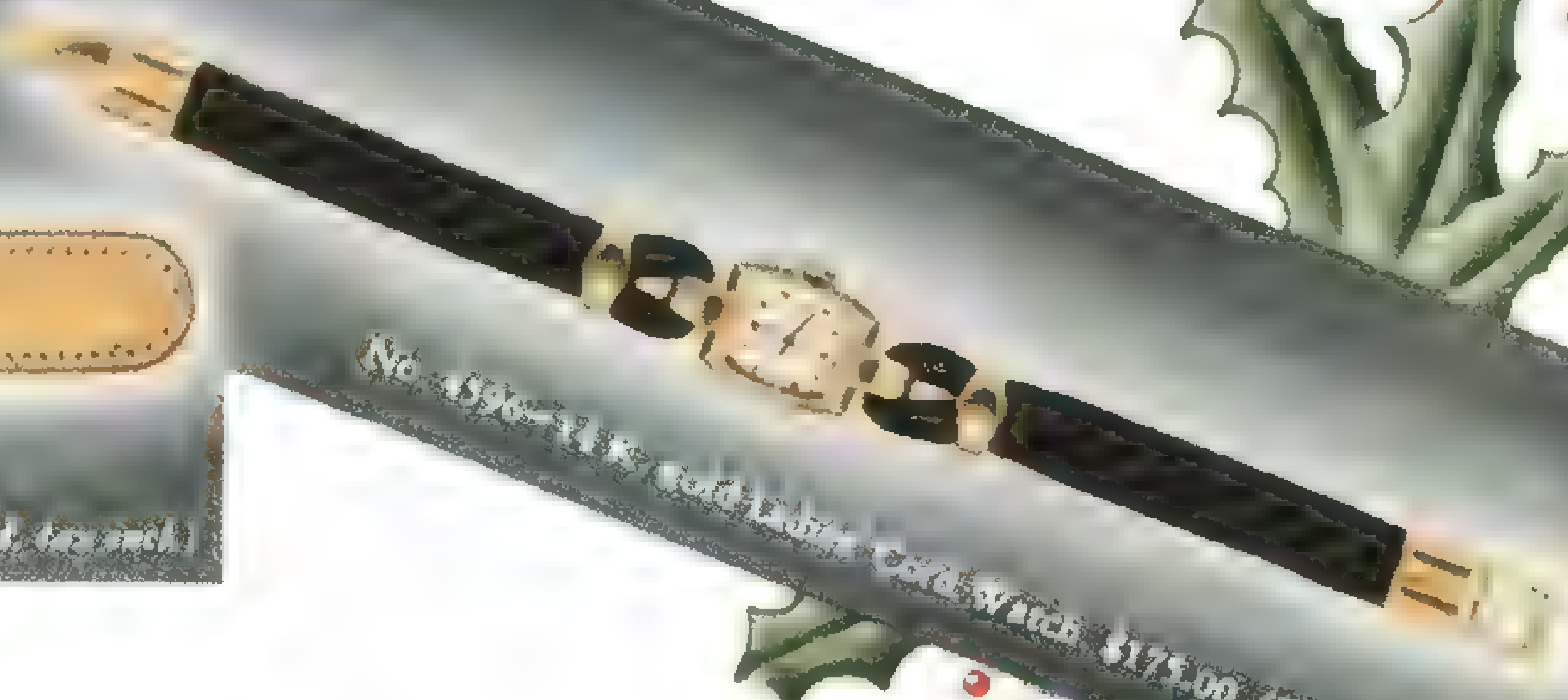
**A watch may be truly termed a chronometer after it has been certified by an Official Observatory Test made in five positions . . . and two temperatures. Every Rolex Chronometer is accompanied by an official certificate attesting to these facts.*



No. 4919—Steel Oyster Perpetual . . [illegible] . . [illegible] movement. $1[illegible]50. *(Fed. tax incl.)*



No. 4596—14 K. Gold Ladies' Cord Watch. $175.00. *(Fed. tax incl.)*

At Christmas . . Graduation . . Anniversaries . . for the favored associate or retiring executive . . this rare gift is a heritage of pride. The incomparable wrist chronometer, its companion the Oyster Perpetual, and exquisite ladies' model illustrated, are available at exclusive jewelers only.

THE AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

. . . it's always
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precious pre-war bottled in bond

I. W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey

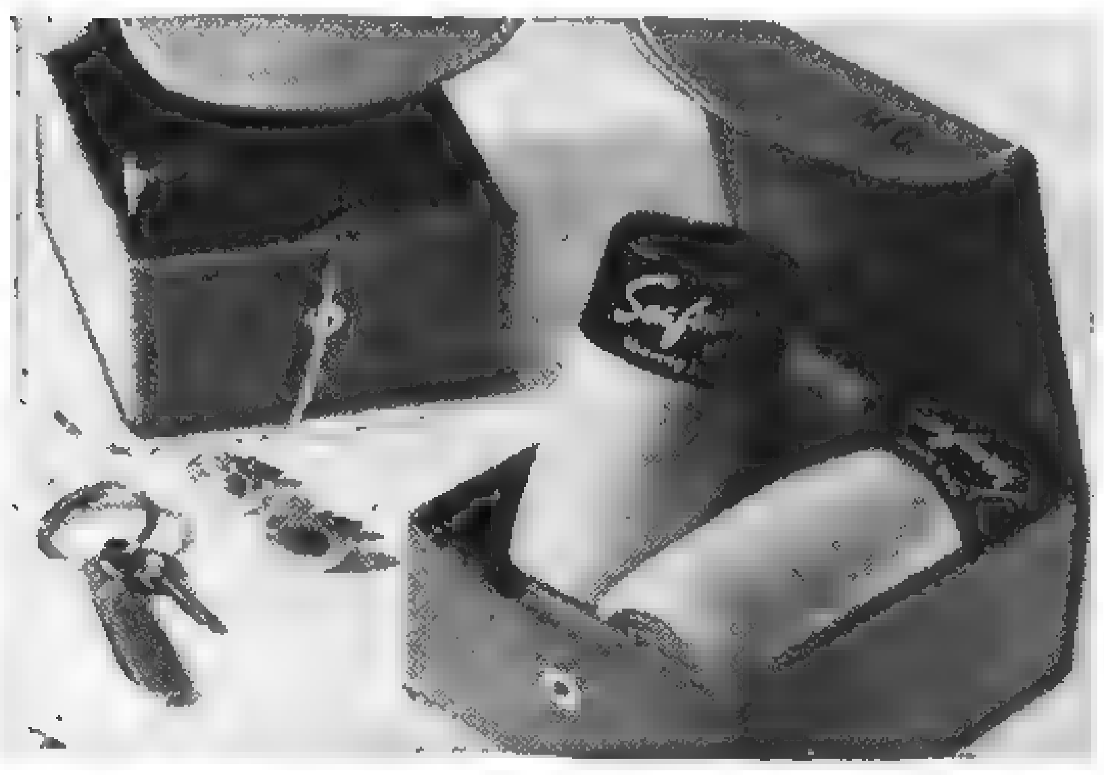
since 1872

Distilled before the war and bottled in bond under the supervision of the U.S. Government.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF. BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

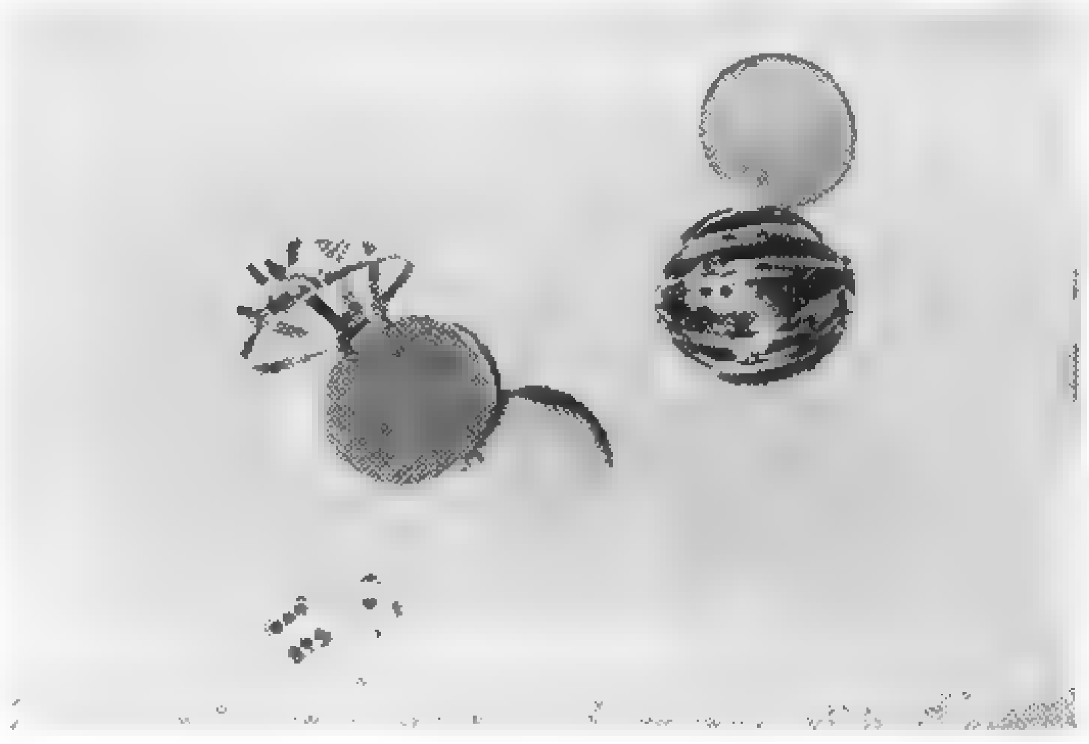
Talking Shop with Esquire

FIFTY WAYS to say, "Merry Christmas!" to a cigar-smoker—a special holiday gift box filled with fifty really fine cigars. Accompany with one of the new cigar cutters finished in gold plate, silver or chrome. An efficient little gadget that nips off the tip without shredding the cigar. Quite dignified too.



DOUBLE MEANING. Here's a gift suggestion that's a two-in-one deal, a shave set in a leather box that's a cinch for re-use as a stud and jewelry box. The shaving lotion and talc are packaged in travel containers of unbreakable, featherlight Duralite. Stud box is covered in genuine pigskin, lined in red.

7, 7 COME 11! A portable crap game, carried on the cuff—with these dice-cage cuff-links. Solid gold cage opens up with a pair of miniscule ivory dice in each one. The little woman can have the earrings to match your links, if you don't think it will teach her Bad Habits. Second thought—they might pay for themselves.



FOR AN OUTDOOR GAL. A belt and bag combination that keeps her lipstick and mad money handy—even when she's out skiing around the countryside. Black saddle leather belt (or red) with a black and white fur calf bag, with slide fastener compartment. Navy blue belt combined with tan and white fur.

Ranger

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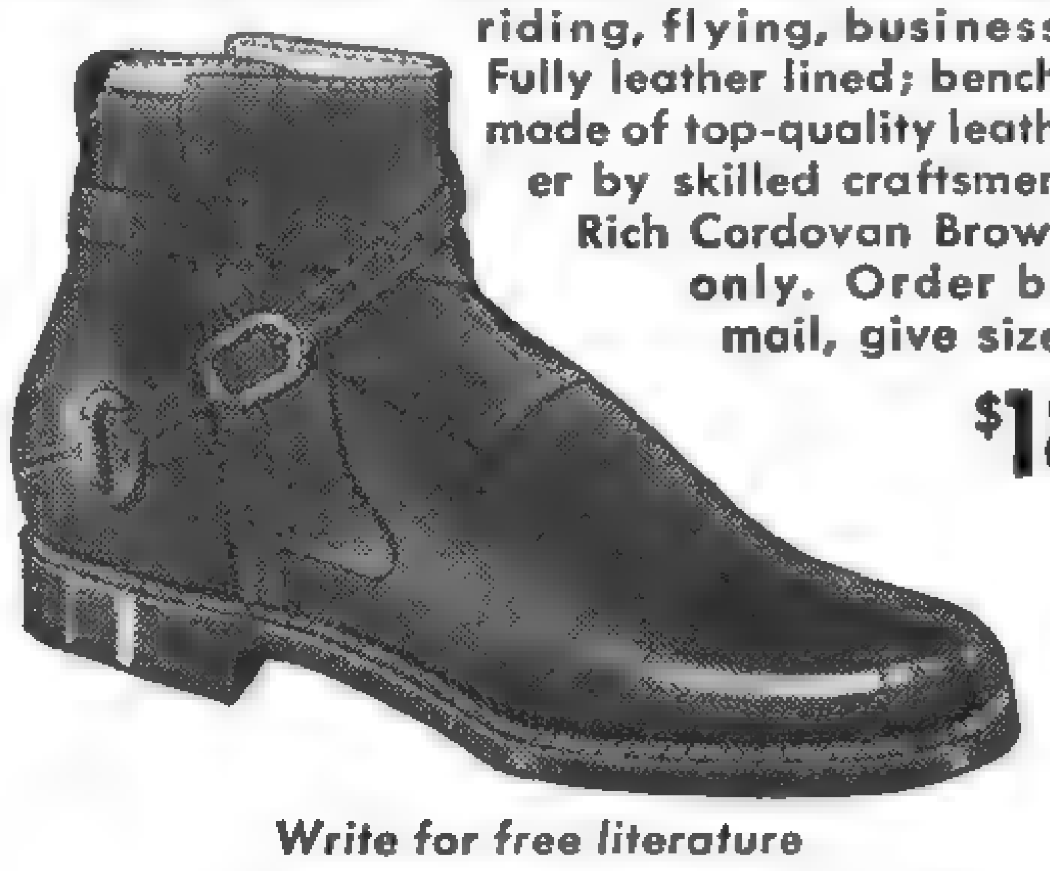

FOR MEN OF GOOD TASTE
The Flying JODHPUR

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$18

Write for free literature
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long or short sleeve
2 or 3-letter monogram 75c
El Gaucho
ALL-PURPOSE SPORTS SHIRT 6.50

For the loaf of your life . . . 10 ounces of soft comfort that fits better, looks better, gives you more freedom than a basque shirt, T-shirt or *any* shirt! 2-ply ribbed collar, cuffs and waistband that stays down under your belt . . . can be worn over or under slacks or shorts. Handsomely tailored in lustrous, suede-finish Interlock cotton that washes like a handkerchief. What a nice thing to be Gifted with!

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Medium . ☐
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Ex. Lg. . . ☐
Long Sleeve . ☐
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White . . ☐
Grey . . . ☐
Maroon . ☐
Navy . . . ☐
Lime . . . ☐
Rust . . . ☐
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Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐ for ____ Gaucho Shirts in sizes and colors checked.

MONOGRAM

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Address____________

Add 2% sales tax in N. Y. City

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"I hope Santa takes the hint and puts on a **Prairie** *Belt."*

...Around well-dressed men—
Prairie Belts—Braces—Garters.

At better dealers—$1 up.

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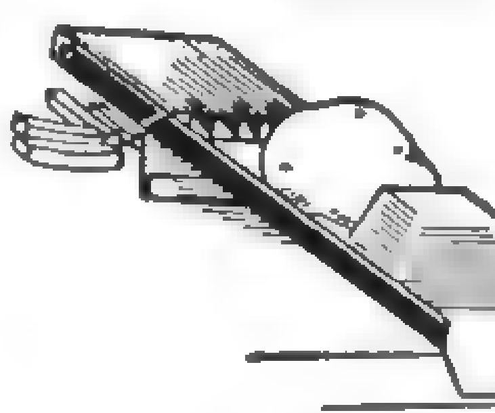
Mutual Suspender & Belt Co., Yonkers 2, N. Y.



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for quick response!

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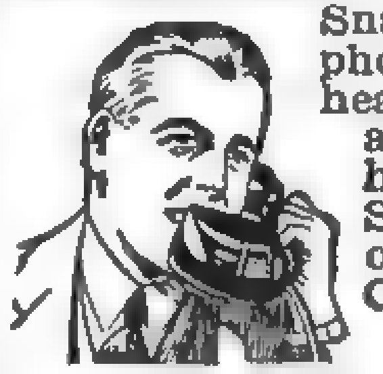

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OLIVER'S 2-PIECE COLLAR HOLDER
The World's Finest ⬇ 3 Ways Better

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1 NEATER LOOKING COLLAR: 2-PIECE COLLAR HOLDERS follow the edge of the Collar and don't show. Smoother.

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Made of Stainless Steel in Regular, Long & Short lengths, Reg. fits all Reg. style Collars. Sold in Men's Shops, Drug, Cigar, Dept. & Variety Stores. Ask there first—if unavailable, order direct. Send $1.00 for 4 sets ass't. lengths; 25c, 1 set, to GEO. R. OLIVER MFG. CO., Dept. L, BOX 1324, TULSA, OKLA. In Canada send $1.00 for 3 sets; 35c, 1 set, to STOLLERY of St. Thomas, Ontario.

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A HOPPE GUN CLEANING PACK

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THE COMPLETE PARTY BOOK
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Over 300 pages, indexed. $3.50

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You'll like the careful workmanship... the way they fit. During the war we made these fine boots for men in the service only. Now everyone can enjoy their comfort and good looks. These boots are made in black or brown, with choice calf vamps and kid uppers. Write us today for price and instructions for ordering.

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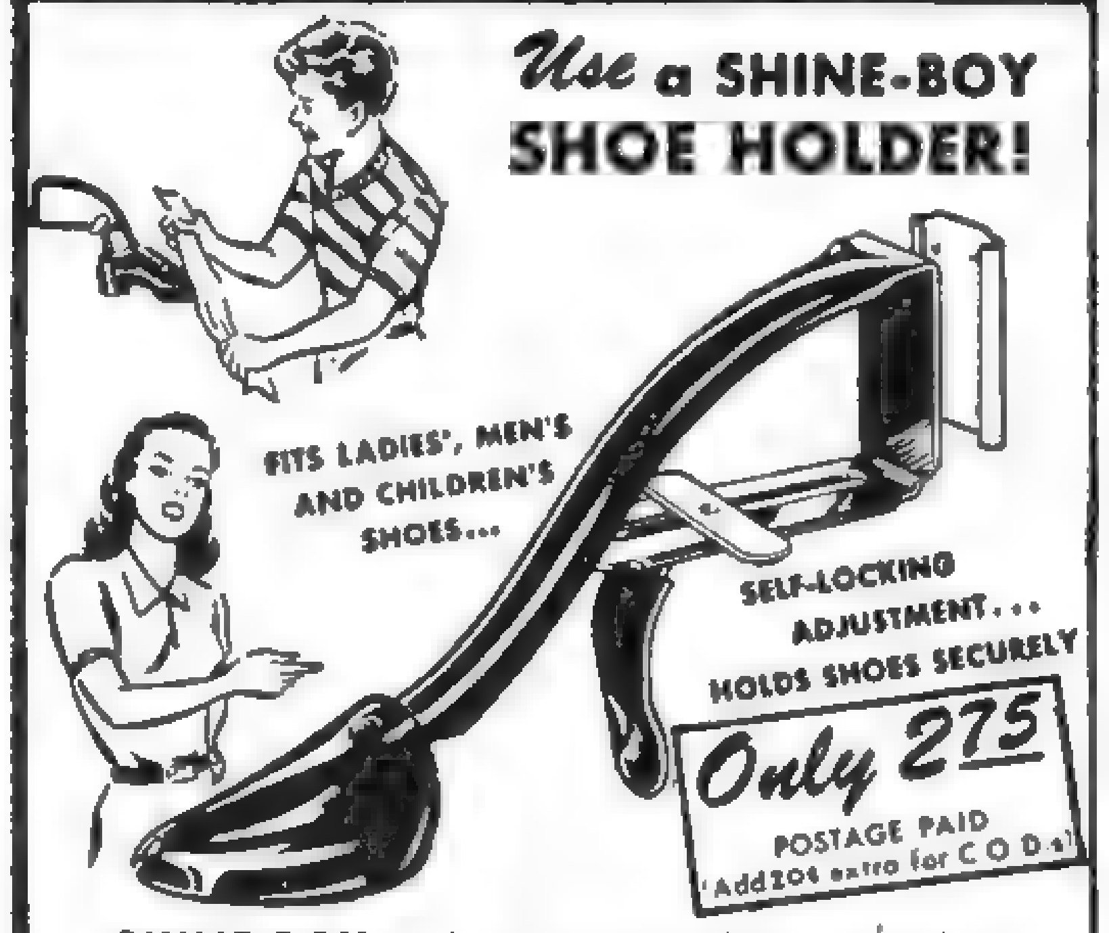
FOR QUICK, EASY SHINES AT HOME

Use a SHINE-BOY SHOE HOLDER!


FITS LADIES', MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES...
SELF-LOCKING ADJUSTMENT... HOLDS SHOES SECURELY
Only 2.75 POSTAGE PAID (Add 20¢ extra for C.O.D.s)

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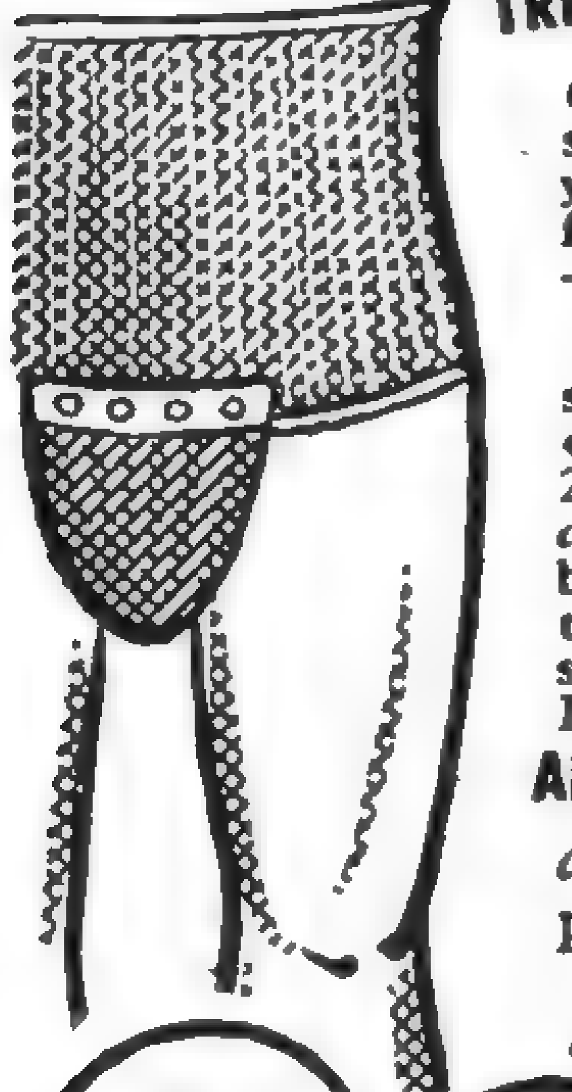
Sportflex TRIMS and SLIMS you



Gently, FIRMLY restrains bulges; eases you into upright, perfect posture. You look—you feel younger!

Of *quality* Lastex; sturdy, resilient, porous, non-chafing. Wide 2-Way Stretch Band *can't* roll, bunch or bind. Soft, smooth, detachable Crotch gives sanitary, super-support. Launders like magic.

AN UNBEATABLE BUY
complete postpaid $3.00
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SITTING
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Count on Sportflex for comfortable, contour control

DON'T DELAY *Send Check-Moneyorder Today*
IMPORTANT! Please specify waist size. C.O.D.'s accepted

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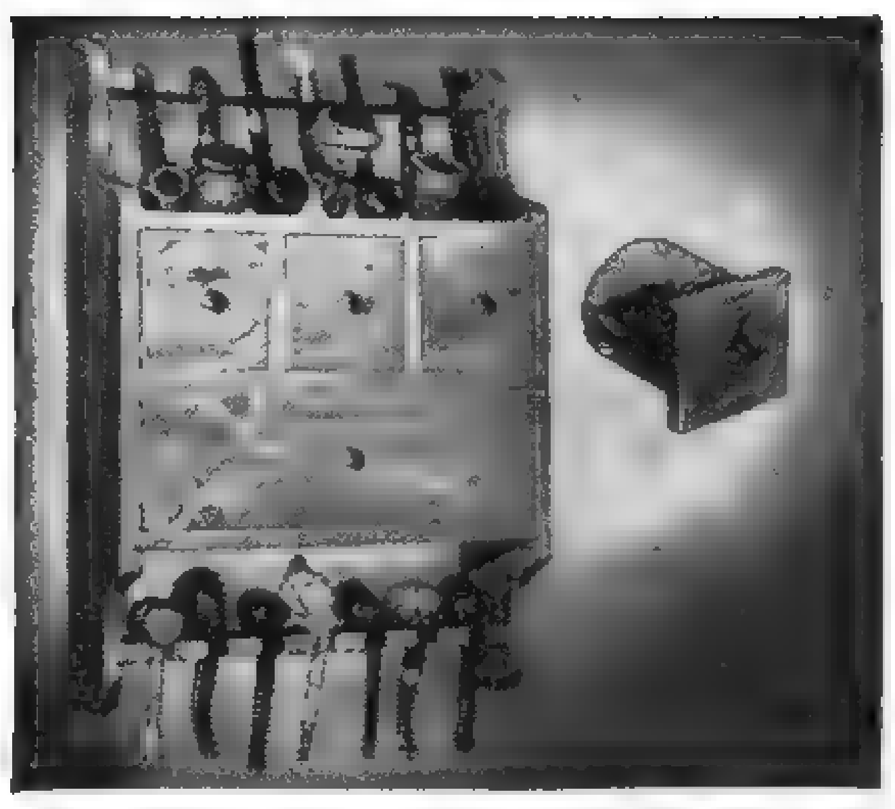

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HANGS ON WALL . . . CONVENIENT . . . SAVES PRECIOUS DESK OR TABLE SPACE.
1. Holds 14 (count 'em) pipes!
2. Air-tight humidor jar-drawers.
3. Larger drawer for accessories.

In hand-crafted knotty pine, waxed, hand-rubbed. Size: 13" x 18". (Pipes not included)

$14.50

Express Chgs. Col. *Check or Money Order* *No C.O.D.'s*

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GOLD PLATED COASTERS

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ALL LEATHER FOR ALL WEATHER

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WITHOUT WIRE

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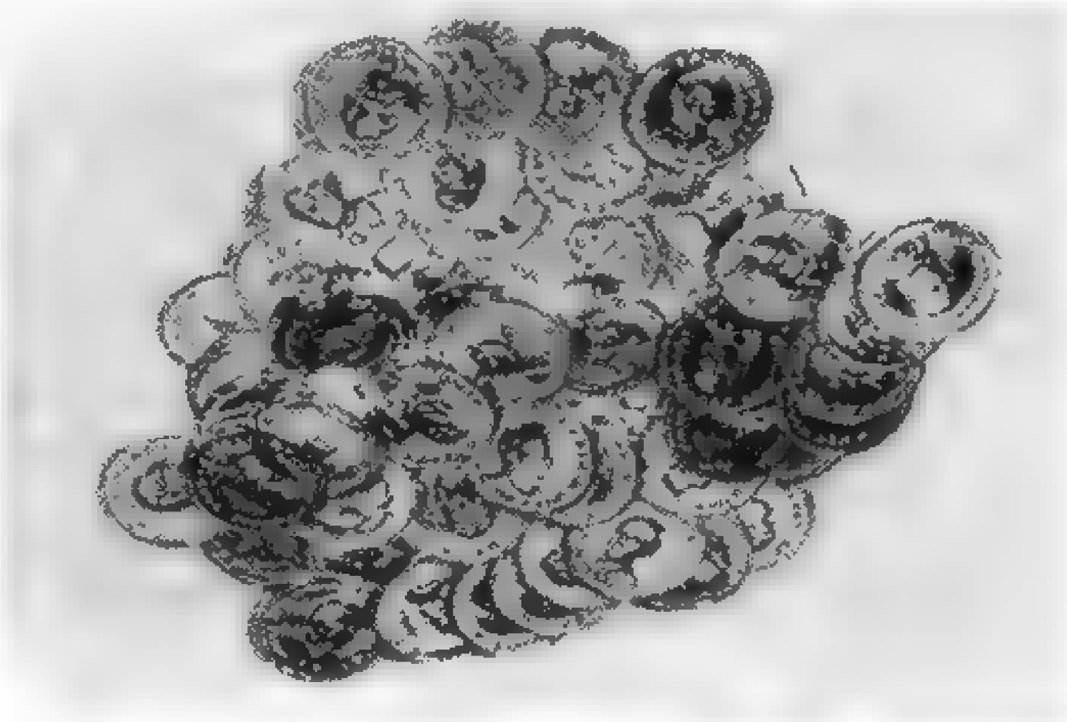
MICRO-VOX, Inc., Dept. E
130 North Wells St. Chicago, Illinois

Talking Shop with Esquire

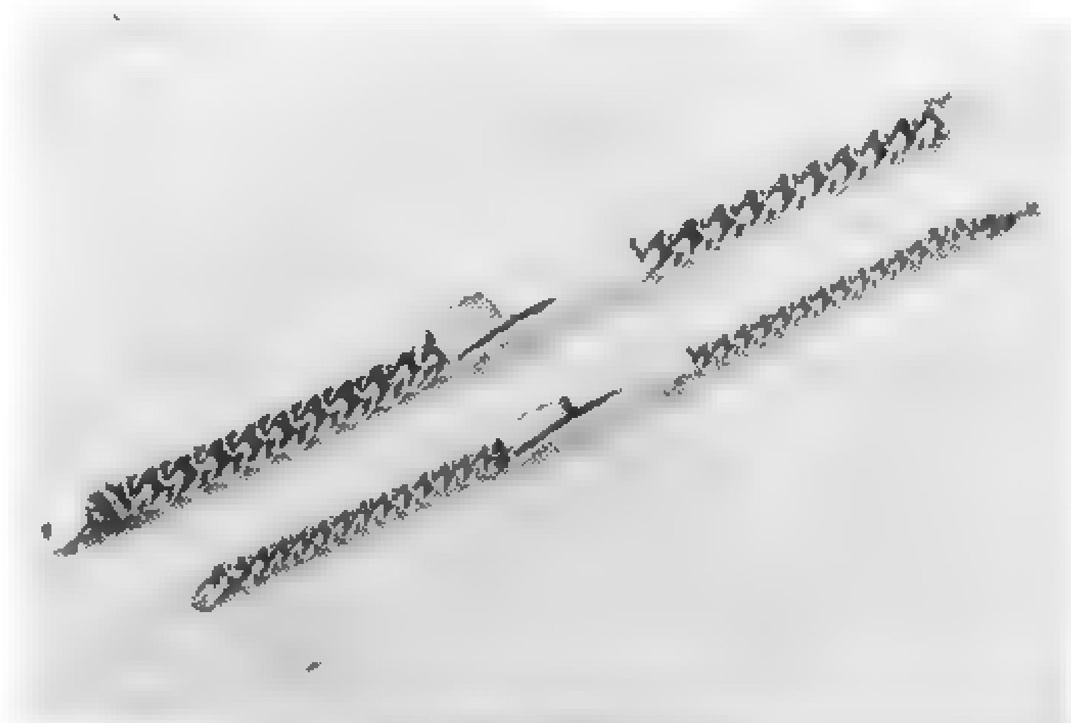
JUGFUL OF HOLIDAY CHEER for the hard-to-please on your list. A little stone jug makes a warm and friendly gift—filled with seven year old Straight Bourbon. Packaged in a holiday gift carton. Traditional, two-handled jug is glazed earthen ware and holds four-fifths of a quart of Bourbon.

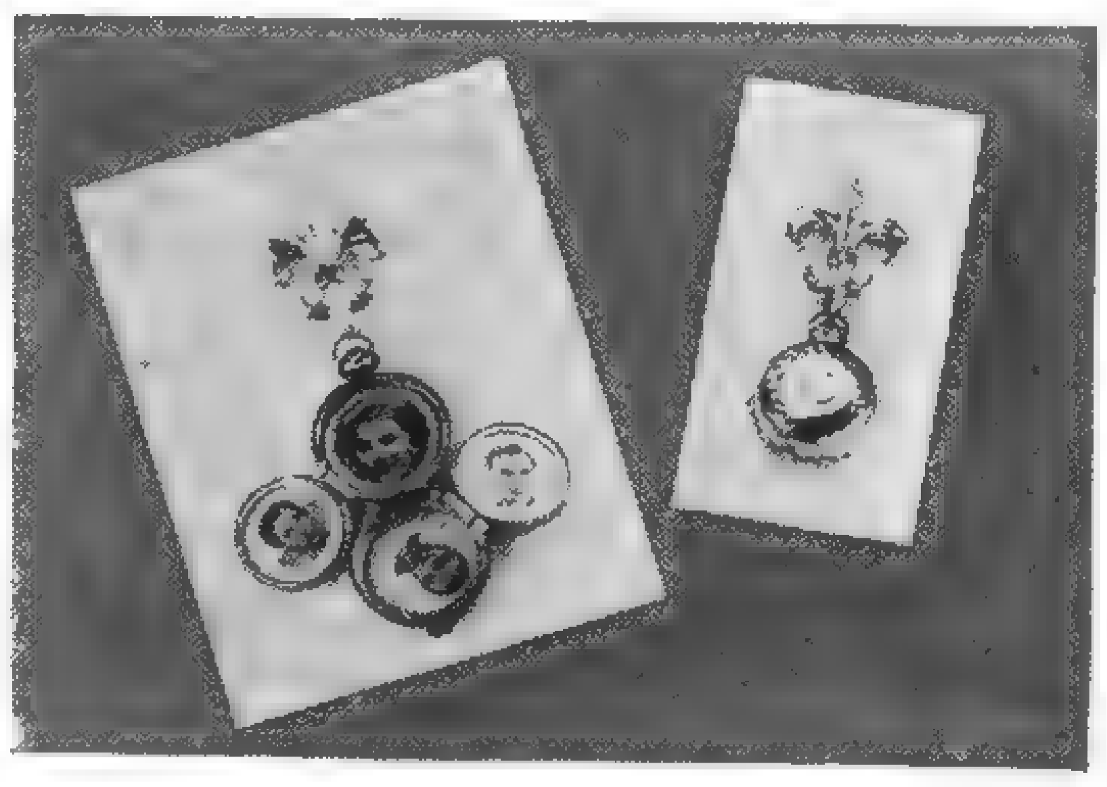
Glenmore
Glenmore



PIECES OF EIGHT. This pile of gold-plated coins looks like part of a Pirate's treasure, but it's really a paper weight. They look like separate coins, but try to pick one up and you'll find them all welded together. Each coin is engraved with the portrait of a famous man. An unusual gift for any man with a desk.

DOUBLE TAKE. Twin identification bracelets—one for you, one for your girl. Hand-wrought, sterling silver with a hefty, quarter-inch placque that won't wear through. With a Rhodium finish that prevents tarnishing. Room for three initials or name. They can be ordered singly or by the pair.





SURPRISE LOCKET for her lapel. Open, there are four tiny picture frames for her favorite photos. The exterior design is a replica of an antique watch—the old-fashioned pin-on kind that grandma used to wear. The locket can be detached from the pin and worn as a necklace chain, when the mood strikes her.

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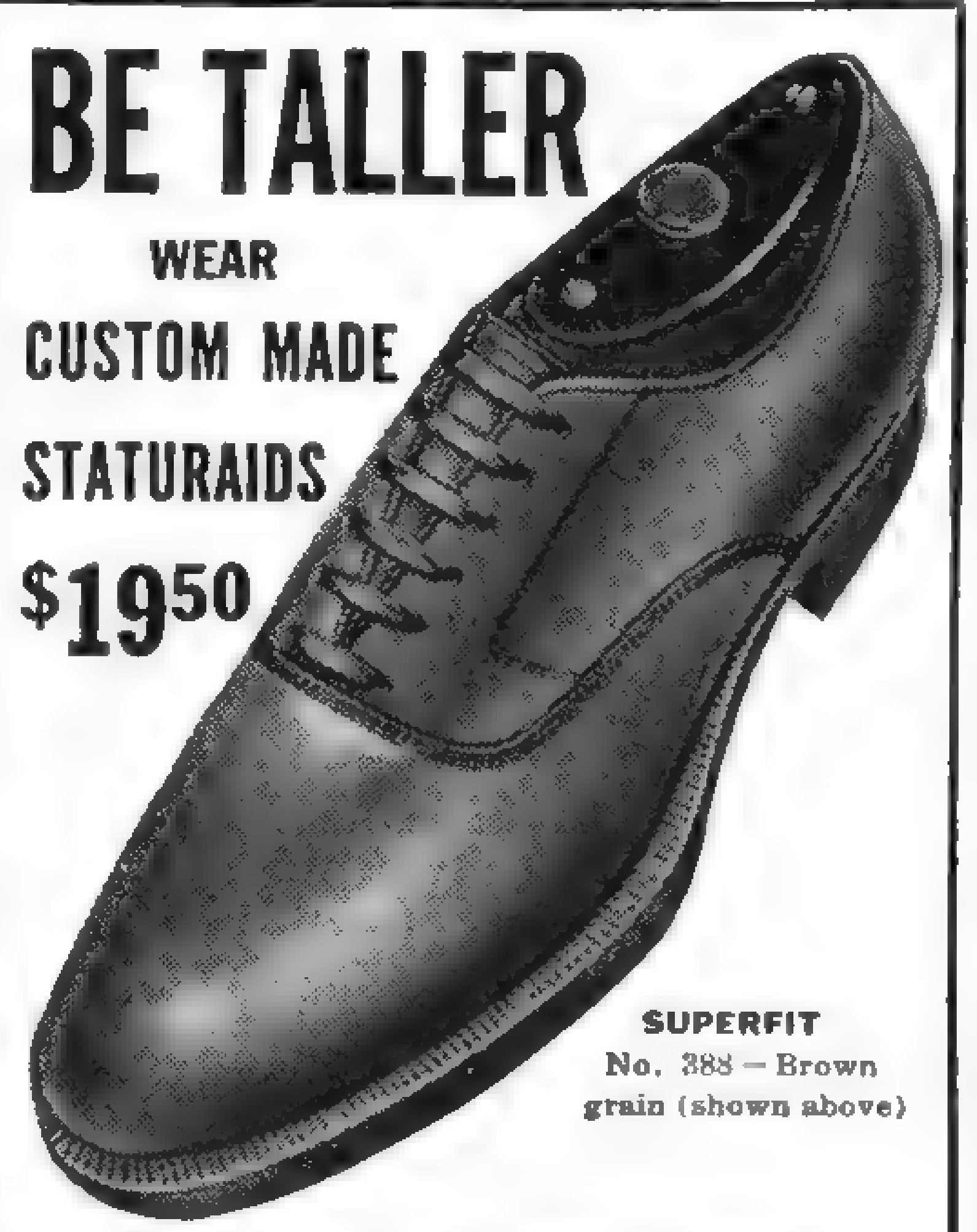
BE TALLER

WEAR CUSTOM MADE STATURAIDS $19.50



SUPERFIT
No. 388 — Brown grain (shown above)

Get the Thrill of Being Taller

ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
. . . 5 day shipment or visit my factory

Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe). with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

Free Catalog showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request

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THE OLDEST PROFESSIONAL ART SCHOOL IN AMERICA
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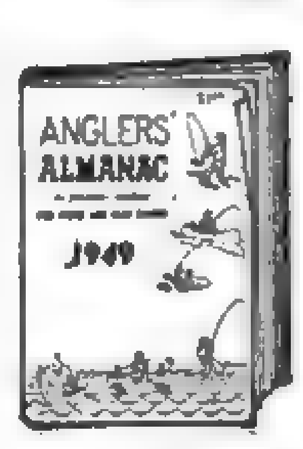

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Get your copy TODAY at your local Sporting Goods Dealer. . or Bookseller. . or mail $1 to:
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An open letter about Perfume

Many women and men are not sure of the right perfume to choose for themselves or for a gift.

It is easy to choose a good and refined perfume.

The first guiding rule is simple: be discriminating, and be sure that the fragrance is a genuinely pleasant one to you.

Anyone can recognize a pleasant odor. Be sure the fragrance you select would please you, even if it were not a "perfume",—for instance, if it were a flower. Moreover, be guided only by the feeling of well-being, delight and luxury the fragrance gives you.

A perfume should be lasting, but more important yet, it should be refined—a PLUS, not a MINUS to your personality. A good perfume should be lasting yet refined.

A refined and good perfume will add to your personality and charm; it will give you a feeling of well-being, delight and luxury, and will create an atmosphere of happiness around yourself.

Never forget that you will be remembered by your perfume.

Ph Cortney
PRESIDENT
COTY, INC.

Backstage with Esquire

Frank Bonham

FRANK BONHAM has been writing for a dozen years and his first novel, *Lost Stage Valley,* was published by Simon and Schuster this fall. He recently moved his wife and two small sons from Los Angeles to Bend, Oregon, "for story background and to get out of the smog." He spent a year and a half in the Army, where he was known as "the Fighting Chaplain's Clerk." Of two tries at regular employment, the first, he recounts, was chauffeuring an old gentleman who sold shoes. "He sat on a rubber ring because of some physical disorder and one of my duties was to inflate it." For a time he ghosted for a pulp writer whose constant advice, when he wondered about their decreasing sales, was: "You've got to trust me, Frank." Bonham did, and his employer eventually got away with 80,000 words of copy. Apropos of free-lancing, he says: "I generally plod through a story at the rate of 2000 words a day. This takes only about twelve hours of my time, so I have my nights free for sleeping."

Maurice Zolotow

Since the last time we interviewed **MAURICE ZOLOTOW** for these columns, some six years ago, he has written a couple of books, a biography of Billy Rose and a novel, *The Great Balsamo.* He declares: "I still have the same wife. I still have no hobbies. I don't go to baseball games. I don't go to football games. I don't play bridge. I like to go to the theatre, but this is business in a way as I write about theatre people. On Sundays you can usually find me in the Central Park Zoo conducting my son on the grand tour of the animal cages. We sometimes stand for an hour watching the three gorillas thumping each other. They remind me of some of the testier characters I have encountered in the course of my professional duties."

John Watson

JOHN WATSON claims his incredible, side-splitting story, *Uncle Bud's Bloodhound,* is an only slightly altered incident related by "an old-timer of Texas whom civilization has not made a dent on." Mr. Watson says: "I was born in Texas thirty-eight years ago, not only with a railroad running through the front yard, but with several more tracks half a block away where trains were made up by a switch engine. So railroads have played an important part in my life. As a redheaded, freckled-faced kid in a country town, I had a free pass all over the country, because my dad was a member of the wrecker crew. Even now the sweetest music in the world to me (next to a pack of coon hounds on a hot trail) is the sound of a train in the night. After twenty years of teaching (everything from a one-room country school to the University of Texas) I am about crowded out of the profession, because progressive pedagogues have evolved the theory that one cannot do effective teaching while sitting on the back of his neck with his feet on the desk (a favorite position of mine). Also they suggest that one should shave at least once a day and comb one's hair. Now an assistant professor of English at Texas A & M College (the title has never impressed anybody except Uncle Bud Bohannan, who, after I had acquired it, insisted on funneling my corn juice into an old ketchup bottle that he had fished out of the river because he said a professor hadn't ought to drink out of a fruit jar), I recently completed a year's leave of absence sponsored by a Harper & Brothers' fellowship to write a novel entitled *Folks in Double Harness.*"

Ira Wallach

IRA WALLACH is the author of *The Horn and the Roses,* a novel based on the life of Peter-Paul Rubens. He spent some time during the Depression in the Near East; working at whatever came his way in Palestine, Syria and Egypt, and then going to sea. During wartime service as a staff sergeant in the U. S. Army, he was with the 8th General Hospital. His second Esquire contribution is *Juror Number Three.*

Eddie Finlay

Now engaged in public relations in Columbia, South Carolina, **EDDIE FINLAY** says: "I spent two years in S.W.P.A. as A.A.C.S cryptographer in such garden spots as Cooktown, Nadzab, Finchhaven and Hollandia. I'd like to go back and try a fly rod in the Endeavor River at Cooktown except for my resolution never to venture west of the Savannah River. Believe that if Russia or anyone else wants New Guinea, let them have it." Having progressed from the University of South Carolina to sports reporting and editing, "as a change from watching other people sweat," Finlay had a whirl at selling fishing tackle. He still writes an outdoor column for the *Columbia State* and serves as Secretary of the South Carolina Wildlife Federation. *For the Sake of the Sport* marks his first appearance in a class publication.

PAUL KEARNEY once wrote a book on letter writing on a Wednesday evening and delivered it to the publishers the following Monday morning. His other labors included writing the entire contents of eight house organs simultaneously, often filling last-minute rush orders for distracted printers by writing for 24 to 44 consecutive hours. After two years of this he got sick of writing, bought a camera and worked in an advertising studio by day and at his wife's gift shop evenings. Landing in a hospital slightly delirious, he concluded that he had done in fifteen years as much work as the average white-collar man does in forty, and determined to slow down. While recuperating, however, he wrote a book on solitaire for other invalids, became interested in the fire department and knocked off three books about that. During two decades as a free-lance writer he has written numerous volumes of nonfiction and covered a variety of subjects for popular magazines—ranging from tropical fish to jury duty and arson to suicide. His current Esquire piece is a smiling exposure of the freakish inconsistencies of drinking regulations in the 48 states.

Horace McCoy

HORACE MCCOY was born in a Tennessee hamlet in the Smokies, and remarks (n.b.: the statement is his own) "Like the rest of the mountaineers, I got as little schooling as possible. My first night away from home, when I was fifteen, was spent in the workhouse in Nashville, the result of being hauled out of a boxcar in which I was riding." After that came a series of adventures, which McCoy dismisses as "the same old dull story of trying to make a living." The high spots included: driving a taxi in New Orleans' fabulous Storyville; shipping to France with the U. S. Air Corps; and several postwar years in Europe. He settled down for awhile in Dallas, Texas, writing sports for the *Journal* and helping to found that city's celebrated Little Theatre. Then he roved up and down the California Coast, picking fruit, jerking sodas, acting as bodyguard, bouncer, and wrestler's double. Eventually he turned to writing for the films and magazines. His first novel, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* was followed (in England) with *No Pockets in a Shroud.* His latest novel, *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye* (Random House), is gaining the wide audience here which his other books have enjoyed mainly in England and France.

Peter Lisagor

PETER LISAGOR recalls a highly active four years at the University of Michigan during which he wedged classes into seven campus jobs and a varsity baseball career, emerging, somehow, with an A.B. degree. Since then he has enjoyed the comparative ease of newspaper work, chiefly with the Chicago *Daily News* aside from a brief interlude with United Press and service in the U. S. Army. He became managing editor of *Stars and Stripes* in London, then went to Paris, "still the most wonderful city in the world," as editor of that paper's magazine. Back on the Chicago *Daily News* staff, he forsook his niche on the sports desk for the news room, as a general-assignments man. For his series of articles exposing conditions in Illinois state mental hospitals, he won national recognition, and a Nieman fellowship at Harvard. Sharing the cloistered life of the campus are his wife and a two-year-old son who breaks furniture and scoffs at child psychology.

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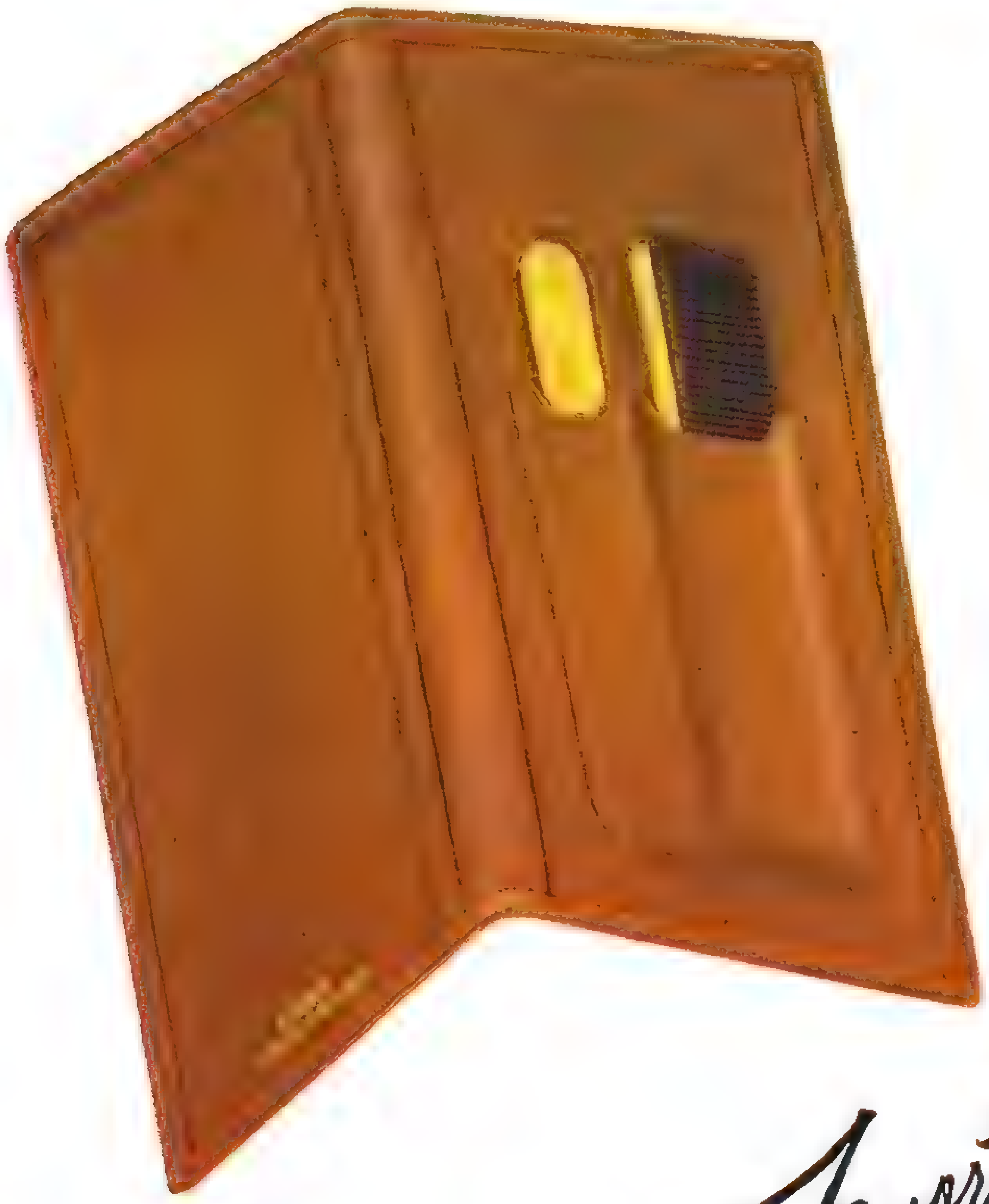

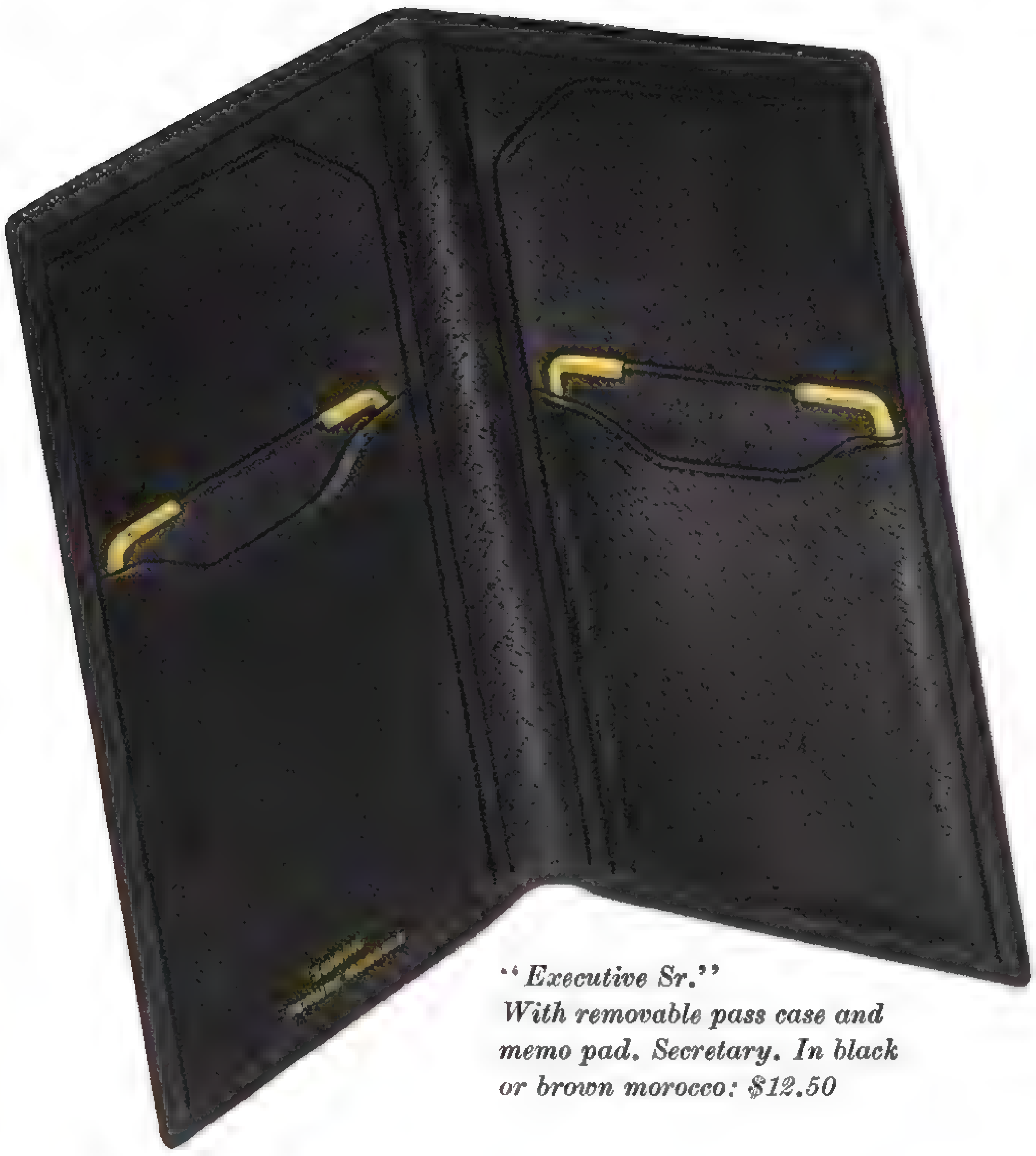

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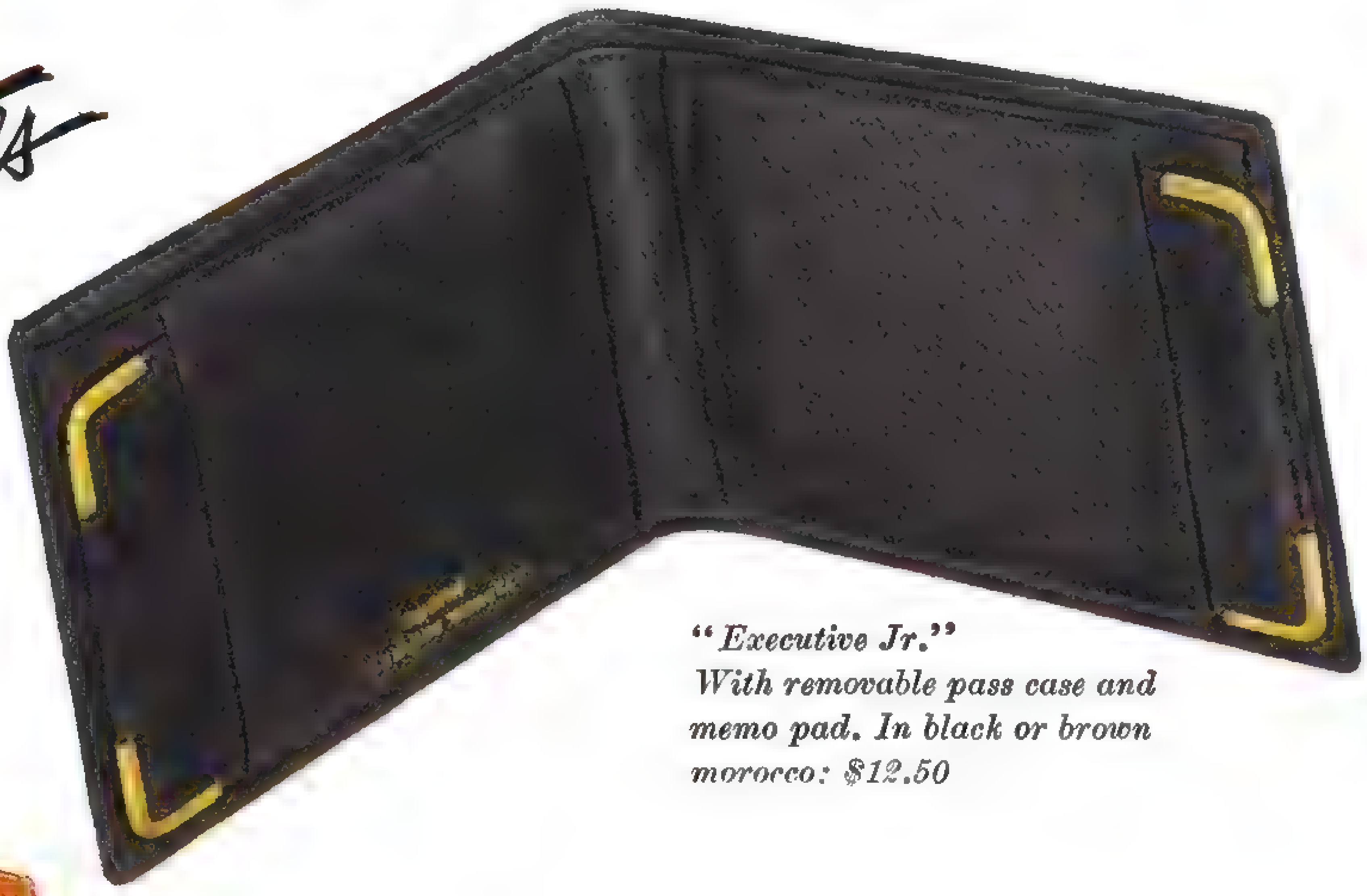

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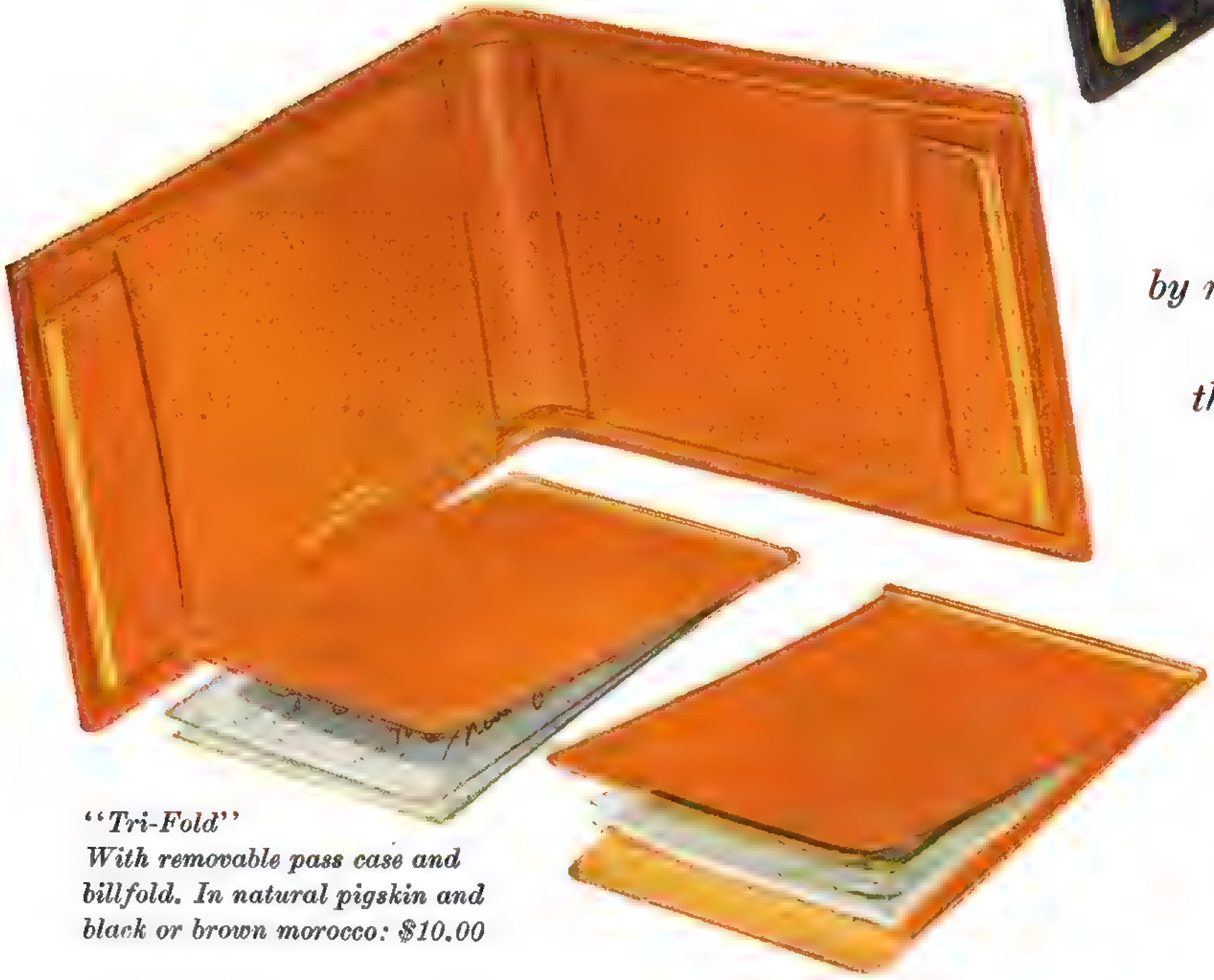

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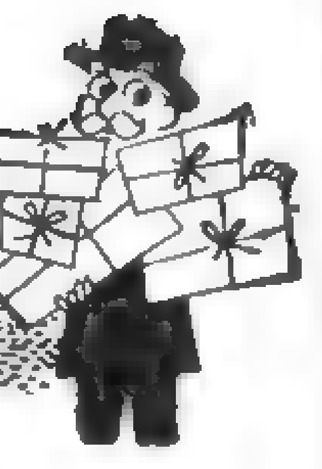

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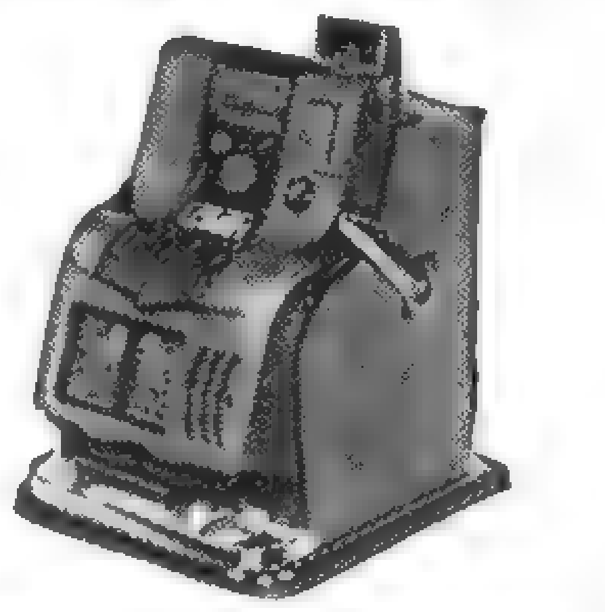

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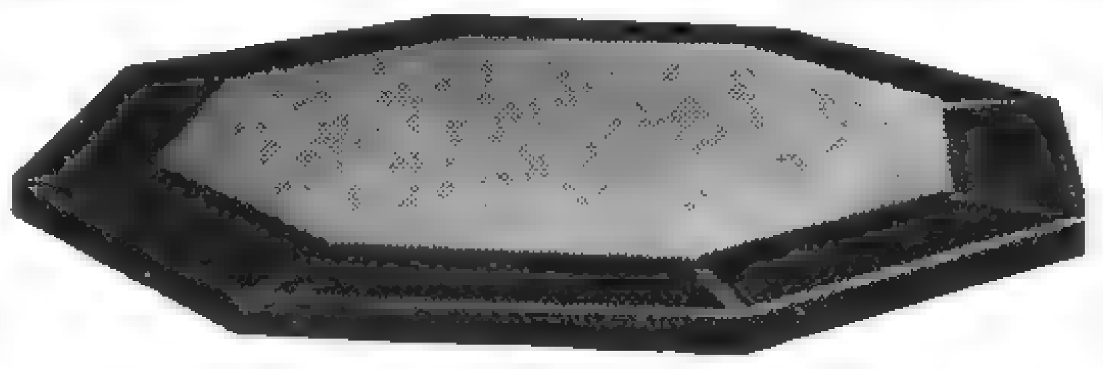

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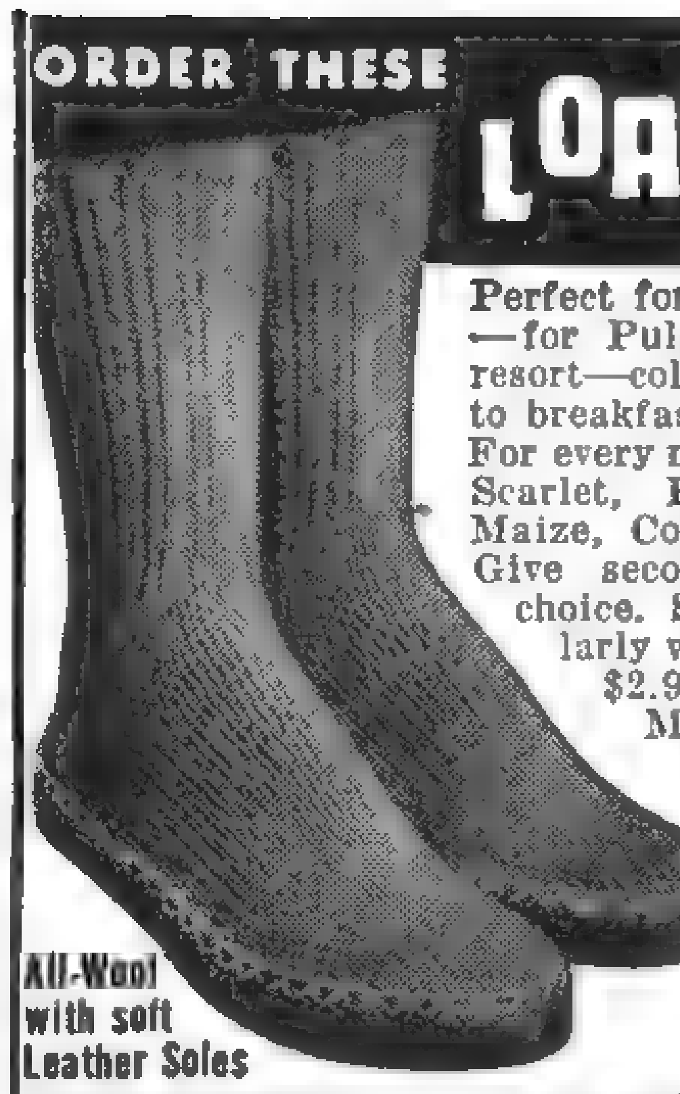

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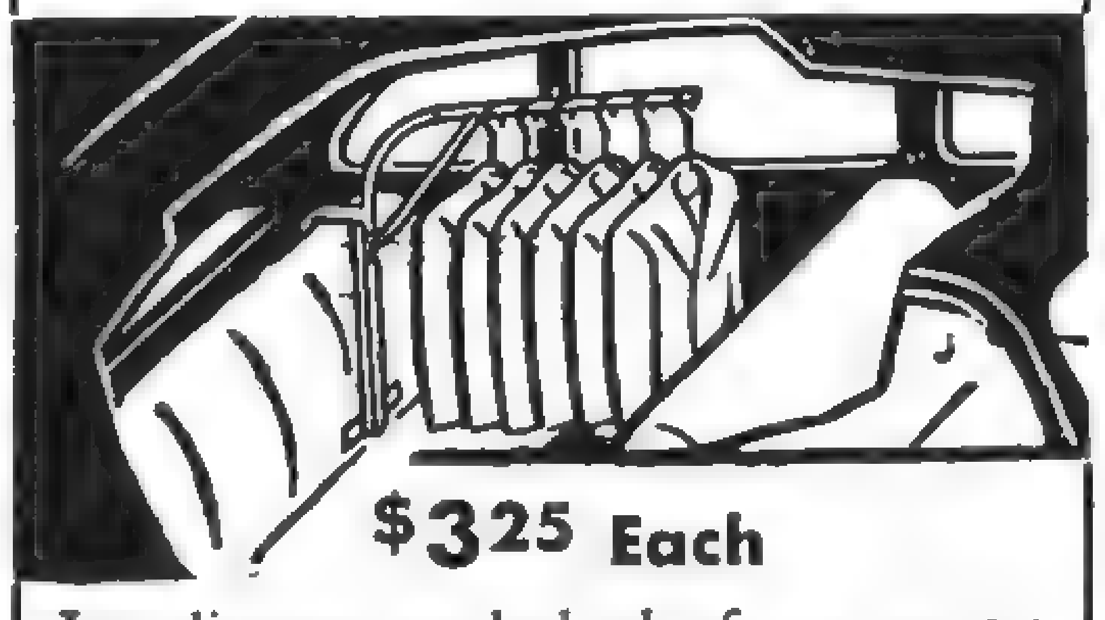

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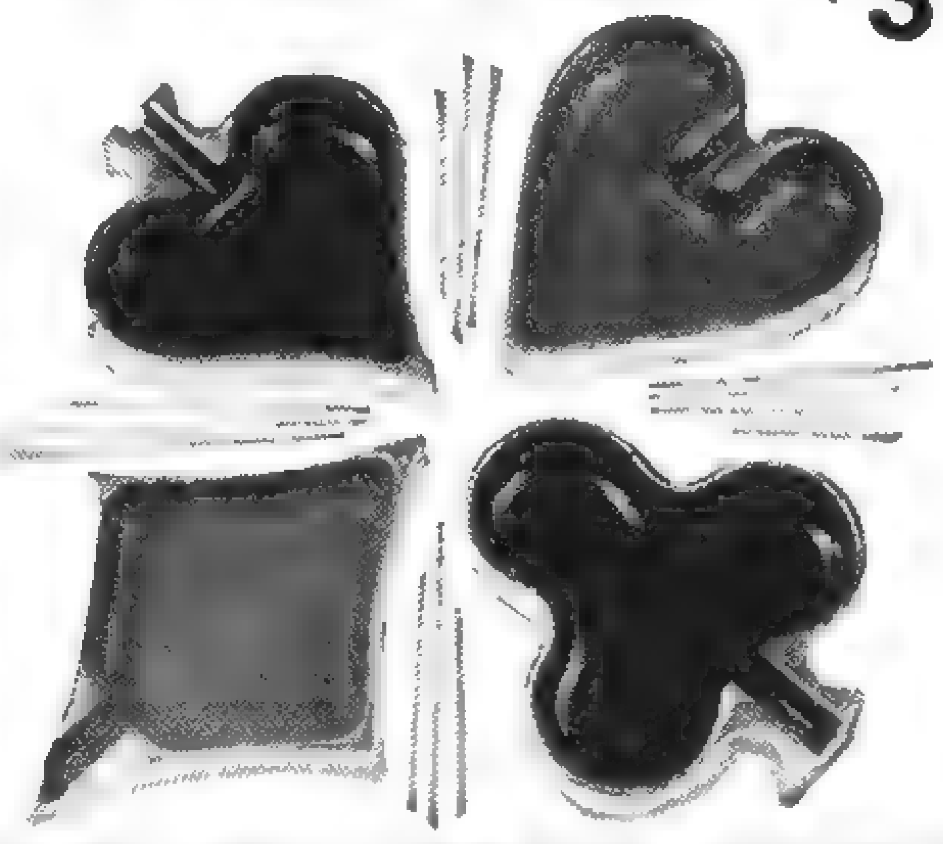

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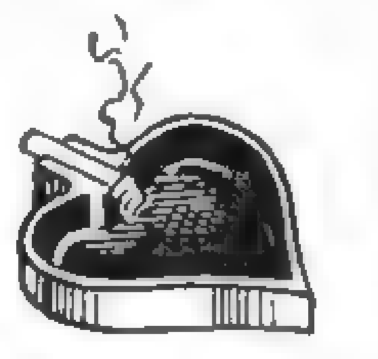

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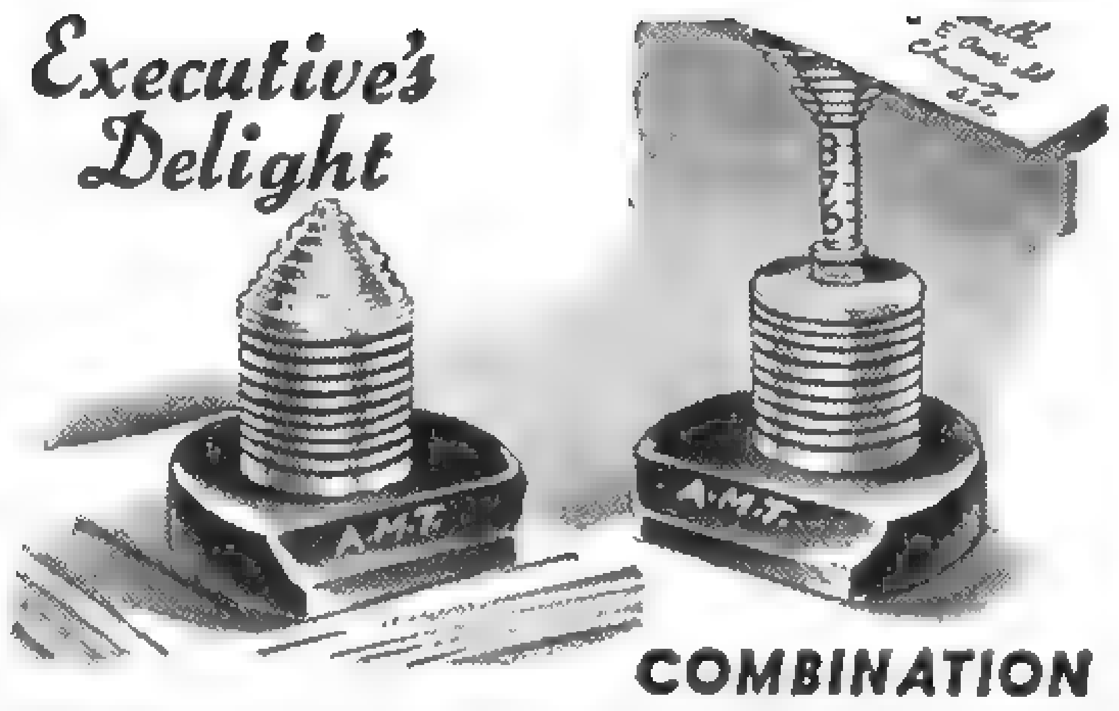

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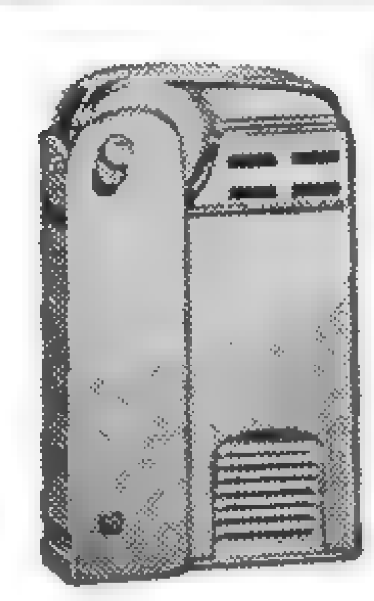

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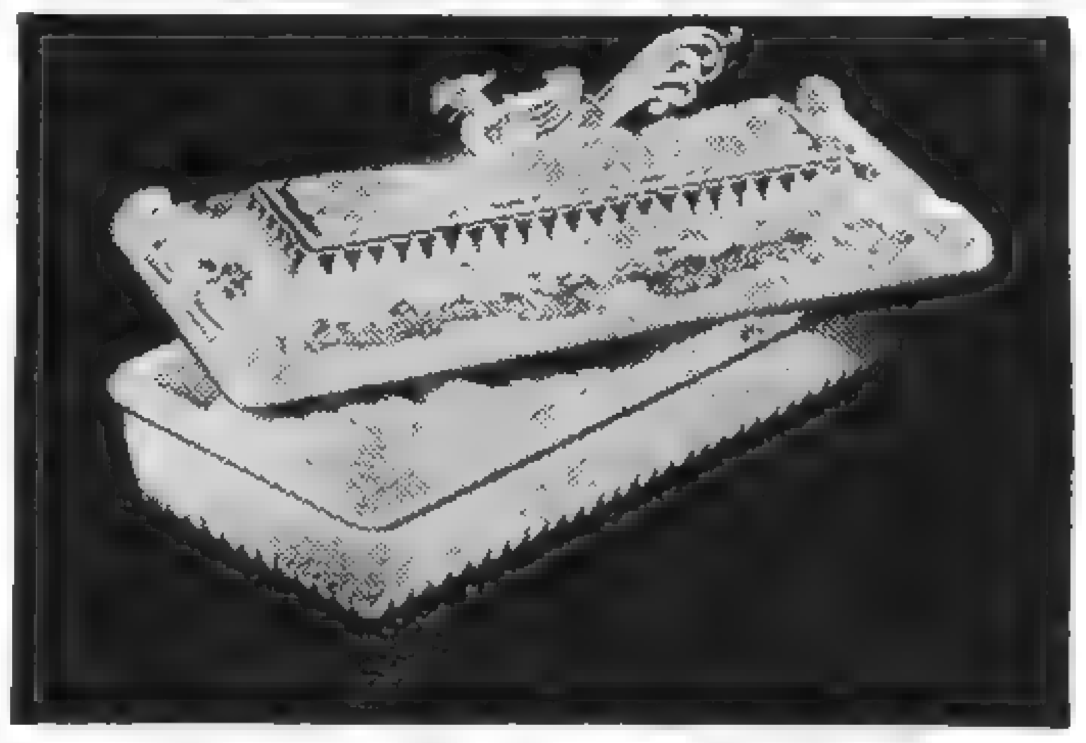

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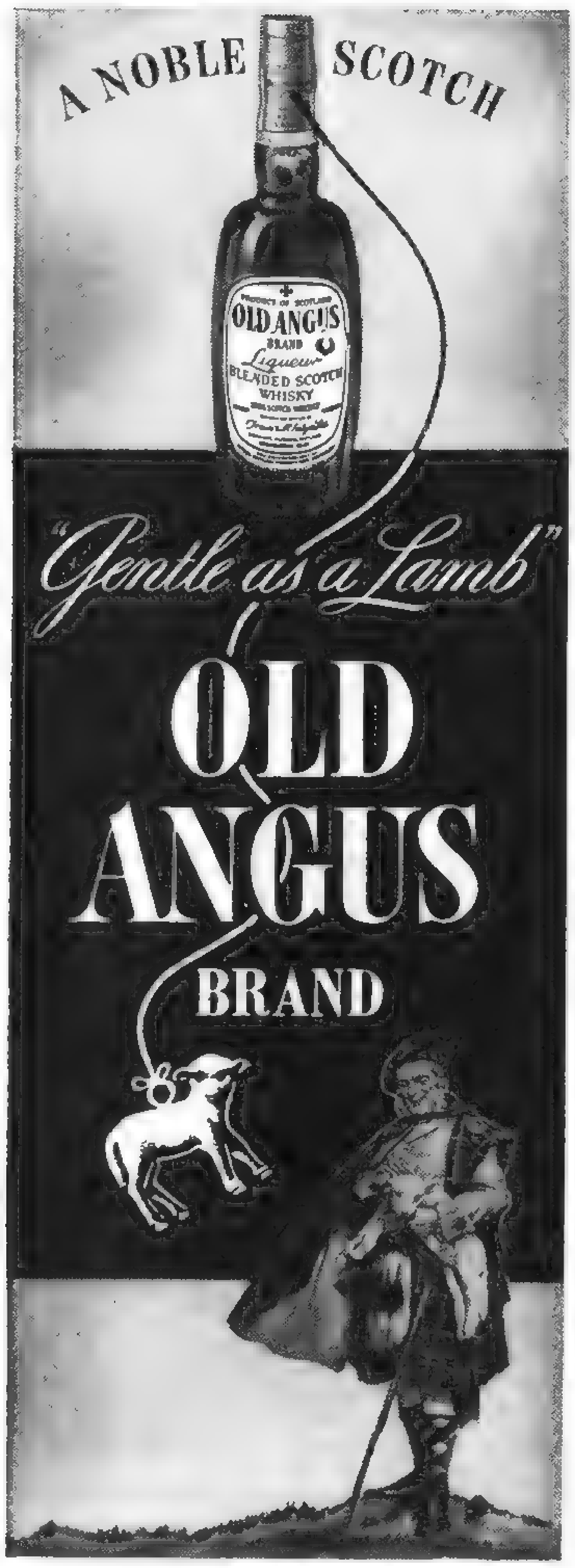

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Going Places

Painting the Town

NOW, AT THE end of day, in the early dark, couples tea-dance in the Stork and the Savoy-Plaza and all the other rooms dedicated to dancing in the dusk. And the girls are lovely and sleek and pliable in their escorts' arms as they swirl to the rhythms of other years — years that had fled before most of them were born, years whenScott Fitzgerald was writing about the fathers of all the sad young men who are alive in this year of 1948. Now, in the frosty twilight, the bars of Manhattan begin to fill up with all the people who look upon the cocktail hour with a mingling of reverence and habit and just plain thirst. Now in Manhattan, along the crepuscular sweep of the avenues, the night is about to begin. It is, everything considered, a rich and wonderful moment, the moment for martinis and hors d'oeuvers and quiet converse, with the sound of a piano tinkling through the babble of voices and the clinking of ice in frosted glasses. No city in the world has as many places as Manhattan in which to grasp the moment.

THERE IS "21", hard by Leon and Eddie's, hard by the joints where presently the peroxide blondes will divest themselves of shabby raiment in a feeble, pathetic gesture toward the glory that was burlesque, hard by the shadowy, rancid-smelling rooms where the re-bop cult shrieks its nonsense, hard by Jimmy Ryan's, where a short, energetic woman named Chippy Hill declaims the blues and the jazz comes out strong and clear and singing—There is "21", posh and expensive and mellow and paneled; "21", snobbish and softly-lit and jammed with celebrities. There, through the grill-work gate flanked by the figures of jockeys, streams a procession of people to whom the cocktail hour is a ritual not to be forsaken.

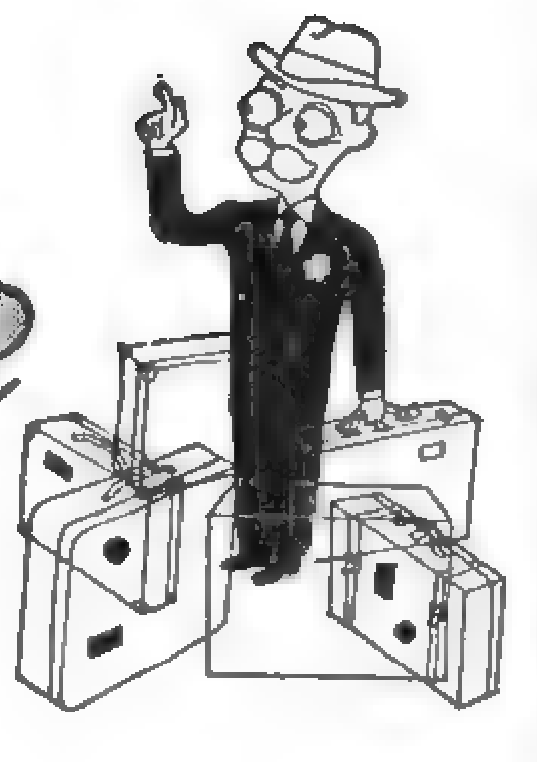
AND THERE is Armando's, too (54 East Fifty-fifth) — a long, narrow room with the walls covered with a handsome blue-and-white striped paper. This is one of the popular places — a place for sacred and profane love, a place where the Brooksy young men grow noisy as they replay in their talk the football games of vanished November afternoons. And presently the tables along the blue-and-white striped walls will begin to be occupied. Which is as it should be, because the food at Armando's is excellent and not exorbitantly priced. (A dinner consisting of Shrimp Cocktail, soup, Medaillon of Beef, salad, dessert, and coffee, for example, is, at $4.75, the most expensive item on the table d'hôte menu.)

THERE ARE other places, too, which are fine and exciting from the moment of cocktails to the hour of closing. There is, for instance, Costello's (Third Avenue at Forty-fourth Street) which is pretty wonderful by any standards. Costello's — or Tim's as the initiates refer to it — is a bar-and-grill frequented by, for the most part, writers and advertising men. The food, although affording a limited choice, is spectacularly good and astonishingly low-priced; the drinks are large and, what is probably more important, you get the brand you specify. But Tim's chief claim to recognition is its atmosphere. Tim Costello, the proprietor, and his brother Joe brook no childish nonsense. They are adults — charming, poised, tolerant, and gifted with enormously discriminating taste in literary matters. Around five in the afternoon, the people begin to drift in, standing against the bar or sitting in the booths against the walls covered with Thurber sketches. Behind the bar, Tim and Joe make the drinks and, as they do, they discuss the state of literature with the customers.

IT'S A GOOD place, Costello's, and you should not pass up this twentieth century survival of an Elizabethan coffee house.

THEN, TOO, in Manhattan at cocktail time, there are the lounges. These are the smart rooms, the rooms of assignations, the rooms where the people go to see and to be seen. There is, for example, the Cafe Pierre (in the Hotel Pierre at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-first Street) where there is tea-dancing to a band that has not forgotten the good old tunes. And there is the Madison Hotel where a pianist named Peter Walters toys affectionately with the best of the show tunes. (The food is good, if not ample, and there is dancing on the postage-stamp floor. The Stork also serves Sunday brunch, and the club encourages people to bring the kiddies along.)

with Esquire



Getting Away From It All

YOU'RE NOT hitting the midwinter vacation rush yet, when you take off in January, which is one very good reason to do so. Many resorts which fill up to the maids' rooms—and beyond—in February, still have good accommodations available in January. Skiing's fine throughout New England, the Laurentians and the Rockies; that siren songs you hear are the voices of sun-drenched Florida and Southern California, and the winter cruise program is running under a full head of steam.

A REAL January bargain is offered at Sun Valley's Learn to Ski Weeks beginning January 2, 9, 16 and 23. For $75 you're given six days of ski lessons, use of all lifts and skating rinks, rooms at the Skiers' Chalets and meals in the Skiers' Cafe. Rooms at the more luxurious Challenger Inn may be substituted at rates of $96 or $108 per person, single, and $90 to $96 per person, double. No increased charges, though, for the Valley's world-famous ski-sunshine.

NORTHWEST AIRLINES has been making like mad with round-the-world itineraries, having recently set-up service in co-operation with both KLM Royal Dutch Airlines and Air France.

ON THE KLM schedule, an eastbound passenger boards a KLM Constellation at New York on a Monday and the following day makes a direct connection at Amsterdam for the five-day flight to Shanghai via Cairo, Basra, Karachi, Calcutta and Bangkok—as romantic-sounding a collection of names you ever did hear.

AT SHANGHAI, Northwest takes over in DC-Fours through Tokio, Anchorage, and the Minneapolis-St. Paul or Seattle-Tacoma routes to New York. All in seven days.

THE AIR France set-up operates similarly, with Constellation service out of New York to Paris, then to Athens, Basra, Karachi, Calcutta, Saigon and Shanghai. Itinerary takes the same amount of time—a week—and fares are the same at $1700.

THIS MONTH we doff our yachting cap to the new Caronia, at 34,000 tons the largest luxury ship built since the war, which makes her maiden trans-Atlantic crossing early in January.

SHE COMBINES the massive proportions of a trans-Atlantic liner with the graceful lines of a cruising yacht, says the Cunard White Star Line, boasting a well-raked clipper bow and cruiser stern, and her single funnel is the largest afloat, including even the Queen-sized jobs on her fleet-mates, the Mary and Elizabeth.

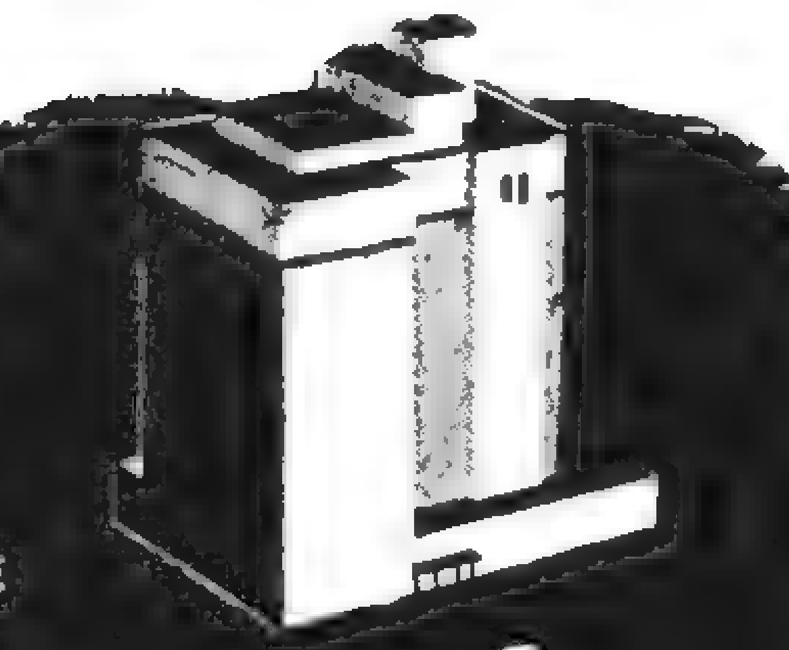
THREE OCEAN crossings for the Caronia, then it's into cruise service she'll go for the rest of the winter, headed for the West Indies and South America on four 14-day Sunshine Cruises from New York.

SPEAKING of cruises, American Express reports that the Caribbean, West Indies and South America will see more cruise ships since the pre-war peak year of 1939. Joining the Caronia in cruise service will be her sister Cunarders, Mauretania and Britannic. From January through March, the former will sail on nine 8-day cruises to Nassau and Havana, while the latter takes off on a 45-day South American idyl.

THE HOLLAND-AMERICAN flagship Nieuw Amsterdam will start January with a 12½-day itinerary stopping at San Juan, La Guaria, Curacao, Kingston and Havana; then go into a schedule of three 18-day cruises. Meanwhile the Holland-America's Veendam will be operating on cruise runs to Bermuda and the West Indies.

COMPETING with these visitors from the transatlantic steamer lanes will be ships on the lines specializing in year-round cruise service, including such favorites of the cruise-minded as Moore-McCormack to the east coast of South America, Grace Line to the Caribbean, Furness-Bermuda (schedule to put the Queen of Bermuda back into service in February), Alcoa, United Fruit and Standard Fruit.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.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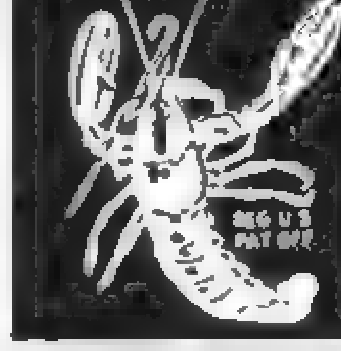
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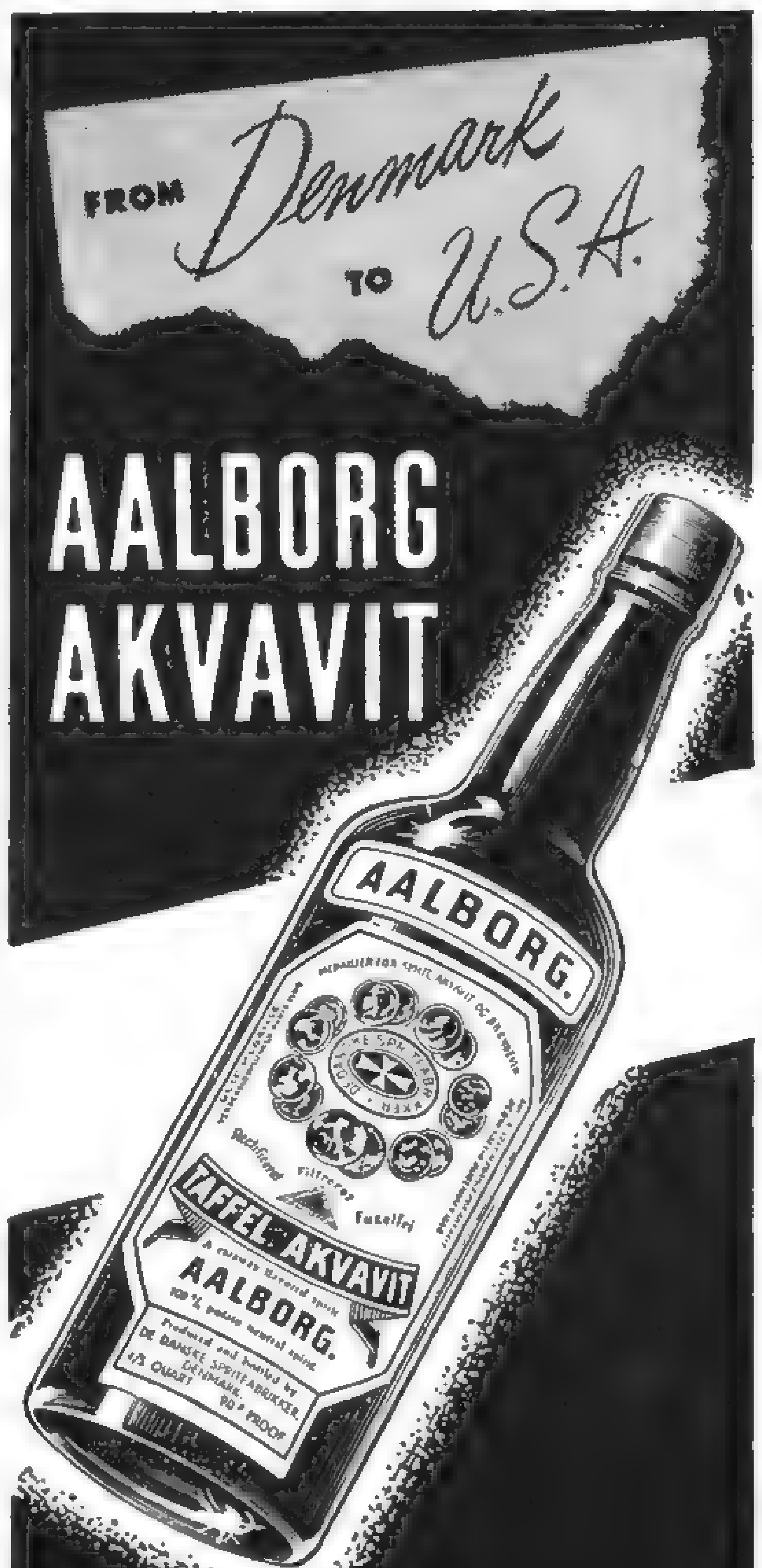

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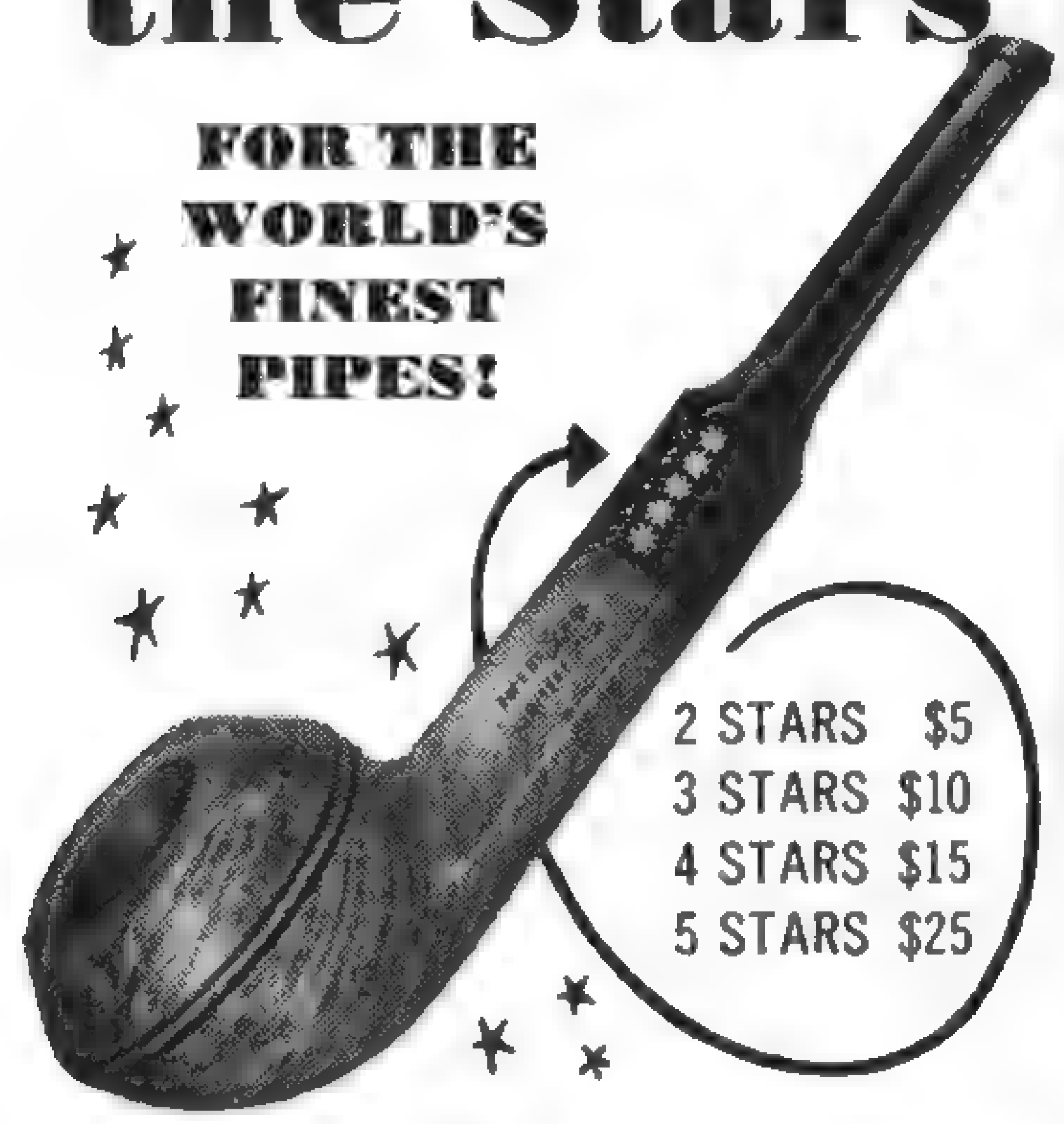
Look to the Stars



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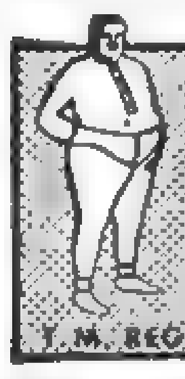

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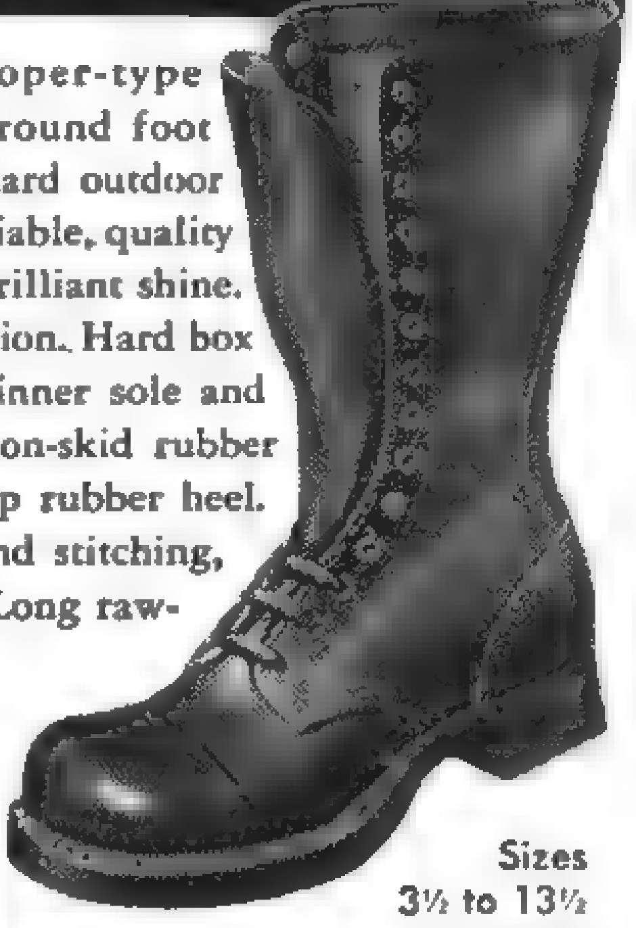

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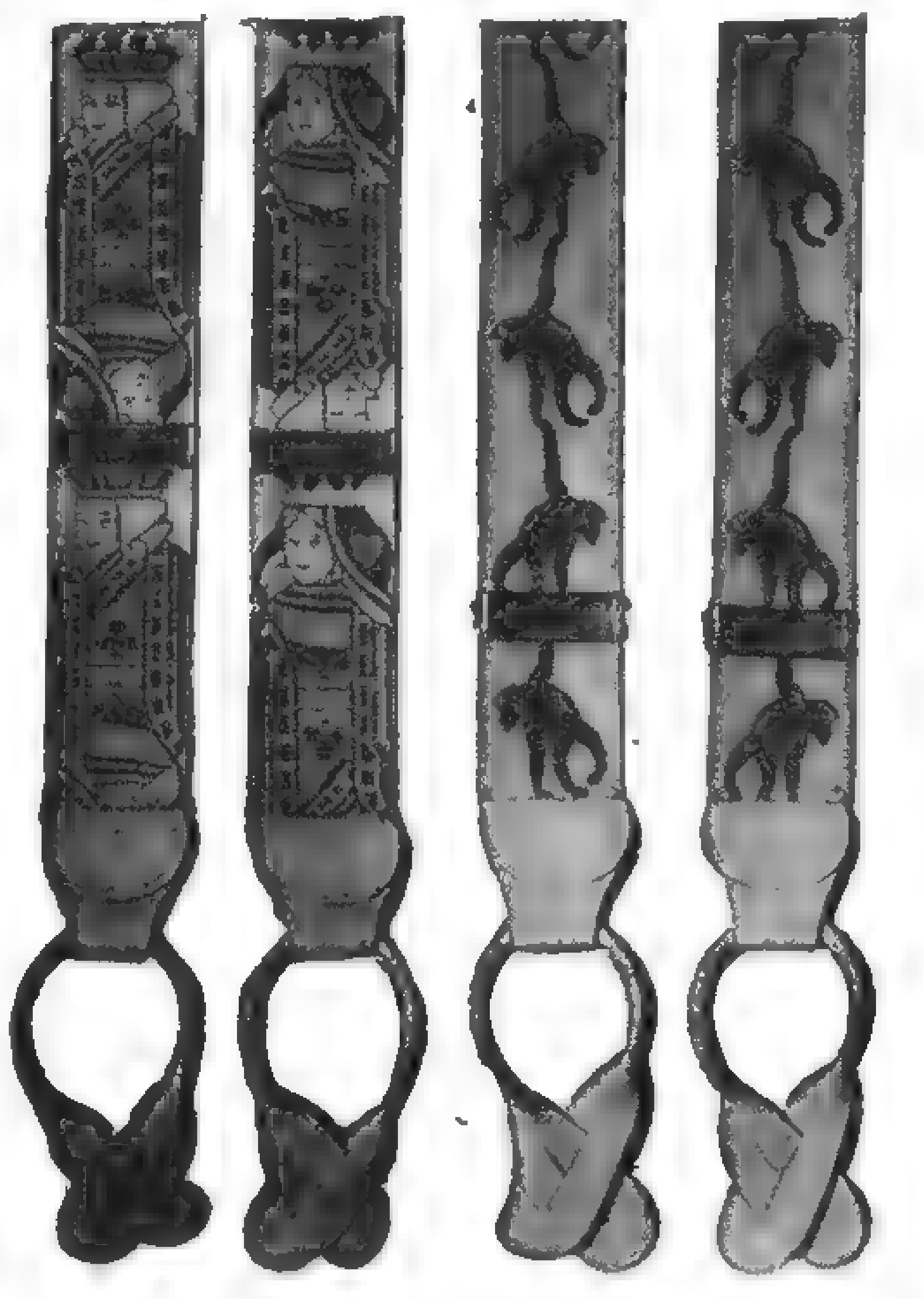

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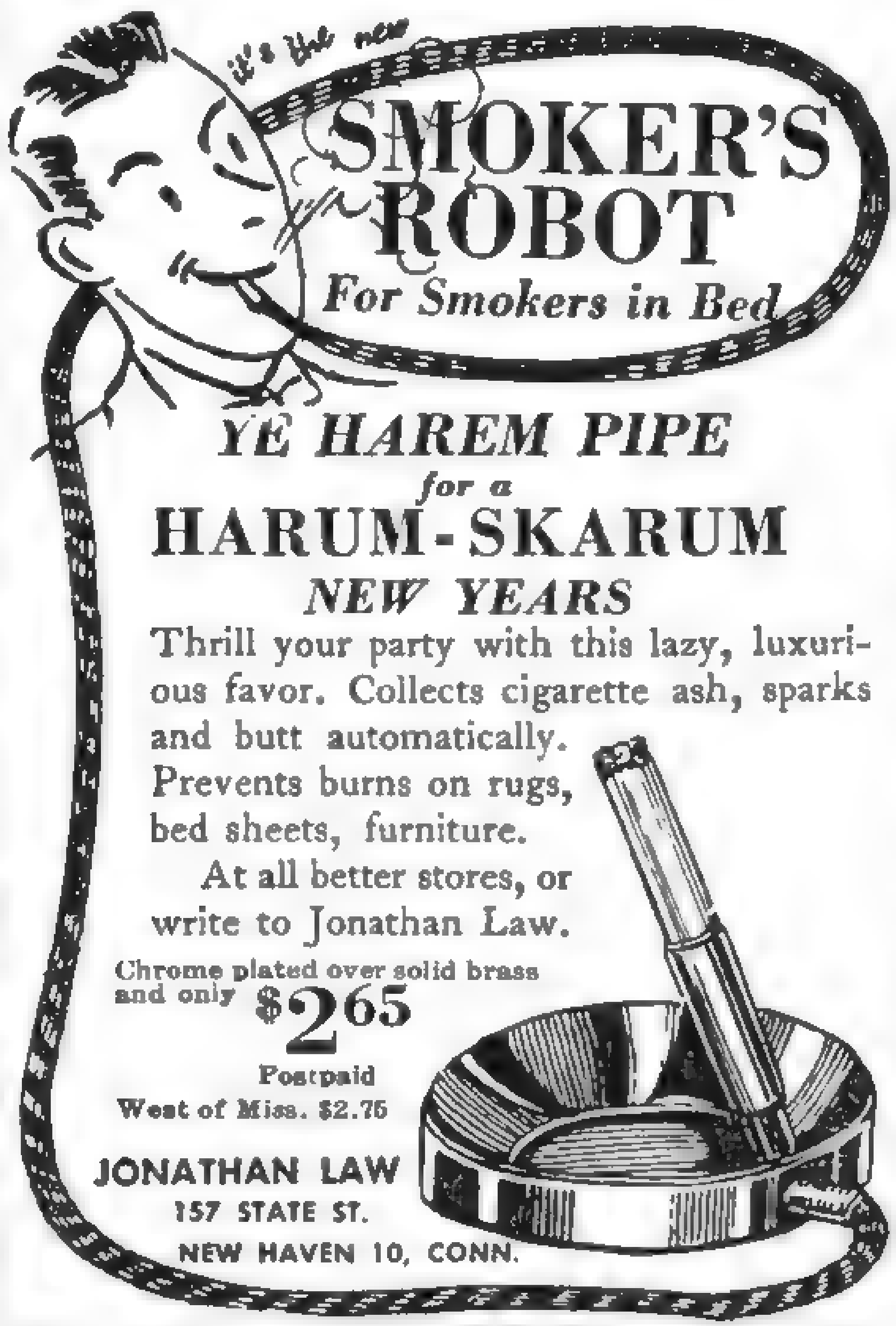

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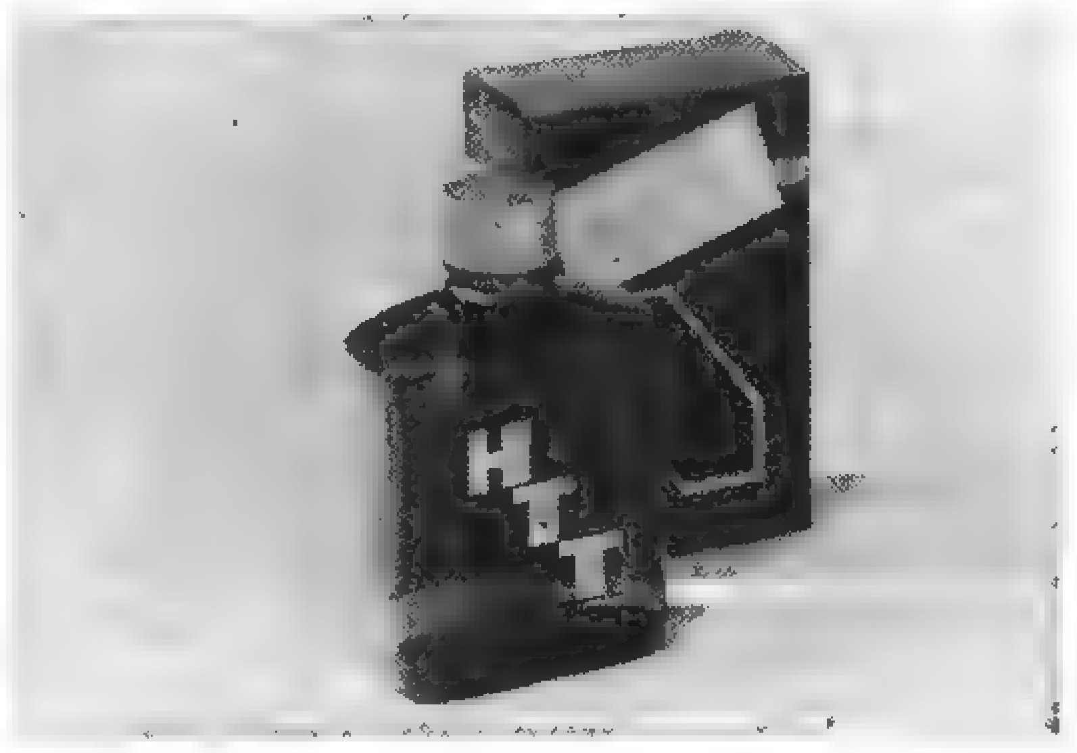

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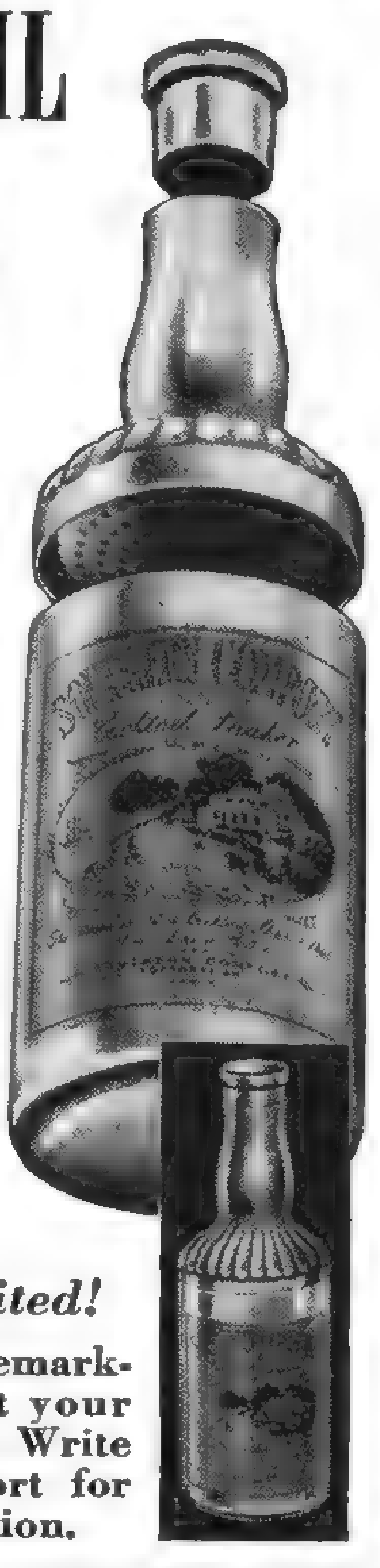

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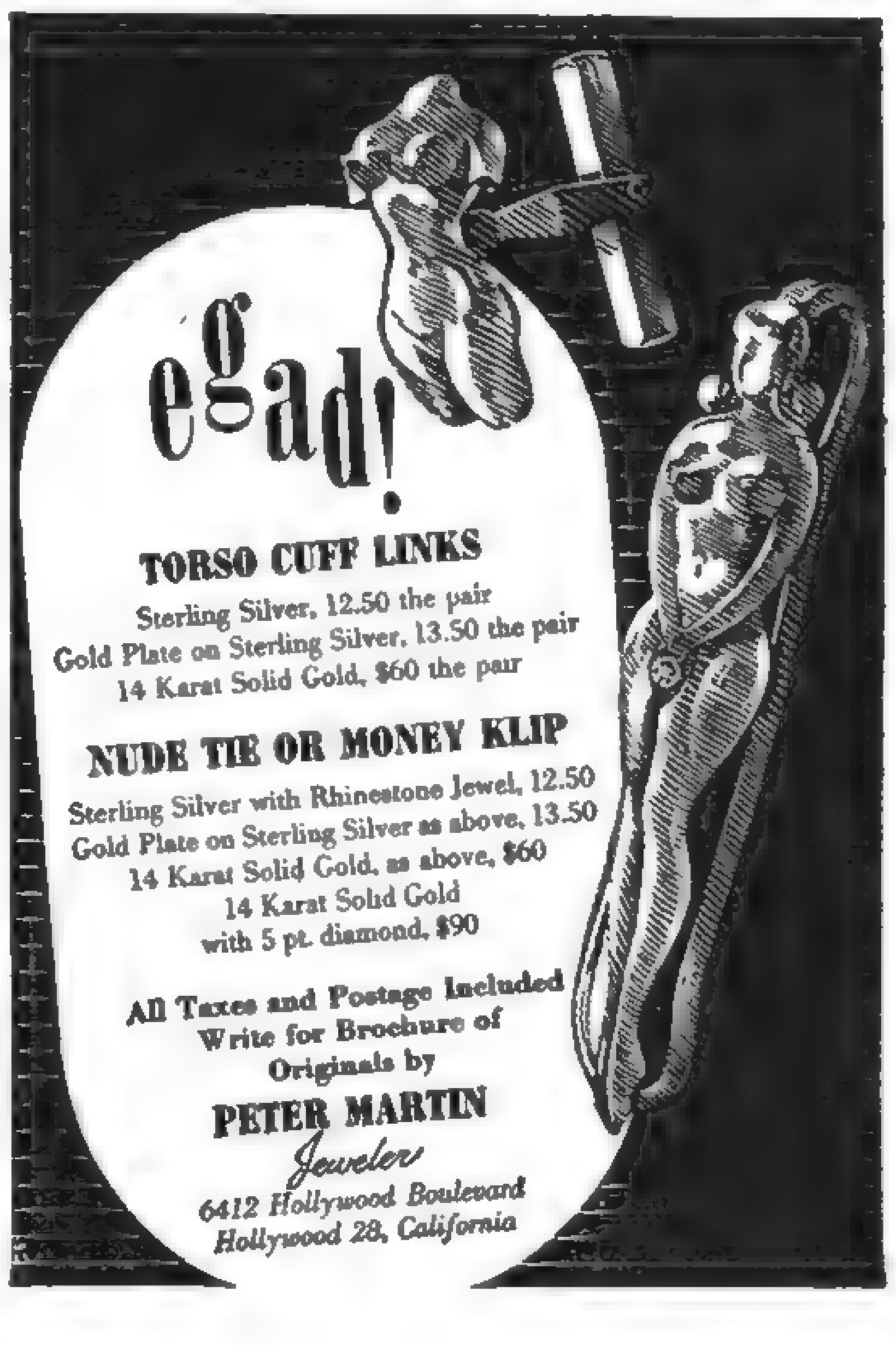

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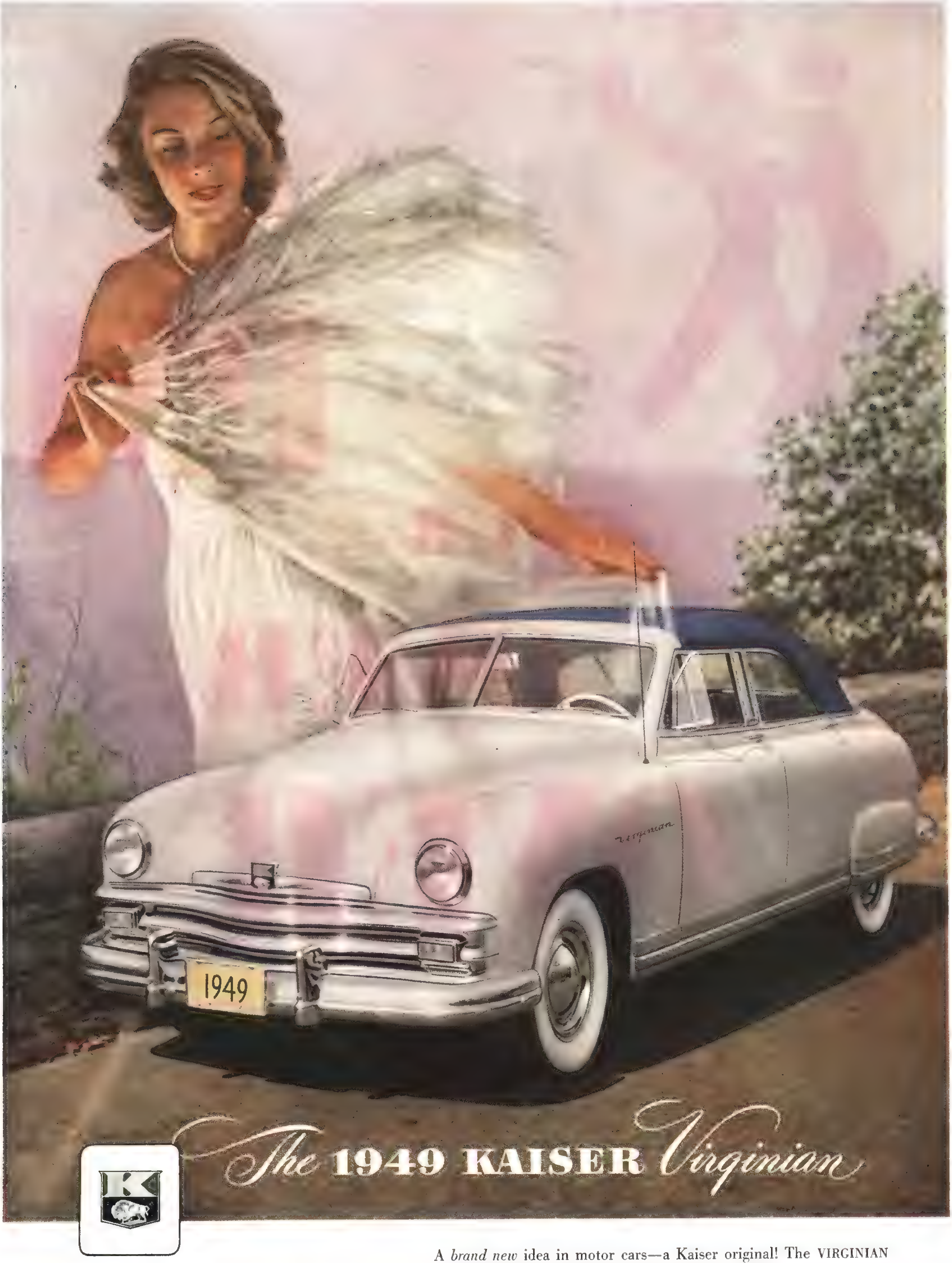
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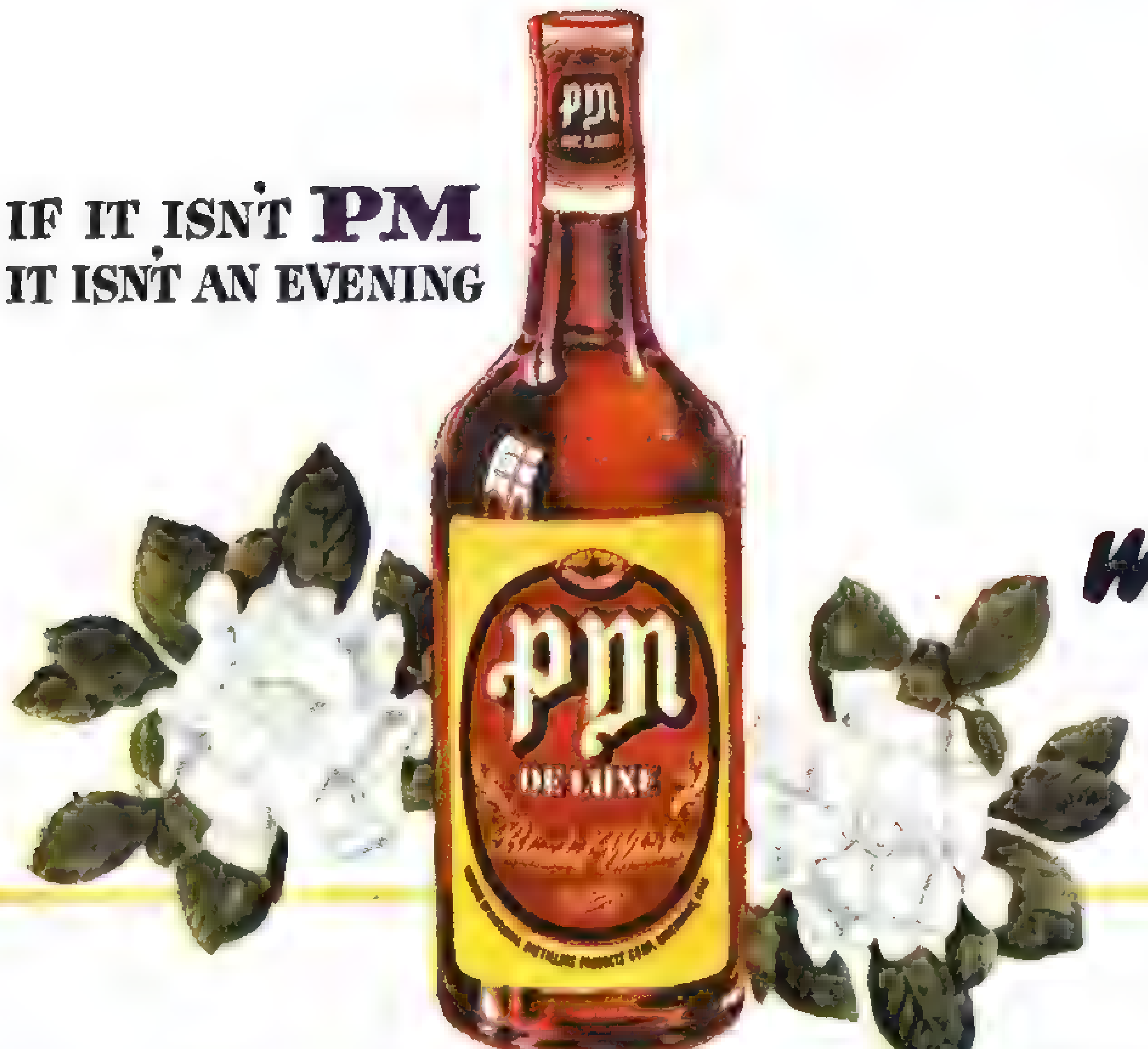

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

We Were Just Having Fun

Before you make your New Year's Eve reservations at a place like the Purple Slipper, read this hilarious account of what just a little sober fun can lead to

A Story by

F. HUGH HERBERT

(Affidavit in the case of Emmett Xavier Carter, plaintiff, versus John Hope Windermore, defendant, and Laura Mae Windermore, co-defendant.)

LAURA MAE WINDERMORE, co-defendant, being first duly sworn, deposes and says:

My name is Laura Mae Windermore and I am the wife of John Hope Windermore, defendant in this case. I don't know why there is all this fuss and nonsense. We were just having fun. I was absolutely sober at the time and my husband was sober too. He had had several drinks, but he was sober. I had had one or two drinks myself, but I was completely sober. We were just having fun.

I am forty-one years old and my husband is forty-six and I absolutely deny that we were not sober. I have read the affidavit of Mr. Emmett Xavier Carter, the plaintiff in this case, and it is a pack of lies. Mr. Carter says we were not sober and that is a barefaced lie. I have three children growing up and I would never be seen in a public place if I were not absolutely sober. I read in Mr. Carter's affidavit where he says my husband was three sheets to the wind. I have never heard this vulgar phrase, but if it means that my husband was not sober then it is another lie. He was having a good time and that is all. We were just having fun, and I would like to know what anyone can object to in a person's having fun.

This is exactly what happened and, since I am making this statement under oath, it is absolutely true. I always tell the truth and teach my children to tell the truth at all times; and when I am under oath I am particularly careful to tell the absolute truth, which some people who shall be nameless are *not*, even when making an affidavit.

I have been told that I can take all the time I want to explain what happened, so I will start at about five p.m. on December 31st, which is when the whole thing really started.

At about five p.m. on December 31st, I was engaged with my three children in our apartment in dismantling our Christmas tree and putting away the ornaments for next year. This is something we always do on the evening of New Year's Eve, and we try to get it done before my husband gets home from his office because he always tries to help, but is not very helpful, being sort of clumsy and careless and breaking the ornaments the way a man is often apt to do.

I was low and depressed while we were doing this because my three children, who are growing up quickly, all had different dates for New Year's Eve parties and I sort of wished they were still small so that they would all be home at midnight when the New Year came in and we could let them hear the bells ring and give them a sip of wine and then put them safely to bed like we always had done.

My oldest child, Henry, who is eighteen-and-a-half and very much like his father the way he smashes Christmas-tree bulbs, asked me what we were going to do for New Year's Eve, meaning me and my husband, and I told him we had no plans and would probably stay home and listen to the radio or something. I probably sounded kind of low because my daughter Edie, who is seventeen, said that sounded terribly dull and my daughter Pat, who will be sixteen next month, said that was a crime and they would absolutely make their father take me to a night club where we could throw serpentines, make noise and have lots of fun.

Well, of course, I told them they were crazy and I would never let their father fling his hard-earned salary around in such a silly way, but I could not help thinking that it was very sweet of my children to be thinking of our having fun, meaning me and my husband, and I remember thinking that maybe it would be sort of fun going to a night club instead of just sitting at home listening to our radio, particularly because it has been practically impossible to tune in one station at a time since my husband tried to fix our radio to take out a loud hum.

So then my children got busy on the telephone and spoke to their father at his office and they told him that I was feeling sort of depressed because we were not going to any party or anything and they told him he had to take me to a night club for New Year's Eve or they would be simply furious with him, and he seems to have said okay. I did not actually hear him. My children would not let me get to the telephone.

They told me, however, that he, meaning my husband, thought it was a terrific idea and that he would be home presently raring to go and that I should not be surprised if he came home lit up like a Christmas tree. This last is a phrase which my husband has never used and, in fact, I had never heard it and did not know what it meant.

I am merely quoting my children, who assured me repeatedly that this is what he said.

So then my son Henry said that I must get into a gay and festive mood and he went into the kitchen and brought out a bottle of cooking brandy that I had used most of to make the hard sauce for our Christmas pudding for Christmas. I would say there were about three tablespoonsful left in the bottle, or maybe a little more. Not more than four tablespoonsful anyway.

So then my children insisted that we must divide this brandy up among us and drink a toast to the New Year before my husband got home so that I would be in the right mood for him. I do not approve of children taking hard liquor at any time, but when they had divided up the brandy into four glasses there really seemed to be so little in their glasses that I said it would be all right and we all drank a toast and I must say it tasted very nice. So then my children insisted they must drink a toast to me and I was very touched. I have the best children in the world, bar none. So I told them I thought they were very sweet but we should have to drink this toast in Cokes because we didn't have any more

(Continued on page 131)

Fighting the champ was fun—if you enjoy getting your head pounded with hammers

A glass of Orange Juice

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

A Fight Story by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Editor's Note: The author of this story has been around fighting men, with and without guns, for many a year, and the few times that Quentin Reynolds ever does manage to lean back for a breather and spin a piece of fiction, you don't forget it. His characters are fictional, of course, but their hooks, jolts, and blood bring you right to the ringside, hanging on to every living punch.

Terry Hart always liked this part of it. He had the same feeling now that he'd had when his submarine was sneaking up on a hostile force—a feeling of anticipation and an eagerness to come to grips with what lay ahead. During the war, he had had such enormous confidence in his boat and her crew that the thought of possible disaster had never entered his head.

Now the train was slowing down. A strange city lay ahead and he knew that there were a great many smart men in that city who even now were figuring out ways to beat him. When you were the world's champion, you were a natural target. But Terry had the same confidence in himself and his little crew that he had once had in his submarine and her crew of sixty-five.

Terry looked at his crew and his smile broadened. Chris Sullivan had a shock of pure white hair and very gentle blue eyes. His shoulders were slightly stooped, as if they carried invisible weights. It was Chris who had seen some sign of greatness in a raw, awkward amateur nine years before, and it was Chris who had taught Terry how to utilize his great natural speed. Chris had worked with him a whole year shortening his punches, teaching him how to ride with a blow, and showing him a thousand tricks of ringcraft that forty years in the game had taught him. And Chris above all had taught him the almost forgotten art of feinting. It was Chris who had taken care of Olive during the war years, and it was Chris who had guided Terry skillfully through the tortuous paths that finally led to the middleweight championship.

Spyrous Andropulous—better-known as Curly—was the other member of the crew. They said in the fight game that the little, wizened, bald-headed Greek could do more with that one short minute between rounds than any man alive. The Greek had a tremendous capacity for loyalty. His complete existence was dedicated to serving Terry.

"You ever been to California, Curly?" Terry asked the trainer.

The Greek nodded. "Brought Eliot out here in 1932. He won easy. Brought Collins here to fight a southpaw named Judge in 1935."

"He win easy?" Terry asked, smiling.

"Easy," the Greek said solemnly.

"Mullens will be real sore," Sullivan said, smiling. "He'll say we didn't leave him enough time for a real build-up."

"He's got three days."

Sullivan shrugged his shoulders. "He's got 22,000 seats to fill."

"Maybe he can get Lana Turner to appear between rounds," Terry said. "Then if this Rocky and I put up a bum fight the customers will feel they got their money's worth anyway."

"You tell Mullens that."

"Pasadena," the conductor called, as the train came to a smooth stop.

Tex Mullens wasn't sore, but there was a reproachful look in his eyes. The tall, lean promoter shook hands vigorously with them. He led them to a big cream-colored car with red upholstery. He indicated a station wagon alongside the cream-colored car.

"I got a station wagon for your baggage, Chris," he said. "I thought you might have a couple of trunks."

"I'll meet you at the ranch," Curly said. He was shepherding a bag-laden porter toward the station wagon.

"The Bel-Air is no ranch," Sullivan said. "It's a hotel."

"Anything west of La Salle Street is a ranch to Curly," Terry said, climbing into the car. Mullens told the driver to head for the Bel-Air.

The car threaded its way smoothly through the Pasadena streets and then headed for Beverly Hills.

"This is the bridge people used to keep jumping off of," Mullens explained. "When I got your wire saying you'd be delayed getting here, I almost gave the bridge some of my business."

"I'm sorry about that, Tex," Terry told him earnestly. "But I was worried stiff about the kid. You know what that Virus X is."

"I know, all right," Mullens said gloomily. "It started out here. I caught it at the Rose Bowl game last New Year's Day. The kid all right now?"

Terry nodded. "We had two tough weeks with him. He's only four and he ran up a temperature of 105. I didn't want to leave until he was in the clear."

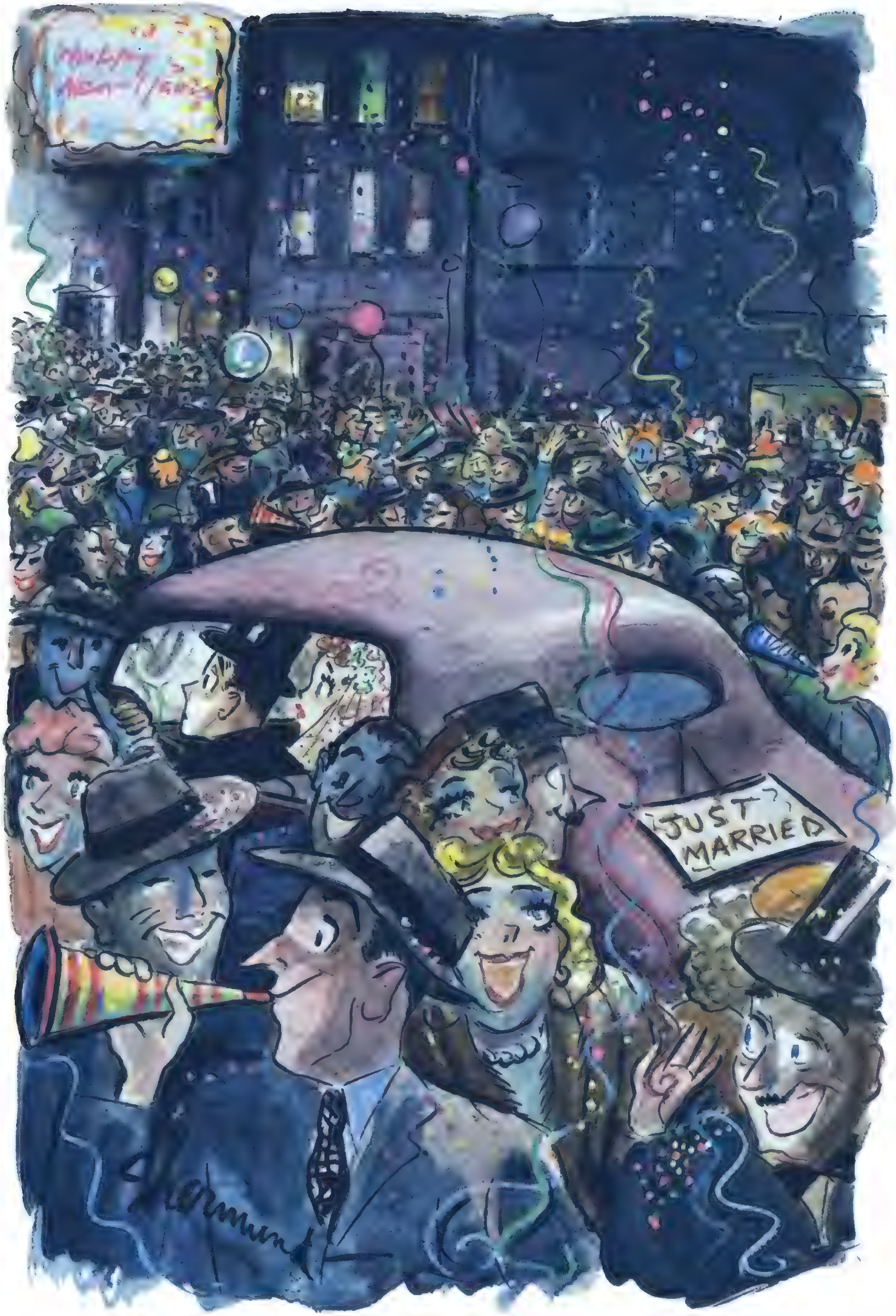
"Must have been tough, training with something like that on your mind." Mullens' tone was almost too casual. Terry looked out the window and waited for Chris to take it away from there. They had certainly figured Mullens out pretty well.

"You can say that again," Sullivan growled. "He trained like he was going to meet some Golden Glover."

"I'm getting on." Terry turned from the window. "Once you hit thirty, too much training is no good."

"Thirty?" Mullens was puzzled. "I thought you were twenty-eight."

"You can never *(Continued on page 101)*



Happy New Year
JUST MARRIED

That Young Al Jolson

In case you haven't heard—from juke box, screen or radio—the amazing Al Jolson is back in action and, at 64, showing the youngsters how it should be done

An Article by

MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Not long ago Al Jolson emerged from his Beverly Hills home clad in a pair of gaudy yellow swimming trunks. He uttered a happy cry, raced across the lawn and swan dived into his swimming pool. Twice he swam the length of the pool with brisk strokes, then leaped out and sat down in the sun—for a tough five-hour conference with the writers and producer of his weekly NBC radio program. At the end of the session Jolson was as wound up with energy as he had been when he started, while his colleagues were limp with exhaustion.

Age cannot wither nor custom stale the amazing vitality of Jolson, who has sung himself into the hearts of audiences for fifty years. At sixty-four he works as hard, talks as much, travels as widely, lives as intensely and flamboyantly as any actor I know.

After his physician recently gave him a physical checkup, he remarked, "Jolson, I can't figure out how you keep going. You're a medical enigma."

Rolling his eyes, Jolson replied, "Man, ah feel faster than I did at thirty."

In relative obscurity between 1931 and 1945, Jolson suddenly came to life again and was discovered by a generation to whom he was not even a name. His lusty way with a song, his sincere sentimentalism, his infectious warmth have made him the Number One favorite even with the bobby-sox generation, who have been startling their mothers and fathers with the discovery of "this new singer, Al Jolson." The annual Hooper rating of radio stars, summarizing the 1947-48 season, placed Jolson in the Number One position of male singers with a rating of 19.0, ahead of Bing Crosby in second place (16.9) and Perry Como in third (9.4). An album of eight of Al Jolson's old tunes has already sold more than 1,100,000 copies. Songs long dead and buried—like *April Showers, Swanee, Rock-a-Bye My Baby with a Dixie Melody, My Mammy*—are being hummed, whistled and chanted all over.

If Jolson's audience is responsive he can sing and tell stories and chaff the audience for hours and hours, with no perceptible diminution of energy. I watched him perform at a benefit for crippled children given in a large theatre in Atlantic City. He strode out on the stage at 11:15, after an audience had already been wearied by three hours of entertainment and fifteen acts, many of them singing acts. Jolson began to sing. One, two, three, four songs. The audience warmed up. Their excitement acted on him like a stimulant. He wouldn't bow off. He sang for one hour and twenty-two minutes to a fascinated audience.

When the film based on his life, *The Jolson Story*, was released in 1946 the singer guest-starred on many radio programs in order to publicize the movie. One was an all-night disc-jockey show on a small New York station. The idea was for Jolie to say a few words, maybe sing two songs and then the jockey would play some Jolson records. Jolie started talking and singing at two in the morning and he didn't quit until half past five.

During World War II, Jolson, twice as old as the average USO actor, made a gallant record, touring more than 40,000 miles. He made a point of going to out-of-the-way bases which other big-name stars were bypassing. He would arrive by plane, without any advance notice, and say, "My name is Jolson and I sing songs." If the Special Services officer could gather a dozen soldiers, even two soldiers, Jolson would put on a show.

As for the Columbia movie, *The Jolson Story*, a Technicolor extravaganza with a hitherto unknown actor Larry Parks enacting Jolson while Jolson's husky voice was dubbed in on the sound track for every one of the many songs, it has already earned more than $10,000,000 and outgrossed every motion picture released since *Gone with the Wind*.

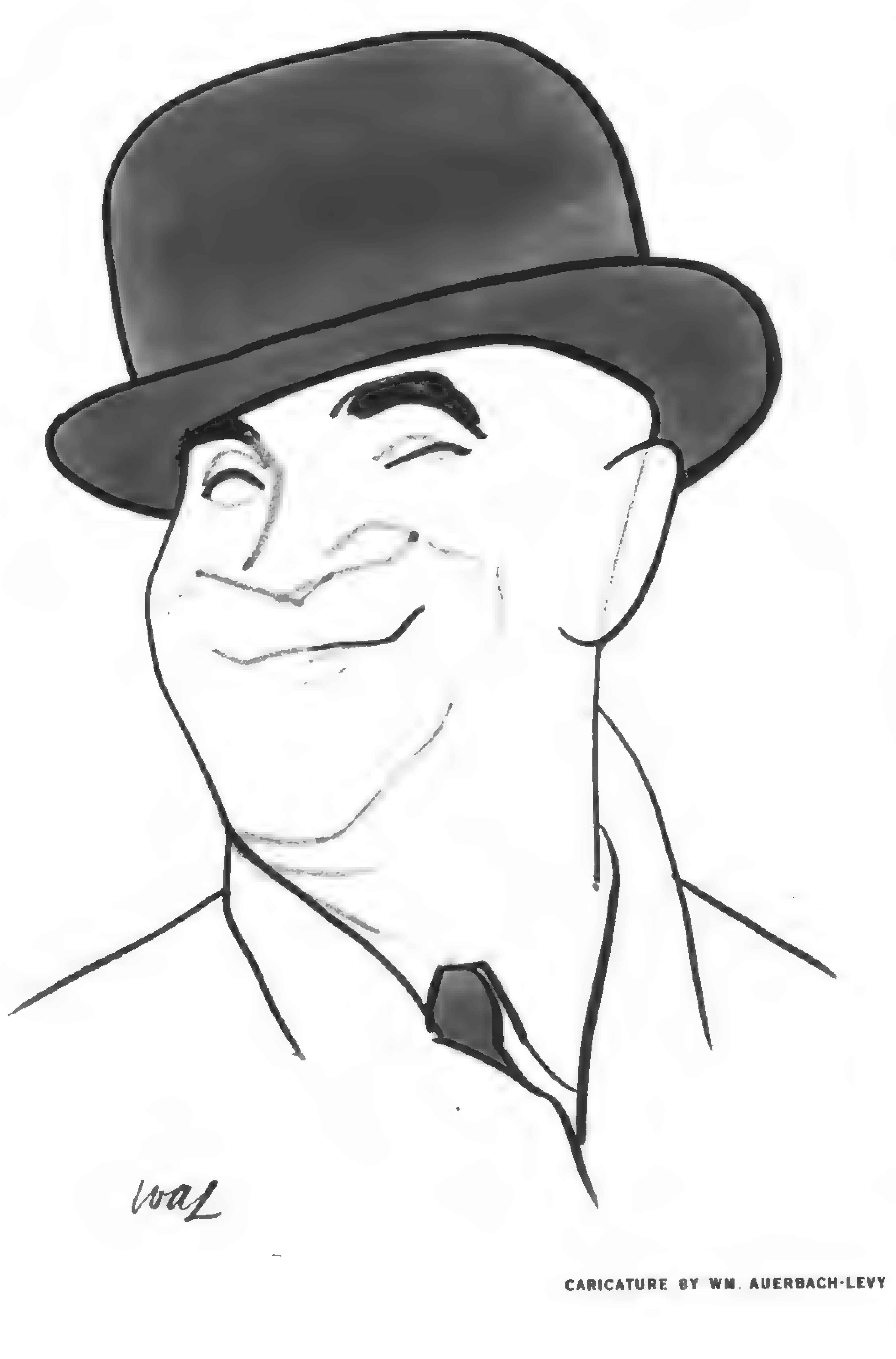
Jolson receives fifty per cent of the net on this movie, giving him a cut, so far, probably in excess of $3,000,000. His radio program, the Kraft Music Hall, pays him a weekly stipend of $7500, and he receives five cents royalty for each of his records sold. His income, since his renaissance, has probably been running to about $2,000,000 yearly—that is, before the Treasury Department intrudes its presence into the Jolson mint.

Even before the recent hullabaloo, Jolson was always one of the richest actors in the world. During his heyday in musical comedy he received the largest salary and percentage in the business. *Variety* estimated in 1926 that he was worth about $20,000,000. Then in 1927 he made the first talking and singing movie, *The Jazz Singer*, which revolutionized the film industry. He had an agreement with the producers of the picture, the Warner Brothers, that he would receive stock for his part in production of *The Jazz Singer*, rather than a salary. As a result, he received a huge block of Warner stock. This was a fortunate agreement as Jolson eventually sold the stock for about $4,000,000.

Whether he's on or off the stage, Jolson is always putting on a Jolson production. He has the best-developed megalomania on Broadway or in Hollywood. He often talks about himself in the third person as if he were a noted historical figure like Washington.

At a 1919 benefit for war relief, in the Winter Garden, the great Caruso had entranced a capacity audience and retired to a tremendous ovation. At that moment Jolson capered out on the stage, made up in blackface, threw out his arms and yelled: "Folks, you ain't heard nuthin' yet!" Then he sang two choruses of *Swanee*.

For years there was bitter rivalry between Jolson and Eddie Cantor. Jolson was the backbone of the Shubert theatrical empire, Cantor was a Ziegfeld star. Each winter Jolson, who loathes freezing weather, would find some excuse for leav- (*Continued on page 134*)

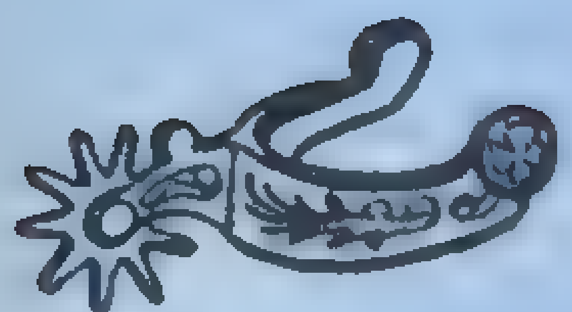


CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY

Hell's broke loose in Dakota

A Roaring Western Story for Esquire Readers

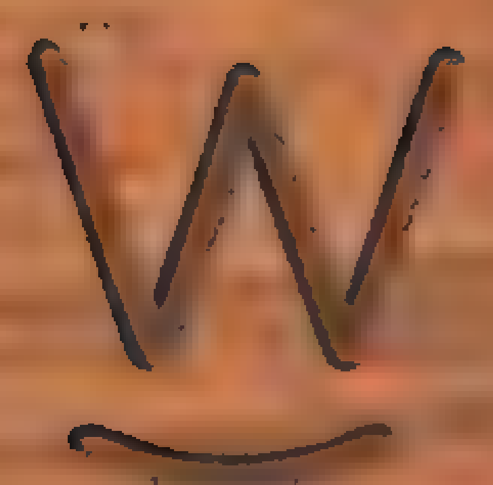
by FRANK BONHAM



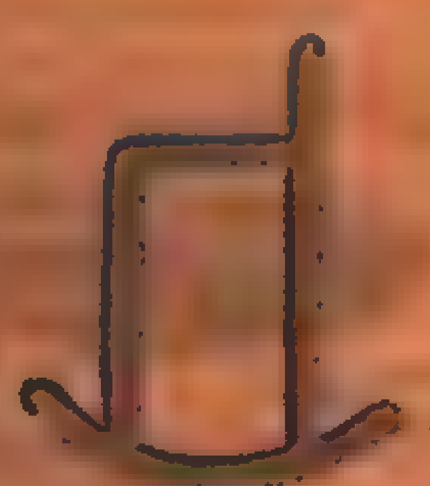
THE shock of 'Eighty-Six was still over the Dakotas: the cowtowns were shabby and wistful; the ranches were stocked with herds nobody wanted to buy. Cowboys who used to cry about the toughness of a puncher's life lay around town hoping somebody would offer to board them for work. A hundred cattle syndicates had failed. A thousand independent ranchers had gone back to the wall. Two years—and still nickels were harder to come by than dollars had ever been, and cattlemen who had once scorned a plow now furtively ran a few rows of corn for stock feed and planted kitchen gardens "for the missus."

Sam Randall went back to the wall with the rest of them in Stony County—clear back to the fringe of the badlands. Back where cows argued over a blade of grass and a man's ambition, if it were too voracious, commenced eating on itself and ended by devouring the man. Randall was getting that devoured look. He was lanky and dark-eyed and had knuckles like pipe joints. He had shadows in his cheeks, and deep in his grey eyes were more serious shadows. Randall's convictions one-by-one were being torn by the vulture's beak of his ambition.

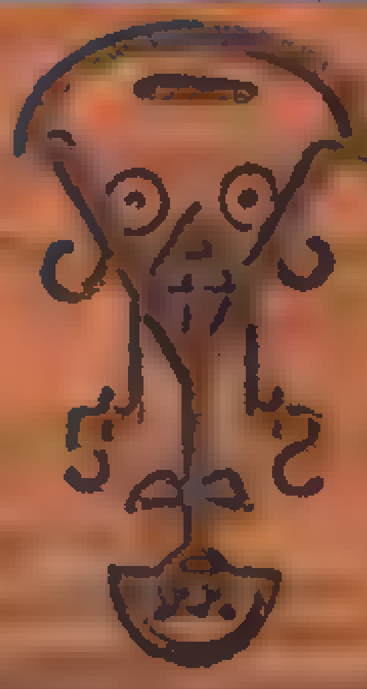
He, too, had had a conviction that he was too good for plowing. But he was plowing the coarse red earth behind his cabin on that late spring day when he reached the end of



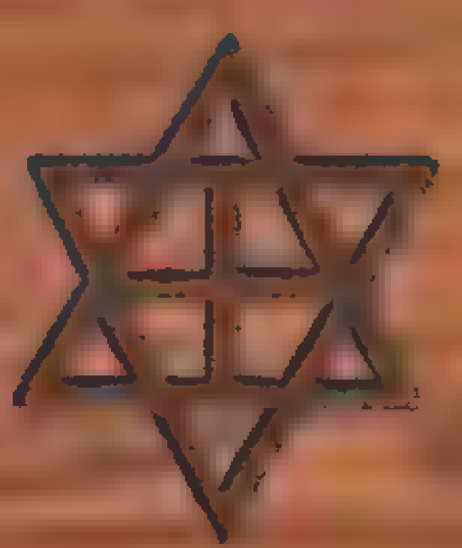
Hot-iron brands, whether simple (like the Rocking W), sentimental, or ornate, are a fascinating part of the lore of our West.



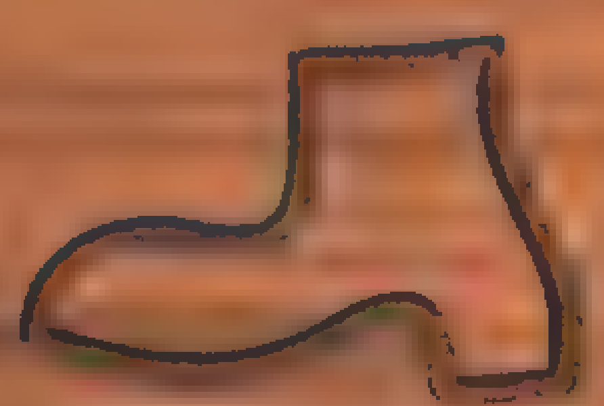
Ranchers wanted their brands to be easy to apply and identify and hard for rustlers to alter. Rocking Chair Brand did the trick.



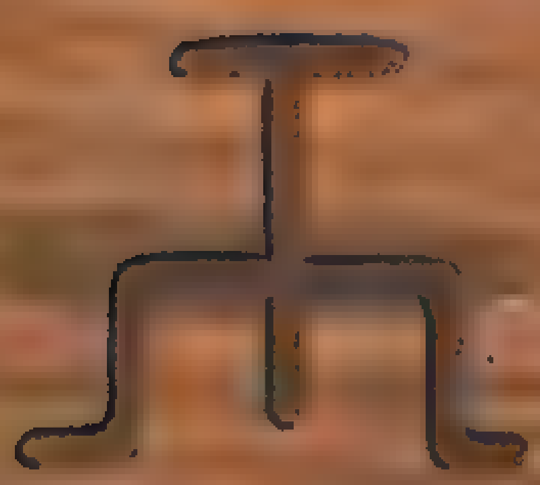
Pancho Villa's Death's Head Brand discouraged rustling, as much with its intricacy as through the Mexican's bloody reputation.



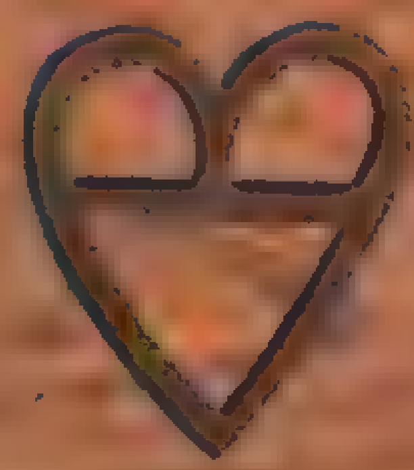
Six-pointed Star Cross is a unique marking. Try to pick out the older Capitol Syndicate XIT experts spot underneath Cross.



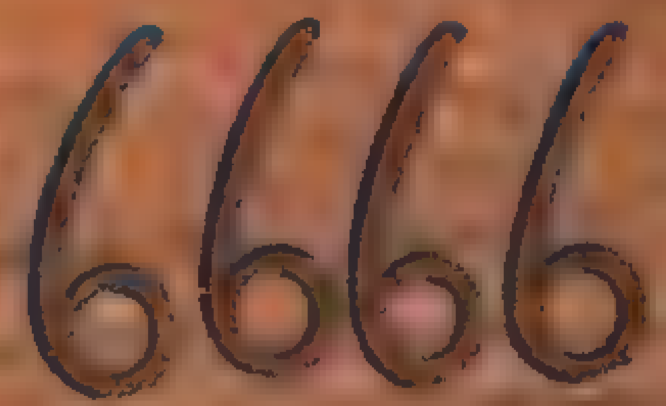
In 1873, the Boot was branded on herds of Count Thomas Creighton, Wyoming rancher and brother of Creighton College founder.



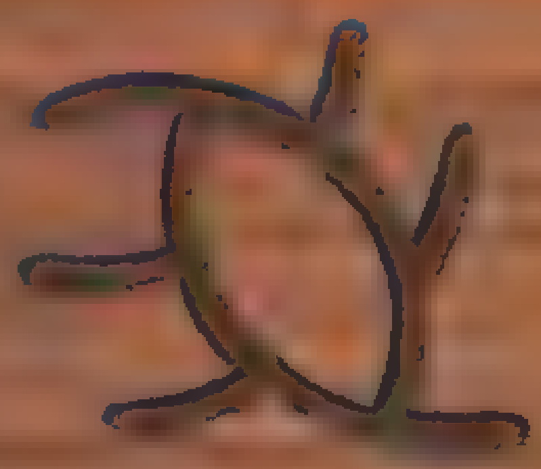
One rancher, who was tough and wanted the West to know it, called this brand Grab All or, when women warn't round, The Hell.



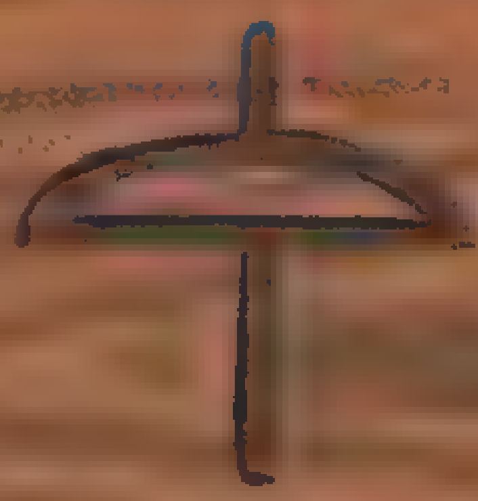
B Triangle looks something like the sentimental Broken Heart, but it's just a Lazy B with a triangle neatly burned to the side.



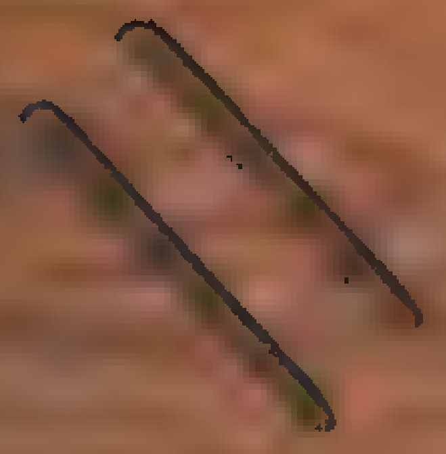
Four Sixes, held in a high-stake Texas poker game in 1870, won a ranch for Burk Burnett. He branded his luck on his new cattle.



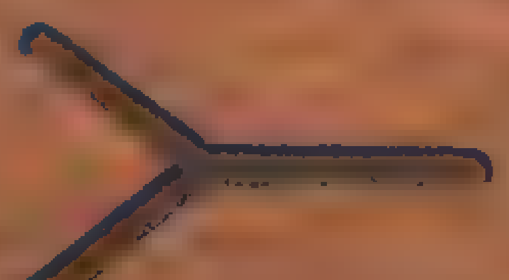
Gal ranchers had brands, too. This Bug belonged to Mary E. Carter, first white woman to settle territory which is now Wyoming!



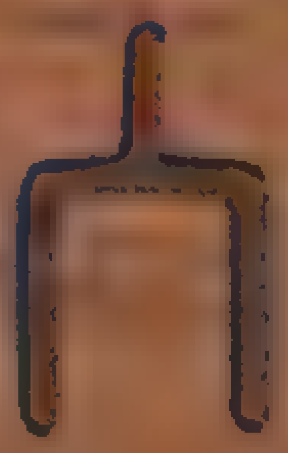
One Wyoming Ranch used the little Umbrella as its brand. Other brands, more elaborate, recall the picture writing of the ancients.



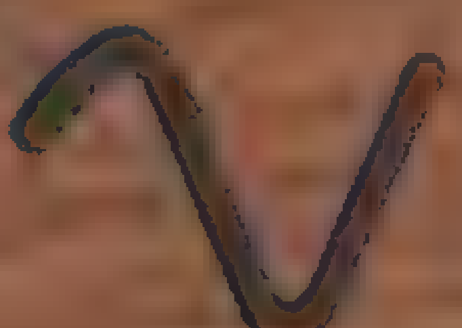
Lightning brand still rides on Gage herds in Texas. Other ranchers chose earthier symbols: one, a chamber pot and two corncobs.



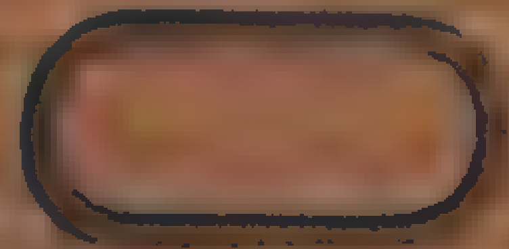
A famous brand down Lubbock, Texas, way is the Lazy Y. Tampering with the Y can still stir up a mess of anything-but-lazy trouble.



One Westerner kept his woman from straying by branding her abdomen. The stylized Spur, however, is reserved for livestock.



At roundup, calves undergo more than a branding with a Matador V. Indignantly they suffer vaccination, dehorning, earmarking.

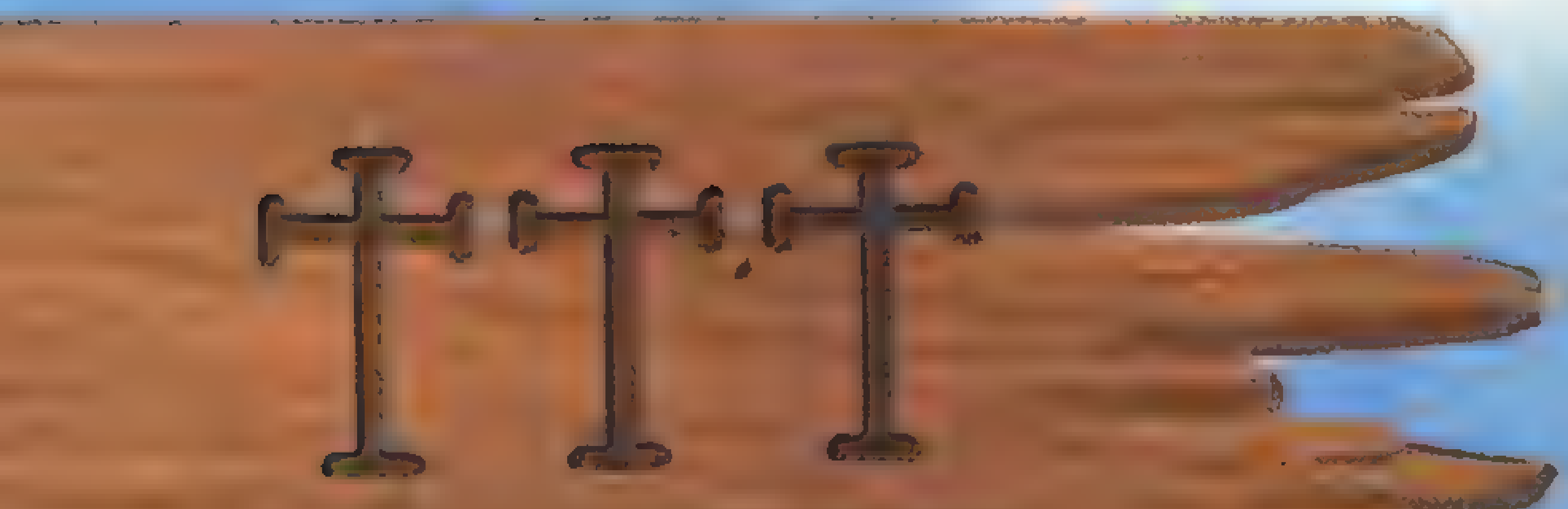


A common form in branding is the O. Here's one that's been mashed to give it distinction—and to make it a bit harder to alter.

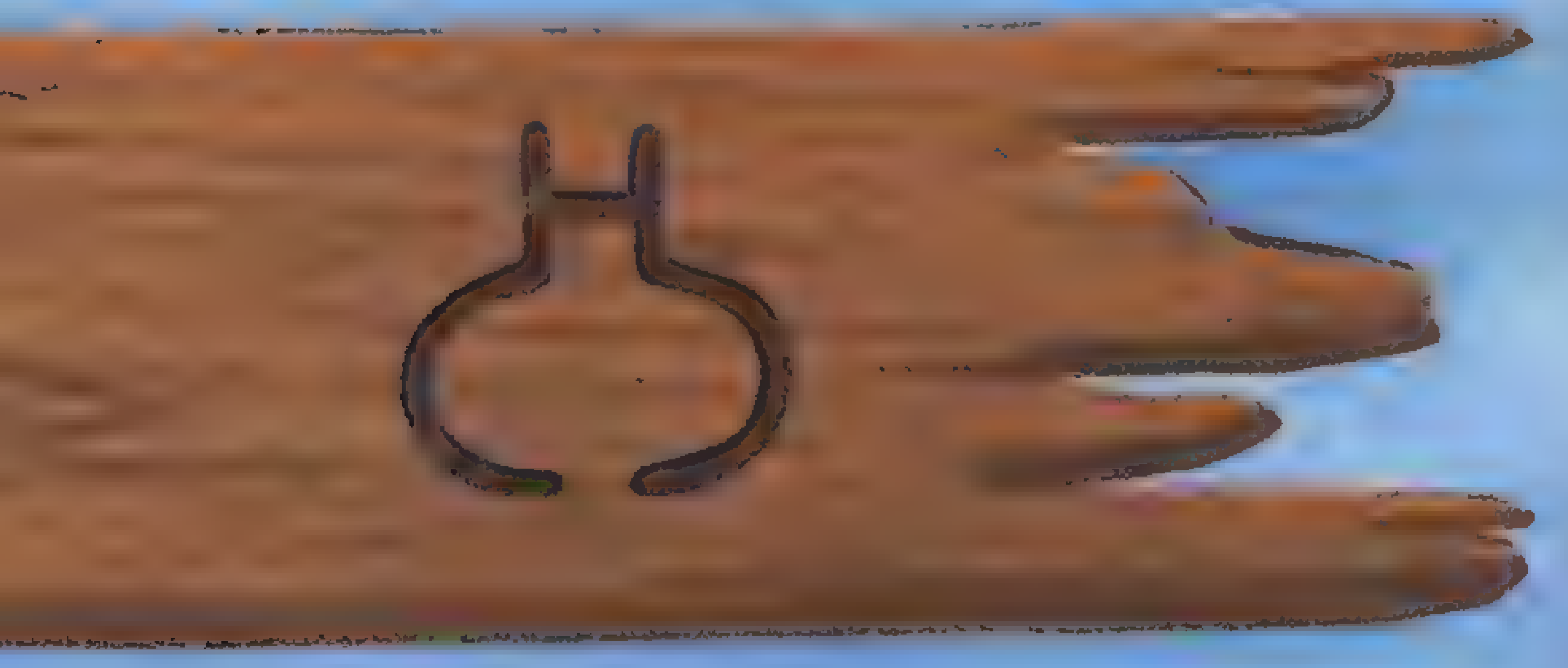
a furrow and for the first time noticed a blue pencil of smoke rising from his back range. Randall stood with his big hands on the grips of the plow, staring with grey eyes and hard-set mouth. The things some men wouldn't do for a dollar nowadays were hard to name. Cow stealing was coming to be regarded as a shirttail cousin of honest work.

The smoke rose from the red wastes of the badlands, where not many of Sam's cattle roamed. The country was overrun by bands of mustangs and the ornerier breeds of outlaw cattle. But it was a nice place to swap brands. Randall turned his plow horse into the corral and rode out with a carbine under his knee.

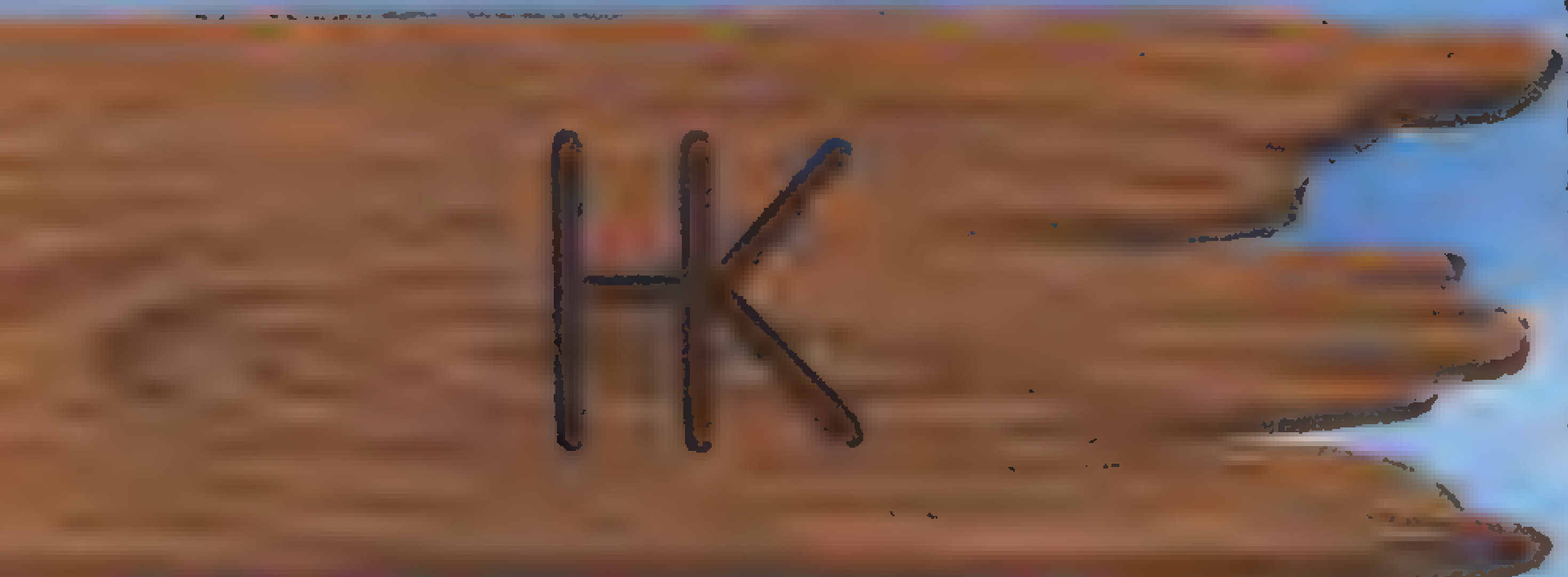
The good range ran up against a crumbling red bluff and perished. Randall pushed into the erosion-wrecked gullyland. He knew the corridors and alleys of the badlands as few men did. This had been his first land and, now that he had been to the top, he was back with it again. The bank had lopped off all but his homesteaded sections and a grim badlands acreage. Last year, he had had to borrow four hundred dollars from the bank, just to keep going.



Cortes, the Spanish explorer, did the first hot-iron branding in America when he burned Three Crosses into his Mexican stock.



For 82 years punchers have been burning H. Crook into the flanks of Texas cattle, rounded up by cow pony, auto, or airplane.



The simplest brands are initials. A Captain Richard King branded HK on Texas stock in 1870. The HK is in the King family today.

A recent cow trail drifted in the general direction of the smoke. Randall poked along it. He marked shoe prints among the tracks of a few cows. He was beginning to be sure of what he had only suspected, and now a pulse commenced to throb in him. It was a little startling to think that at this moment a running iron might be conjuring a hybrid brand from the "Lazy H" his cattle wore.

A faint blatting came to him on the still spring air. His thumb rocked the hammer of his gun and he went more carefully. A fuzz of burro grass lay on the ground. Blocks, pillars, and minarets of mud made a maze of the area he threaded. At last he came around a rain-gouged peninsula of earth and looked down a long corridor. At the end of it, a hundred yards away, he saw two men at a branding fire.

He dismounted. As he started toward them, the flanker jumped back and let a brockle-faced calf lunge up. In this instant he saw the rancher. His high yell sliced the silence. The other man fell back toward the horses. It was a moment or two before Sam realized he had been fired at. Something split the air with a sound like ripping silk. Something exploded against a mud bank behind him, and then the sound of a revolver shot came pouring in a wild cascade of echoes down the canyon.

Randall went down like an infantryman, his carbine taking the shock of his fall. Yonder, both men were in the saddle. They were firing from the backs of their ponies—two men in drab range clothes and dusty Stetsons. Two men who were in a hell of a hurry.

Sam jerked a shot away. It was a panic shot, for this was something new and terrifying, this fighting for your life in the same hour you had been plowing the earth. In the next instant the riders were gone.

Sam waited ten minutes. At the end of this time, he caught his horse and rode down to the branding fire. A running iron lay there. After the orgy of echoes, utter silence had flowed back. He moved down a fluted scarlet corridor until he encountered two of his calves huddled in a little pocket. He wasted no time examining them: with a yell, he sent them lunging back up the canyon. He followed, with gooseflesh rippling down his back.

He began to breathe again when he reached the plain. He stopped to look the calves over, finding a "Rail T" where a "Lazy H" had been. It was good, craftsmanlike work. Sam flanked the calves down again and made an equally thorough job of canceling the blotted brands and rebranding the animals.

But, as he rode on to the cabin, he was worried. No telling how long it had been going on. No telling whether this would end it. There were two reasons why the badlands carried the name, and one was the kind of men who roamed them. Unfortunately, many of these men had once been called honest. But their metal had been too soft for the fire and had lost its form. Sam Randall had friends who were getting desperate, and his greatest fear was that someday he might catch one of *them* crossing his range with a running iron on the saddle . . .

The round-robin letter from the Dakota mustanger who called himself Mustang Cassiday came last to Randall's ranch, which was tucked back against the forbidding cliffs of the badlands—far from women, gama grass, the town of Tie Siding, and all other things good. Randall had plenty of company back there; Ben Jardine—once the biggest cowman in Stony County—and a lot of others had retreated with him.

Cassiday's letter said: Mustang Cassiday will be in Tie Siding June 10, to sign contracts for mustanging no-good broncs off your range. You git forty per cent of cannery checks, etc.

Sam shook his head over it. He was hitting thirty, and talking less—but more pungently—all the time. He intended to keep out of arguments over the letter. Sometimes he wondered if he knew what he was talking about himself. He had always worked like a fool, spending carefully, investing with caution. Now he had nothing left but a mortgage and a few leftover convictions, like forgotten papers in a desk. Long ago he had picked out a mistress and a wife: The West was his mistress; the wife was to be Kate Jardine, Ben's daughter. But the West had run off and left him, laughing; and Kate, still clinging to the manner of the well-to-do even if the substance had left her, kept him at arm's length, as she always had.

At dawn on June ninth, curious if not hopeful, Sam left in his big blue carryall, picked up his neighbor, Noah Cardwell, and swung past the Jardine place. The ranch house was shut up. It was still well-kept, with yellow paint on it and flowers in the yard.

Sam and Noah camped outside Tie Siding that night. A couple of other men bunked at their fire—ranchers who had nothing to lose and, perhaps, something to gain from a deal like Mustang Cassiday's. Everyone talked with guarded optimism. Maybe they'd make enough to buy a good herd bull, they said. Noah Cardwell figured he had enough mustangs ranging his back country to keep a gang of horse trappers busy a year. They all waited to hear what Sam had to say, but he kept his ideas to himself.

Next morning was hot and brassy, the sun wringing from the earth the last of its spring moisture. It would be hot back in the badlands. In Tie Siding, there were trees, saloons, oases of

(*Continued on page 121*)

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD OTT

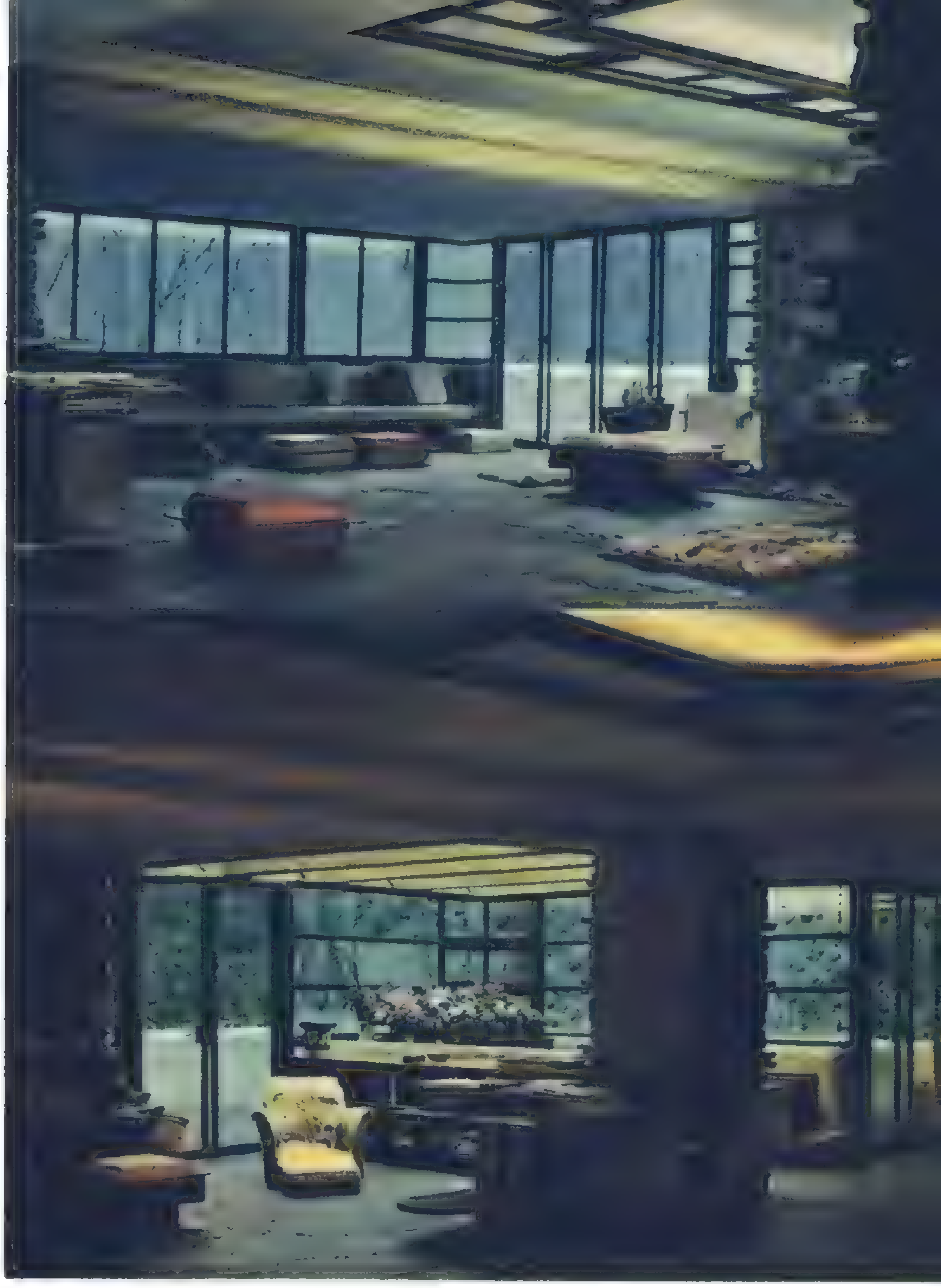
"Faces of Achievement"

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ESQUIRE: Architect

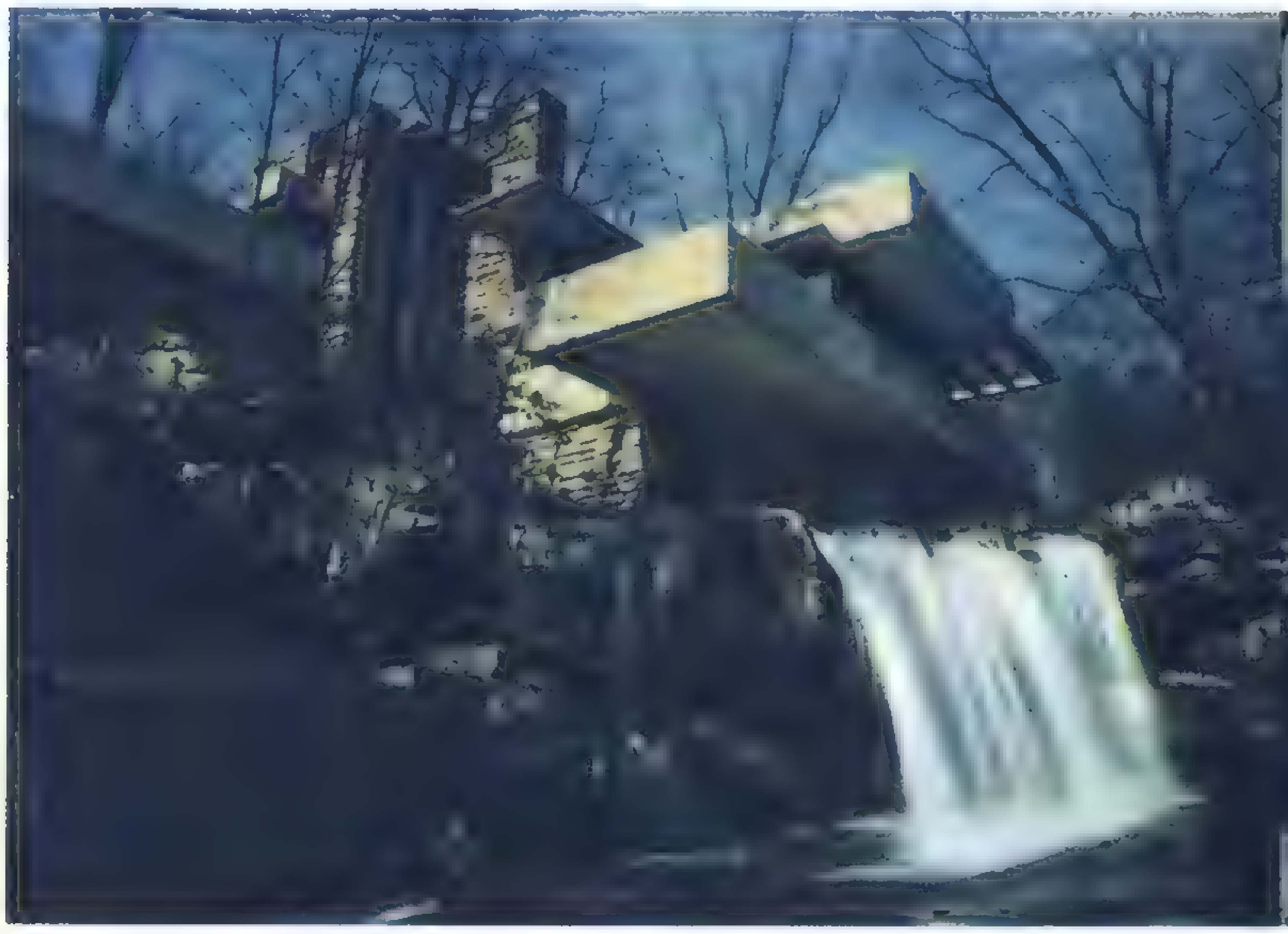
photograph by Yousuf Karsh

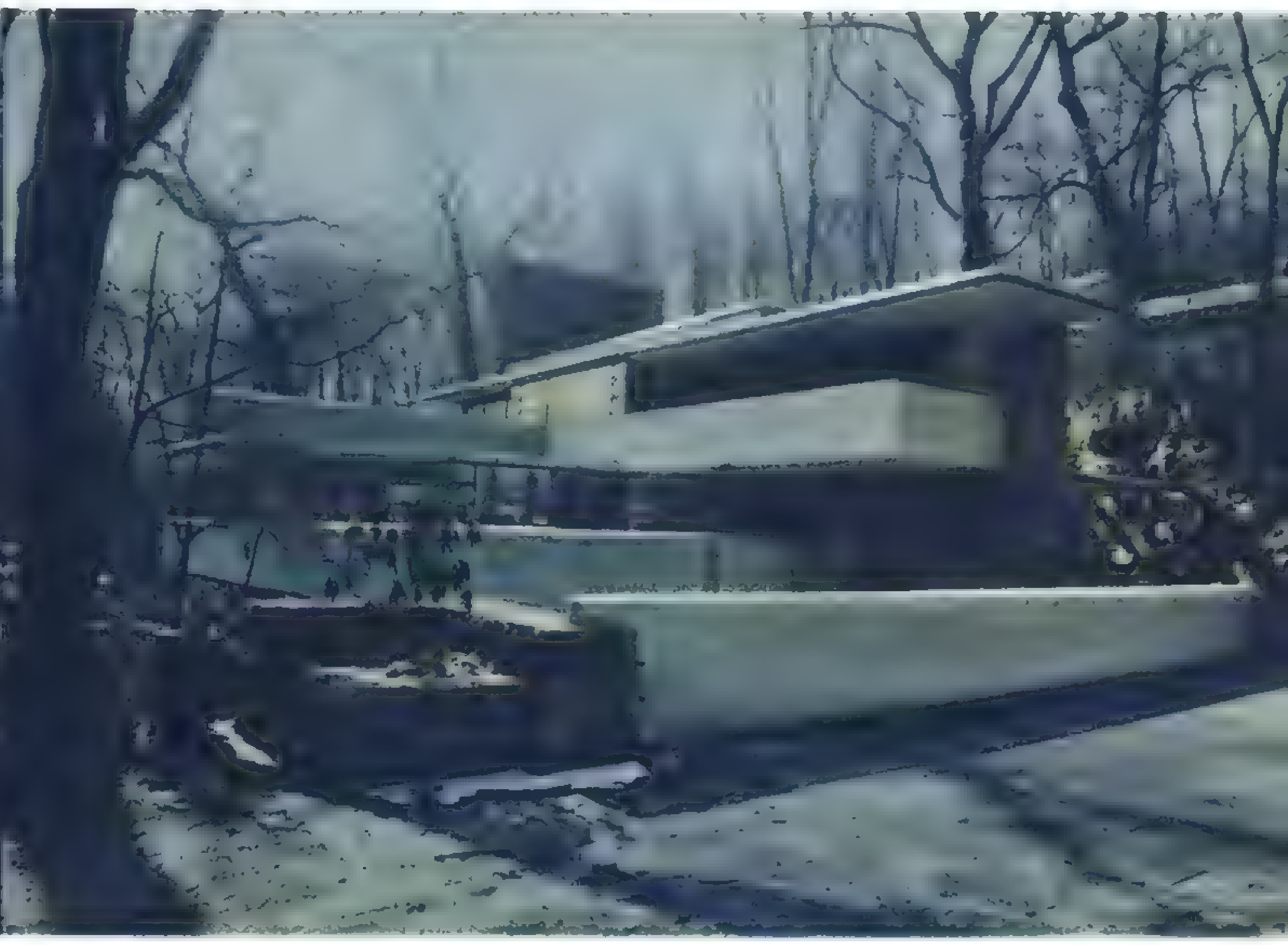
The Prophet Honored in His Country

Amazing Frank Lloyd Wright has never doubted, nor failed to proclaim—as well as to prove—his architectural genius



At seventy-nine, a man who has been a storm center for many decades ought, perhaps, to be bowed down with care. But Frank Lloyd Wright is as young and vigorous as anyone alive. Through all the years of controversy about the practicality and beauty of the edifices he has planned and helped to build, he has maintained an amused self-assurance—and has continued to plan and build as he sees fit. Today, he is regarded by many as the greatest architect of the century and as one of America's most original thinkers. His superb work is imitated by architects throughout the world, but Mr. Wright, always a happily militant step ahead of the rest, never imitates himself. In his searching camera study of the great architect, Yousuf Karsh strikingly captures Mr. Wright's jauntiness of spirit as well as the strength of his personality.





One of the most famous modern houses in the world is Falling Water, which Frank Lloyd Wright designed about thirteen years ago for Edgar J. Kaufmann of Pittsburgh. Falling Water, the Kaufmann summer home at Bear Run, Pennsylvania, was built virtually around the waterfall which is pictured above. The rear masonry walls of the house rise out of the natural rock on which it is built, but the low front walls are of glass, with metal supports running through them. Some of the furniture on the first floor, which consists of a single enormous room, was designed by Wright himself; he likes built-in units, low hassocks, and—in a house of this type—stone floors partly covered with animal skins. One of the ideas most closely associated with Frank Lloyd Wright and his concept of architecture is that every building should be part of its natural site and should seem to grow out of it naturally. Like his private homes, his public buildings, though unconventional and imaginative, are thoroughly sound structurally. G.I.s in Japan still marvel at Tokyo's Imperial Hotel, which has withstood several earthquakes. And why not? That was what Wright intended it to do! ⵑ

KODACHROMES BY MAT KAUTEN

Sucker's Night Out

December 31st brings out the worst in people and floor shows, but normally staid Americans still feel they must cut capers into the New Year and brag about it

An Article by

JIMMY CANNON

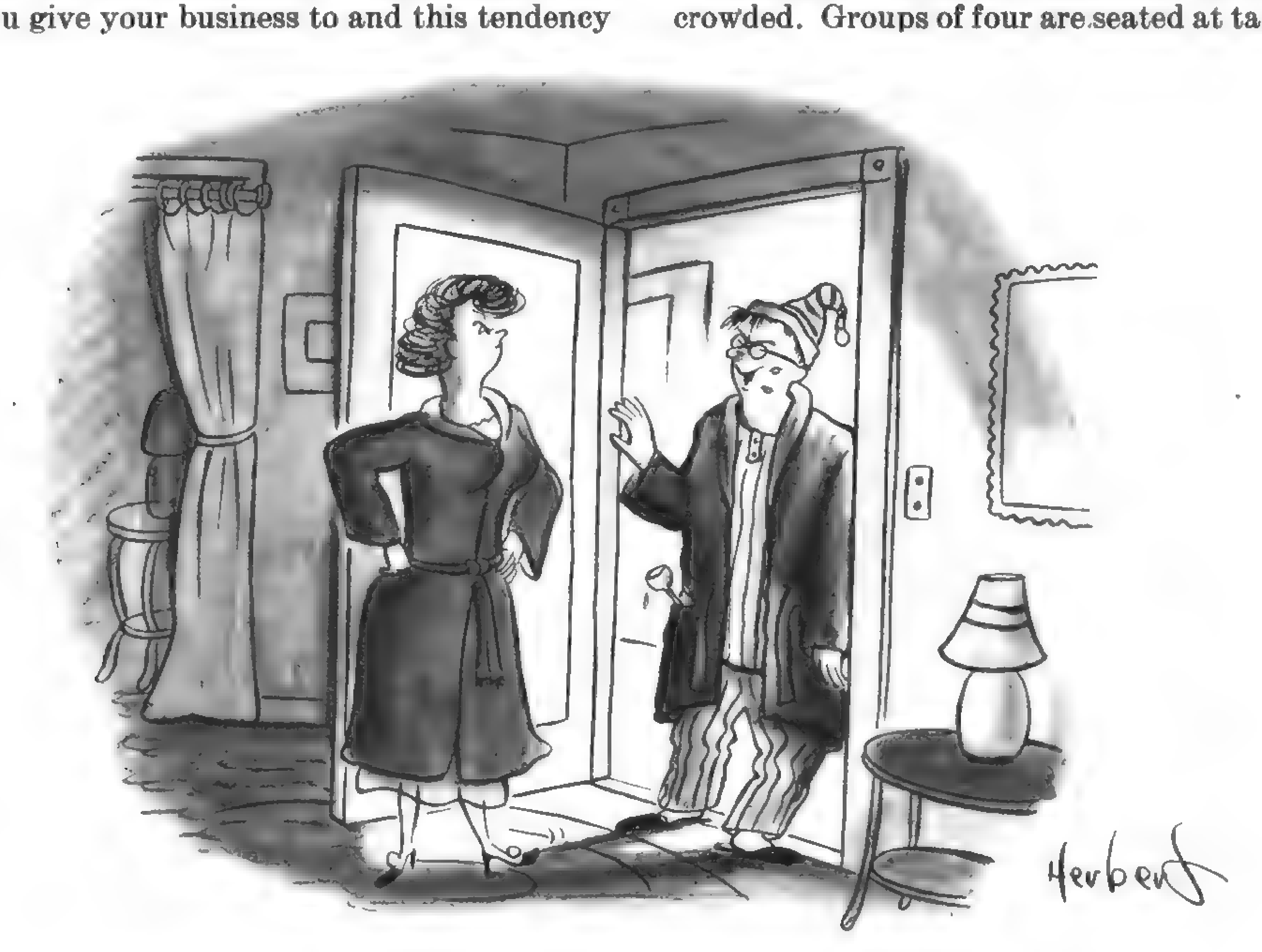
On New Year's Day the majority of solvent adults in this country exhibit their hang-overs with the coy pride of an elderly spinster showing old love letters to a young niece. There are a lot of us who believe that it is fashionable to disgrace yourself on this night, and the morning after we brag about the misery we purchased at clip-joint prices. It is my opinion that many of us are liars because when I was drinking I always exaggerated what happened to me when the toy horns were blowing because where I come from steady nerves on New Year's Day are evidences of poverty. Health on this morning is a sign you didn't celebrate as you should and personally I can't understand why you should go out and get loaded just because our civilization is a year older.

Primly savage executives who would bounce their secretary if they nailed her stealing a smoke on office time are up early and telephoning their friends descriptions of their filthy deportment. It is a reversal of habit and occurs only once a year. On other occasions, the same people will describe with disgust the drunks who moved an inch out of line. No one guards his reputation more than a lush, but on New Year's Day he surrenders this pose and denies he was a courtly and witty companion. Usually they denounce as scoundrels the rum pails who pinch the hostess or trip up the night-club waiter with the trayful of chicken chow mein. But on New Year's Day people give parties so that they are sure they will have an audience to confess to. If you don't admit making a pass at the hat-check girl or flattening the wine steward you didn't have any fun at all according to the standards by which metropolitan roistering is judged on New Year's Eve. On this night the chances are you are swindled no matter what joint you give your business to and this tendency toward disorderliness may be a subconscious protest against such a fleecing. You may stand against a bar all year and contribute the big end of your salary, but on New Year's Night they heist you as though you were a drop-in and pad your check just because they stake you to a paper hat and a small instrument which makes a noise like a broken coffee grinder.

They rig cover charges and minimum raps which would get a guy indicted for fraud by any grand jury in the country if there wasn't a liquor license framed and hung over the bar. Noise is considered a necessary ally to pleasure on New Year's Eve and being uncomfortable and abused is the reward of those who bribe headwaiters to permit them to enter public places where they can be stuck up by legitimate burglars. Quiet drinkers who do their ordinary boozing in sparsely populated bars refuse to go to any place on New Year's Eve except those which are jammed to the doors. Guys who do not give away a hello to relatives unless they get a receipt holler greetings to strangers as soon as they are slapped in the kisser with their first drink. Misers buy drinks for guys they never have seen before and the meekest of men become cranky and belligerent as the night wears on.

A black eye becomes a bruise of honor to docile guys who would normally say pardon me if they were hit over the head with a baseball bat by their unemployed brother-in-law who sleeps in the extra bedroom.

Naturally, the popular joints are the most crowded. Groups of four are seated at tables for two which are planted so close together your wife's hair is set on fire when a fellow in the next party lights a cigarette. It is impossible to dance as there isn't any space, because on New Year's Eve the floor vanishes as the tables spread out and devour all available room. Although much of the check is due to the high-class entertainment hired for the week, the chorus doesn't work because the stage is filled with guests. Comedians are paid a fortune, but no one hears their jokes because I have never been in a cabaret on New Year's Eve where the guests didn't think they were funnier than the performers.

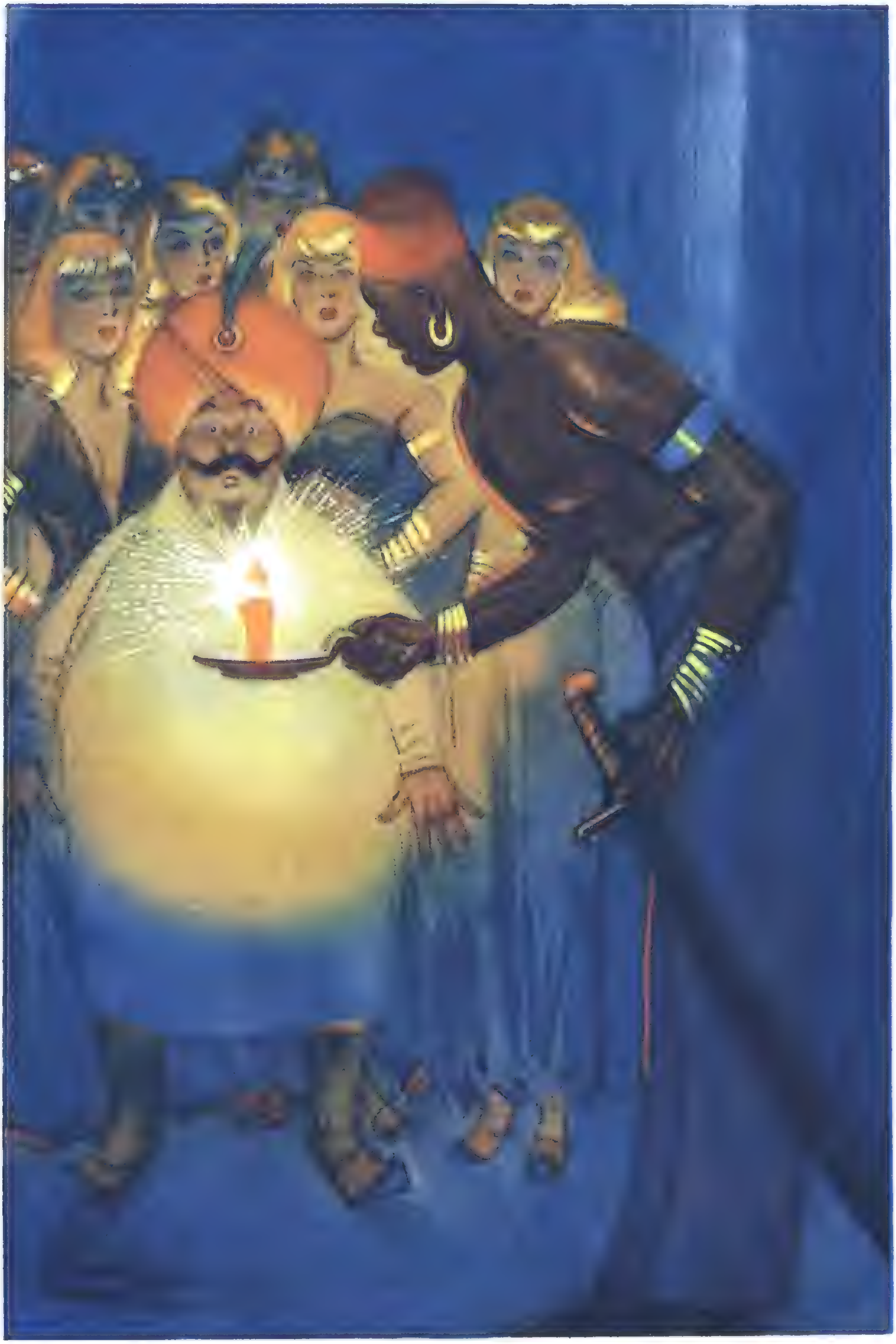


"Well I sure gave them a piece of my mind about having a party this time of night!"

The service is atrocious in even the best cafés. The house has to put on extra waiters and they're usually sore-footed rum-dums who get themselves fractured before the old year dies by swilling the dregs left in the glasses. It is impossible for most people to get as drunk as they claim because even good waiters can't deal the drinks fast enough, so rushed is the service bar back in the kitchen. The aisles between the tables are crowded and the servers must move cautiously. When the food comes you can make book that some of it will slop over on your dinner coat, as a waiter needs more control than Carl Hubbell in his prime to get the order through the jostling throng without spilling chicken à la king. It's a boob's picnic, celebrated nationally. All over the country business is slack in the cafés and many a successful fun store is closed down and the owners are out trying to hustle up eating money. But all of them, if their creditors are lenient, are stalling until New Year's Eve when they figure they will be able to get even. The profit on this night is so enormous that many of them will be able to go South with a chunk before they escape into bankruptcy. It is the night they ambush the marks and it is the theory of gin-mill owners that the public will hold still for anything on New Year's Eve, including being shortchanged. It is the night that the whiskey out of the cop's bottle is served to everyone, no matter what they ask for, and the portions are cut down as it is figured that when a guy starts eating he stops drinking. Only in the big hotels and other established restaurants does the customer get a break and in many instances in these places the house will buy more than its share for regulars who patronize the premises on other nights besides holiday eves.

During Prohibition it was not unusual for hustlers to open up a speak-easy to make a New Year's score. They would con a landlord into granting them credit for the first month's rent on a brownstone parlor floor and basement. It was not difficult to get an interior decorator to hang a black curtain over the entrance and to hire chairs, tables and a bar and a piano for the occasion. They could always round up a few chickens and a peck of potatoes and start coffee going to give the place an authentic smell. The main job was to steal an address list from another speak which was in action. They mailed out announcements to

(Continued on page 113)



"It's those 95 electric blankets you bought today! The fuse has blown out"

A Sea Sonnet Sequence

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

I. *Seafarer's Choice*

Farewell, dear lass, weep not that I depart,
The boatswain's call in fretful haste commands
The sailor to his far-flung seas. Oh, heart,
How can I tell you that exotic lands
Stir the young blood in me, while in your eyes,
I see you bravely damming back a tear?
What words would ease your aching night, when cries
Escape the throat and fall where none may hear?

This is my choice. My wanderer's soul longs
For spun jade seas and cobalt, foaming wet;
For the prow's sibilant tune, for wind songs,
For gulls calling in distant ports, and yet . . .

Heartbreaking kiss! I turn to go, my cheek
Burns wet, and throat throbs so, I cannot speak!

II. *I Speak On The Wind*

At sundown from the flying bridge I see
Your lithe form dance among the cherry clouds
And in grey jungle mist; or it may be
I see your lovely face among dawn crowds
Of parakeets and pigeons, cockatoos,
And birds of paradise, their wings a'flame.
I find your radiance among rich hues
Of rainbows arching green lagoons. Your name
I speak on the wind, and whispering seas
Float it to the landward from where the birds
Sing it to flowers and gossiping trees
Enchanted on the beach. Dearest of words!

It's ever with me, to what seas I go,
Wherever the stars shine, or winds do blow!

III. *The Tides*

Miss you, yes, as moon would miss the sun,
The old man his sextant, the ship her chart;
As roses, their beauty and scent undone,
Would miss their sister rain, I miss you, Heart!
The tides within me must forever run
Far from the beaches to the fairway's blue,
And still I'm pinioned, though the landfall's won,
For the selfsame tides call me back to you.

Ah, lass, how I miss you, your gentle way,
Touch of your hand, caressing eyes, your face;
Lips that curve to smile, the sweet disarray
Of one bright lock that only adds to grace.

Miss you, yes, as stars would miss the night,
As the seamew his cry, my eyes their sight!

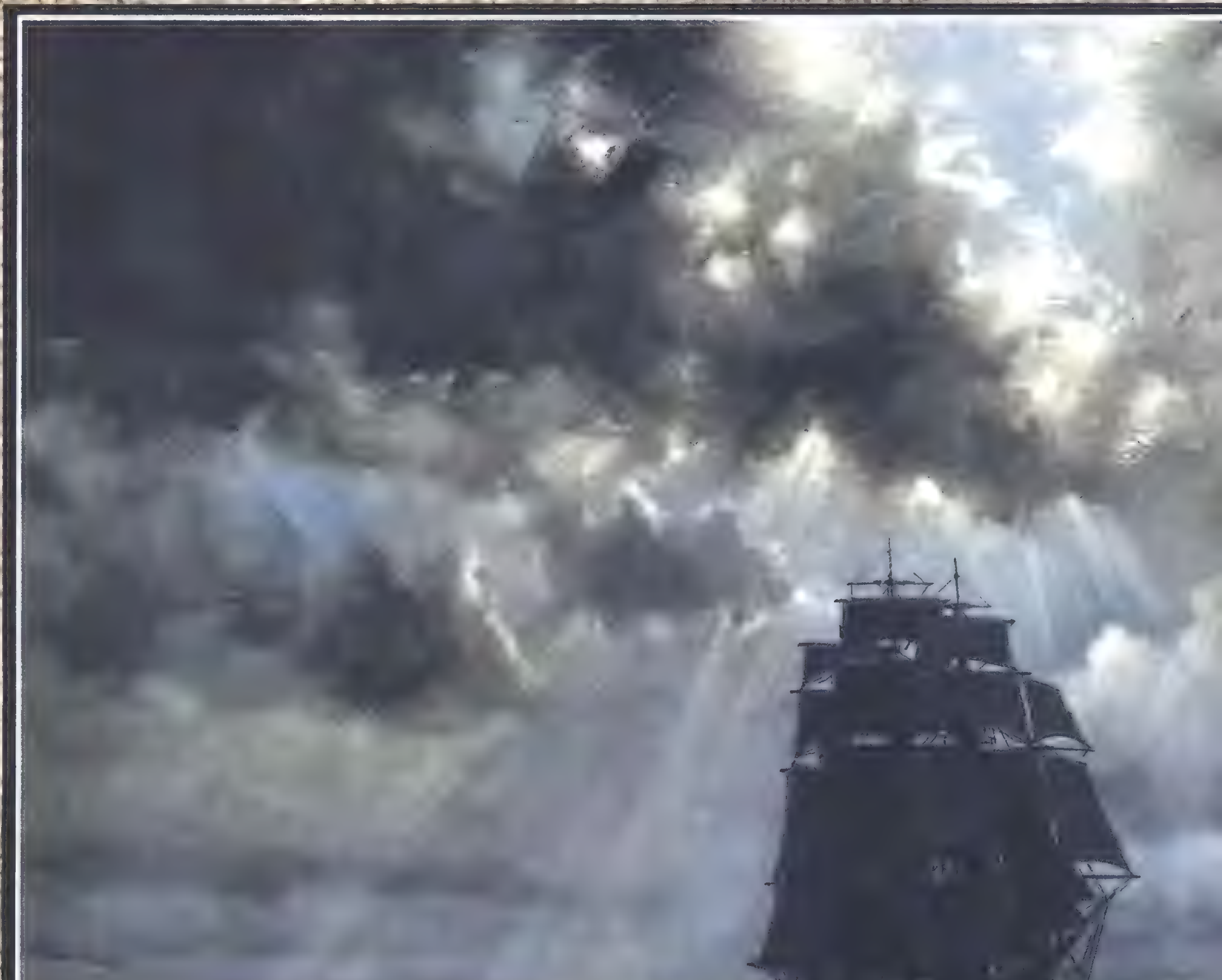
IV. *The Cost*

I must come home again. Haunting sweet smells
Rise in the coral strand, sweep the lagoon
And slash my heart for want of you. Up swells
The pearled green spume singing flies and its tune
Echoes your low-voiced laughter. Ah, the cost
Of wandering is much too dear afar,
With the miles between and fleet years lost,
And youth and beauty being what they are.

Ah, lips and eyes and ears shall have surcease,
Lonely breasts, empty arms, shall ache no more!
Oh, joy, to have my heart and blood increase
Their pounding when I see you at the door.

And still, ah, lass, I could not long remain!
The sea will call, and I'll needs go again!

PHOTOMONTAGE BY ANDRÉ DE DIENES



HEADING FOR HO

Painted by Montague D

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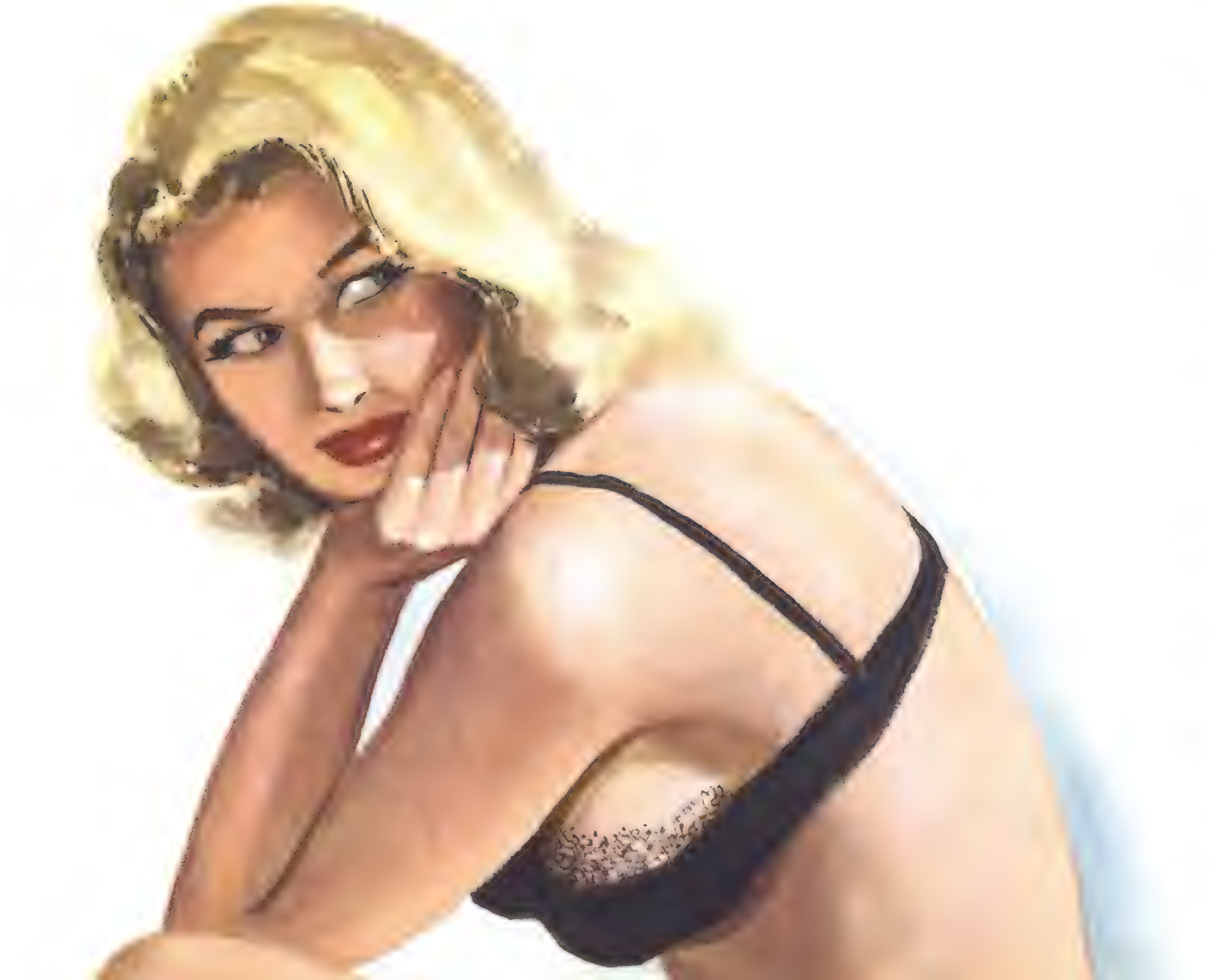
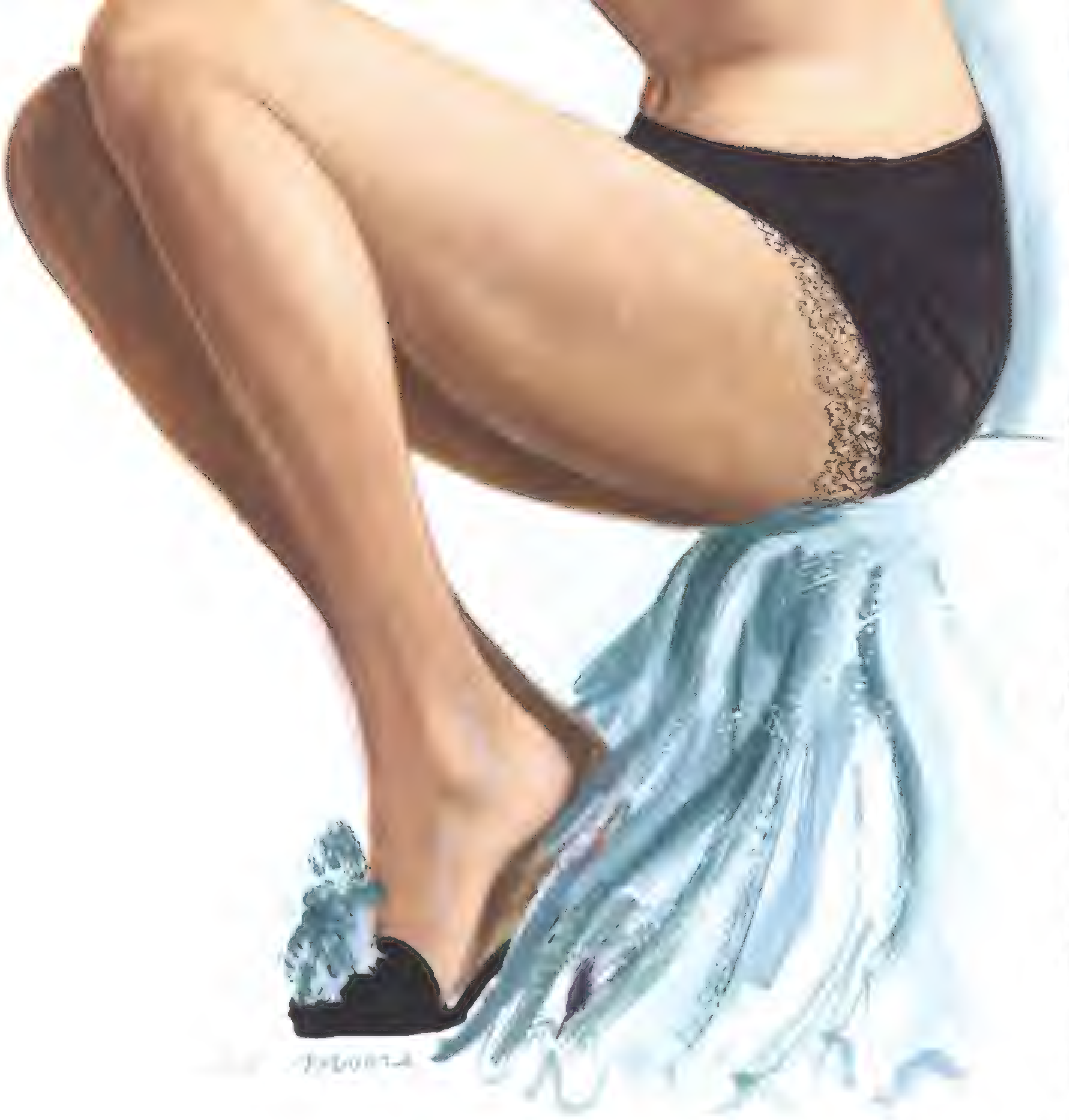


NEW YEAR'S

Irresolution

The only way you could get within kissing distance of Lucia was by not wanting to. Strange? Not when you think about it. Lucia was just one of those critters who want only what they can't have. Act as though you could live very happily without her, and Lucia wouldn't rest until she had you quivering at her feet like a chicken in aspic. But once—just once—indicate you were available and Lucia gave you the refrigerated clavicle.

If you look closely into the history of such dolls, you will always



find somebody like Bryan around. When Lucia was simply perishing with boredom, Bryan could always be counted on to break his other engagements and take her to dinner. Bryan listened sympathetically to confessions and offered a tweedy shoulder for occasional tears. Bryan proposed on Mondays and Thursdays. Bryan was permitted to kiss Lucia on the cheek when he took her home of an evening, but aside from that was kept safely at arm's length.

Then one day Lucia looked in her mirror and saw something—the merest shadow, practically invisible, but still—a wrinkle. Luscious Lucia decided it was time to hang up her roller skates and start thinking about security. The next time Bryan proposed Lucia plumb flabbergasted him by saying "Yes."

They made a date for her to meet his family. Over her lacy, racy black underthings, Lucia was going to wear a dress as chaste and respectable as a Salvation Army costume. She was all set to be a little lady for this occasion.

And she would have been, too. Except that at the last minute Bryan phoned and said he couldn't make it—important business.

The truth of the matter was that a certain young lady named Nina had phoned Bryan and said she was simply perishing with boredom. Bryan broke his engagement with Lucia and took Nina to dinner. Strange? Not when you think about it. You'd be surprised how many people there are who want only what they can't have.

Juror Number Three

A man, a smart man at that, is a fool when he begins to take a woman for granted and in the end he usually finds out that it can be an extremely expensive thing

A Story by

IRA WALLACH

Louise was the only woman on the six-man Municipal Court jury. She was tired of jury duty, of the seventy-five-dollar lawsuits that lawyers bluffed right up to the door of the courtroom. This case, for instance. A woman suing a hotel for a lost suitcase. Claim: 400 dollars. Probable settlement: 275 dollars. These decisions were arithmetical rather than judicial.

On Louise's left sat a mousy man, his hair thinning, his frail body stamped "Clerk." On her right sat a pompous individual who missed no opportunity to inform the other jurors that he was a gentleman with a business of his own.

Outside the courtroom, pigeons on the great stone buildings opposite, where justice was dispensed in larger amounts, hid their heads in the warm comfort of their wings or befouled the statue of a Solon of the Supreme Court.

The attendant rapped with his open palm on the door of the courtroom and announced the judge. The judge nodded at the jury and administered the oath in a clear monotone.

Then the attorneys made their opening remarks. The woman who was suing, a Mrs. Gaeth, had retained a young man—eager, honest within the province of legal honesties. Anxious to make good, thought Louise—an eager beaver. She straightened the hem of her sharkskin suit, regretting that the smartness of her attire was lost in the dim courtroom.

The hotel's attorney approached the jury box, smiled, put his hands in his jacket pockets, and murmured, "You have heard the outline of the case as presented by counsel for the plaintiff. Naturally, my client and I have a very different story to tell. I am confident, however, that the evidence will tell our story better than any remarks I might make. That is all."

Aha! Louise liked this. The hotel lawyer was middle-aged but trim, with a carefully cut mustache and the figure of a man who plays tennis (and a good game at that). His manner was practiced, confident. He would surely take a patronizing attitude toward plaintiff's counsel, would consider him a nice young fellow, so to speak—a good boy with, unfortunately, a weak case.

Louise only half-listened as the story unfolded. She was too busy judging the lawyers to bother judging the case. The youngster was bright and quick, but his opponent's faintly patronizing attitude sopped up his eagerness like a sponge and dissipated it.

The case began to center around one point: had Mrs. Gaeth left her suitcase in the lobby or in the vestibule, only a foot or two from the street, where it could not be seen by hotel employees? The hotel attorney brought the cigar concessionaire to the stand, and he testified Mrs. Gaeth had left the suitcase in the vestibule. It was a telling point. Louise smiled.

Her eyes met the lawyer's for a moment. Then the lawyer turned away, but not in time. Louise knew that the lawyer had caught her smile and had interpreted it as the knowing smile of one impressed with the evidence. Subtly his attitude changed. As he continued his examination, he turned to the jury, but addressed himself more directly to Louise. His words were for the other jurors. His eyes were for Louise, and they said, "Well, my smartly dressed woman juror, we understand each other, don't we? You and I are the only two sympathetic people in this room, and that goes for the judge, too."

Louise enjoyed herself. She let him catch her eye again. This time she smiled purposefully. Her eyes talked back, saying, "I can't make my smile too obvious, but it's true. You and I understand each other."

The lawyer exuded confidence. He forgot about the other jurors. Louise was his conquest. People liked to make hotels pay. He needed an ally on the jury, someone with an independent mind. He addressed her again, obliquely, his half-smile saying, "I like that sharkskin suit."

Louise was happy and excited. How he jumped at her smile! How he played along! And the youngster, poor lad, saw what was going on. Louise encouraged the hotel lawyer again. *Once more*, she thought, *one more little smile*. She smiled. The lawyer took the gambit. Louise sighed with contentment.

Then the judge scribbled a few notes, and inquired whether counsel for both sides thought the case could be concluded before lunch. Counsel thought so.

Go ahead, hotel lawyer! thought Louise, admiring herself as a kind of *Svengali*.

Counsel were summing up. The hotel lawyer made his summation almost as brief as his opening remarks, addressing himself more generally to the jury now, because—as a glance at Louise told her—he knew she would understand that he had to divide his attention and pay some lip service to the dolts who sat in judgment.

Then the youngster spoke. Sweat, poor boy, thought Louise. She had no love for youngsters who appeared like youngsters. She liked them with their edges smoothed off, and eager beavers were not in the least attractive to her.

In the jury room, the foreman said, "I guess she *did* leave it in the vestibule."

Louise spoke up. "I don't care whether she did or not. The hotel ought to protect its guests even against their own mistakes. With the rates they're charging—"

A high-school teacher, juror number five, interrupted. "But the claim seems exaggerated," he said. "All that new stuff in one suitcase!"

"Oh, well," Louise said, "let's knock a hundred dollars off and bring in a verdict."

No one objected. The jury filed back and the foreman delivered the verdict.

The hotel lawyer was shocked—and so was the youngster. The defendant made the usual motion to set aside the verdict. The judge denied it. Then the hotel attorney asked for a poll of the jury. The attendant called the jury roll. When he called Louise's name, she smiled at the hotel attorney as she nodded and said, "Three hundred dollars."

In the lobby, Louise stopped to phone. When she came out of the booth, the hotel attorney confronted her. "May I ask you a question?" he said.

"Certainly."

"What made you decide for the plaintiff?"

"My own idea of justice," she said, rather glibly.

"And what does that mean?"

"Your smile. You took me for granted. I charged three hundred dollars for that."

He fondled the smooth skin of his briefcase. His voice was cold as he said, "That's hardly a basis for a mature decision in a legal matter, is it?"

She tapped a cigarette on her cigarette case, lit it, threw the match toward the phone booth, and said, as cuttingly as she knew how, "Now I really *am* disappointed in you."

With that, she walked out, thinking how small were all the claims in the Municipal Court. ##

"What's a 'motive'?"

Chorus girls are no longer chorus girls —now they are young ladies of the line

Hitting the Line

An Article by JAMES W. POLING

Mother wore tights once, and Father elaborately twirled his old handle-bar when the girls in the line moved onstage. Things are different today, and the old-time chorus girls have gone through show business evolution to become ladies, even as thine and mine

Under the expert guidance of Wally Wanger, hundreds of girls have learned how to kick, wiggle and strut for the greater edification of mankind—or, at least, for the edification of those who can afford the cover charge.

Wanger is the country's leading producer of chorus lines for night clubs. A Wanger-made girl generally gets a job, and since word to that effect has spread from coast to coast and even seeped into Canada and Mexico, he has a constant stream of new girls enrolling in his college for chorines.

The Wanger Chorus Institute—with campus located at Broadway and 53rd, New York City—is unusual among the country's institutions of higher learning. It is a pleasant and informal school, and no student is ever asked to die for dear old C. I. Instead, its nubile undergraduates are artfully trained in the technique of raising to a near-fatal point the blood pressure of those aged bucks whose main source of support is a ringside table in a local night club—a technique that the girls apply with malice aforethought and a carefully concealed contempt for their victims.

At the Institute, the prospective chorus girl undergoes a month's preliminary training. She is taught dancing—particularly those dances which most effectively animate her major areas of embonpoint, like basic ballet, time and boogie steps, and the rumba, samba, and *pasa dobla*. She also learns make-up, poise and charm, and hair styling (in today's market, the chorus girl doesn't exist who can't concoct an upswept hair-do that resembles the writhings of an amorous boa constrictor). In her course on charm, she is taught, among other arts of enticement, how to project audienceward the appealing, the ingenuous, and the sophisticated smile. Without revealing tuition free all the secrets of charm, it can be hinted that the sophisticated smile is achieved by unveiling only half of one's teeth. Since the school is interested in results alone, no time is wasted in explaining the reason for this phenomenon.

Dean Wanger, called by Walter Winchell "the Broadway show-girl factory tycoon," is a serious educator and trains his girls so thoroughly that he can guarantee jobs to most of them. The Dean's preoccupation with the progress of his girls stems, paradoxically, from the fact that he doesn't make a buck out of his academy. Mr. Wanger makes a buck—which he holds, incidentally, in very high regard—only when he places a girl in a night-club line.

Not that he is a ten-percenter. He is *not* an agent, and that fact is one of the two chief reasons why his young ladies hold him in such high esteem. He never puts his hand in a girl's pay envelope; his money comes from the service fees paid him by night-club owners throughout the country. At the end of their course, for which they pay a modest fee, the most promising of the girls are asked to sign a three-year contract with him, and the majority of them do so, for they are secure in the knowledge that if they don't work he doesn't eat.

The second reason why the girls love Wally is that they know him to be a double-chinned knight in shining armor, ready to fight at the drop of a G-string for the good name of the chorus girl. He takes a grim view of the slander that she is, as a type, subject to; and he stands ready to match her virtue against that of the season's crop of debutantes at any time. Among defenders of womankind in grease paint and tights, Wanger yields first place only to Walter Winchell.

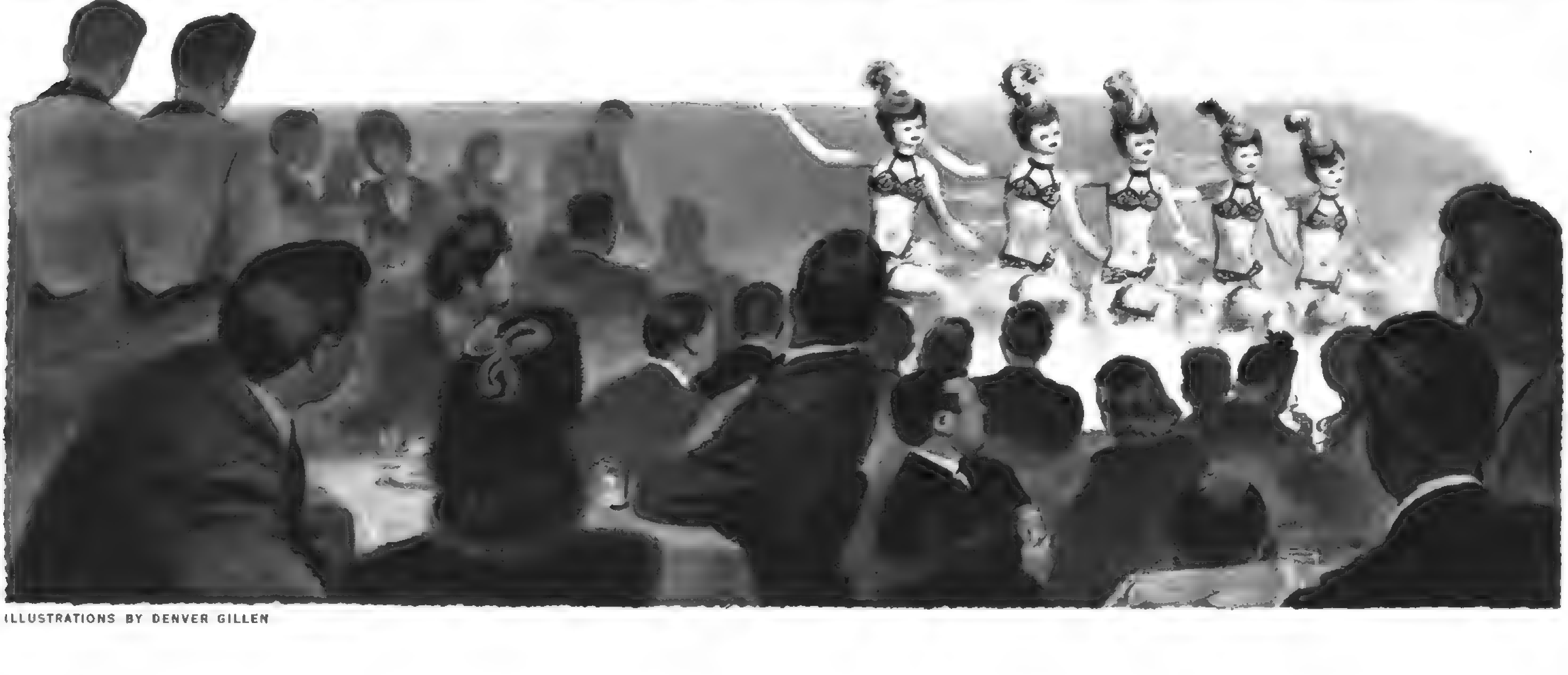
To say that Mr. Wanger has never made a pass at a chorus girl, though, would be to do him a grave injustice. Mrs. Wanger—blonde, quiet, reserved, and gorgeous—was at one time one of the Main Stem's leading chorines and she now occupies an important place at the Institute. She is a convincing and wholly charming argument in support of her husband's contention that there are no nicer girls than show girls. She got her mink coat after marriage, and it is safe to assume that during her maiden days her dancing slippers were never used as champagne goblets.

The founder of this remarkable school—a solemn and substantially built gentleman of thirty-eight—has spent most of his adult life with chorus girls. He was compelled to leave the University of Pennsylvania in his junior year because of a sudden ebb in his family's fortunes. Handsome, rugged, with wavy brown hair—Abe Burrows would call him the he-male-man type—he soon found work as a men's-wear-and-collar model. Time has not dimmed the luster of his hair, but any suit he could model today would have to come from the stylish-stout rack.

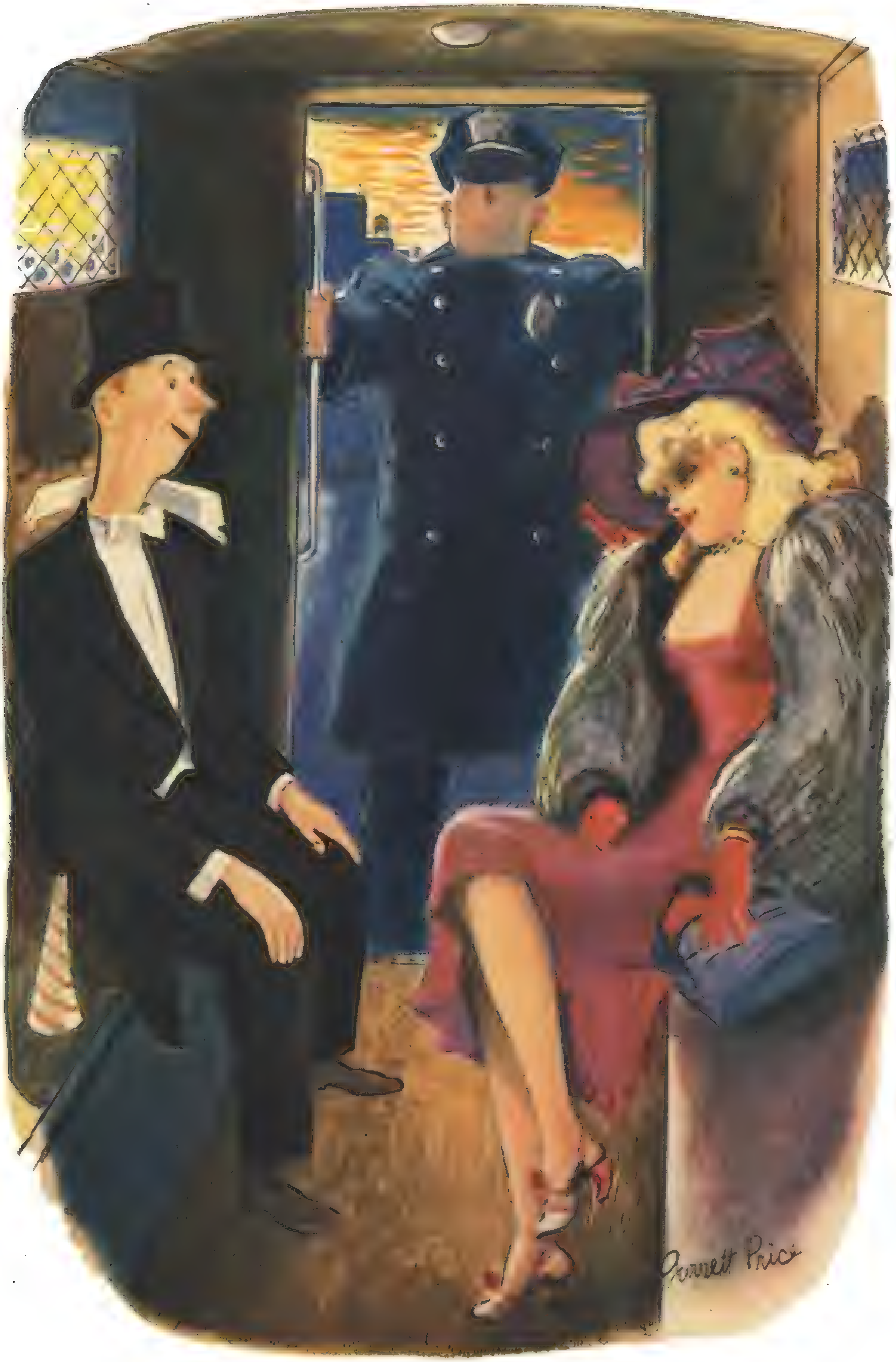
During his modeling days, he came in contact with one of Earl Carroll's show girls who thought she was a singer and knew she was a looker. In a reckless moment, she asked the inexperienced Wanger to act as her manager; and, to his own stunned amazement, on his first try he placed her in the Radio City Rainbow Room at a succulent salary. Crazed with success and scenting gold in them thar hillocks, Wanger abandoned men's wear for show business.

A year later, after having sampled the sleeping accommodations in Central Park on various occasions, he finally landed a job with a Broadway theatrical agency. Here he acquired background and professional know-how, and here it was that he eventually got his break. One day, while Wanger's boss was away on a business trip to Hollywood, an unwary night-club

(*Continued on page 95*)



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENVER GILLEN


Garrett Price

"I poked a cop—what did you do?"

My Comrade, Igor, and I

Wrestling, in the American manner, has more tricks to it than a half nelson, which these two romantic bodyguards discovered when they lost the same woman

A Story by

MEL MATISON

My comrade, Igor Nitkin, and I sit quietly on the divan doing our job, which is to watch over Second Assistant Vice Commissar Fedor Strensky. Across the room sits Miss Quigley, the Americanski stenographer, waiting to take from Strensky dictation, with a pad on her knee which is crossed showing two fine-shaped legs. But Strensky does not dictate. He walks back and forth tearing with one hand at his hair and with his other hand waving around a letter from Natasha Nikolnikov, his affianced.

"Delays!" Strensky cries. "More delays for Natasha to come here to America." He crunches the letter in his fist. Already three times this week he gets from Natasha letters, and each time it is the same upset. He stops now in front of Igor and me. "First, the visa, then the plane reservation, and now she writes that she is learning to speak English. Why does she not come to America and learn English here?"

In the large blue eyes of Miss Quigley comes a look of sadness for Strensky. "Don't worry, Commissar," she says in a voice of soothing. "Everything will be all right. English is easy to learn. Before you know it Natasha will be here."

Strensky pays no attention to the consolation of Miss Quigley. He begins again his walking back and forth. Already his loneliness for Natasha interferes with his work. He is sent to America to prepare statistics for presenting to the United Nations. He has work here to last six months, so the Kremlin hires for him a mansion on Long Island, sending along Igor and me as his bodyguards, and permitting him to hire a stenographer, which he does: Miss Quigley, who lives in the town. Strensky has all comforts except Natasha. He cables her the idea to come to America and they will marry. But Natasha does not hurry.

Strensky calms himself and stuffs Natasha's letter in his pocket. He begins again the dictation to Miss Quigley, and I look at her with such yearning, such admiration. That Miss Quigley tries to console Fedor Strensky gives me great pain. Strensky has Natasha. I have nothing, *nitchevo.*

Beside me, I hear a sigh from my comrade, Igor Nitkin. I look at him. He is looking at Miss Quigley, and on his face is a faraway expression. From our long partnership, serving together on many missions—in Siberia, in Rumania, in Bulgaria—I am able to understand what goes on inside of Comrade Nitkin like he is a book opened. It is so that he has the same understanding of me, and what makes our understanding of each other most easy is because nearly always we have the same ideas.

Yet this time I do not like for us to have the same idea. It is necessary for me to have a talk with Comrade Nitkin. I tap on his shoulder. He looks at me and I jerk my head toward the door. I stand up and tiptoe out and Igor follows. I feel it is safe to leave Strensky unguarded in the study. It is safe, too, to leave Miss Quigley unguarded with Strensky. His mind is only on Natasha Nikolnikov, and in between times on work.

In the hall I say to Igor, "It is such a beautiful day, and Comrade Strensky will dictate all morning. He does not need us. Come, let us walk around the grounds of the estate."

"A fine idea," Igor says. "I have been thinking the same thoughts."

We go outside. It is a lukewarm day in September with a cool breeze blowing up leaves which are brown and gold and a few still green all over the grounds. Side by side we walk, and for a while there is nothing said. We reach a marble bench beside the fountain in the middle of the grounds. The fountain spouts water, and birds lean over to drink. As though we are with one idea, we sit.

The first question I ask Igor is to find out if his thoughts are the same as mine from the beginning. "Here in America there is much luxury, yes, Comrade?"

"Yes."

"Such comfort—one in a bed, one in a room, and even one in a bath."

"America, it's wonderful, Boris. I will not be happy to leave."

For a few minutes no more is said. We watch a squirrel running up and down a tree. Below us, near the iron gate, Mr. Gilligan, the gardener, pushes a lawn mower, cutting such rich, green grass. It smells all the way back to us.

"When Second Assistant Vice Commissar Strensky finishes his statistics, we must leave America," I say.

Igor shakes his head up and down, also rubbing his chin. "Bodyguards," he says with unhappiness. "Always we will be bodyguards. It is not a bright future."

"In America," I say softly, "we can perhaps have a bright future."

"That is what I am also thinking, Comrade Bogoloff."

Between us again there is no talk, only thinking, and if Igor is thinking the same as I am, it is not pleasing to me.

"To stay in America and have a future," I say, "it is necessary to be a citizen." I make sounds of clearing my throat. "To be a citizen, it is necessary to marry an Americanski girl. Then, we are Americans, we stay here, we have a future."

"You speak what I am thinking, Boris."

It is not the cool breeze that makes me shiver. It is because if Igor so far thinks the same with me, he will be also the same on the balance. "Igor," I say sighing, "have you noticed how Miss Quigley tries to console Comrade Strensky because of his loneliness for Natasha?"

"I have noticed."

"Miss Quigley is a sensitive girl who consoles such people who need it."

Igor shakes his head up and down. "It is sad that she wastes her consolation on Comrade Strensky. It could go elsewhere much better."

I look into the eyes of Igor and he looks into mine, and it is not necessary to say more. My good comrade, my best comrade, Igor Nitkin. Again we are agreeing as always, and this time it is not good. The silence between us lasts a long time and it is painful. Then we return to the house and go upstairs, back to the study of Strensky. The dictation still goes on, and Igor and I sit again on the divan. We watch each other watching Miss Quigley. Soon Comrade Strensky stops. He stands from the chair, putting his hands (*Continued on page 96*)

"I know, I know . . . they're from your old outfit!"

Dash to Bermuda

Ocean-going yachts race the 635 miles of open sea from N. Y. to the "Onion Patch"

Shakedown races like this, Storm Trysail off Larchmont, work out the winter kinks

A sleek hull insures a faster run. Racers are spruced up before taking the water

The deck of the racers are kept clear to insure against fouled lines and accidents

Months of preparation lead up to the thrilling moment when they're under way

Their constant practice shows when the crew hops to and trims the light sails

400 miles offshore in the North Atlantic, usually busy crew members take a break

After 635 miles of open sea, dusk off Bermuda is a pretty sight and a welcome one

Tender loaded with guests rides out in Hamilton Harbor to greet winning crew

After shipboard life, crew can appreciate comfort of Pink Beach house in Bermuda

It is the landlubber's fate to take a lot of guff and deep-sea lingo from anyone with the price of a yachting cap and a catboat, even if the thing is so small he can't even keep his feet inboard when the boom swings. But the skippers of the New York to Bermuda run—635 miles of calms, squalls, and tricky currents winding up in the calm harbor of "The Onion Patch"—have earned their stripes in any company. It's a rugged trip. The winner can sip a julep at the Coral Beach Club knowing he has come in with an A-plus. Thirty-six boats got under way in last June's race, 16th in the series. Three days, 15 hours, 10 minutes later, the yawl Baruna, skippered by Stillman Taylor, son of its New York owner, ran across the finish line off St. David's Head, having sailed through everything from a 40-knot squall to an 8-hour calm. The prize for a year's planning and a month of hard work: the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club trophy. Greatest honor of all: the satisfaction a salt-water racer feels when he's beaten the ocean and rival skippers.

Kenyon speed indicator is checked. Binnacle covers magnetic steering compass

Furling mainsail after trial race. By now, the skipper knows what his craft can do

Mainsail is raised and the boat trimmed to bring her on line for the starting gun

The navigator clambers up to take a noon meridian altitude to fix his position

Wind is right, sails are trimmed and the ship slams along through the Gulf Stream

It's close to the end of the race and the light stuff is flying on a spinnaker run

Lunch is leisurely at Coral Beach Club and the fare more varied than a galley's

There's fun on Pink Beach, too, with no worries about failing wind, fouled lines

A sight that makes the work worth-while: sails and sunset in the North Atlantic

KODACHROMES BY EVELETH

For the Sake of the Sport

Read dollar for drachma, pigskin for cestus and you will find that the "Greeks" in this satire more than had a word for it: they had all the angles bisected

A Sports Article by

EDDIE FINLAY

SOME years back—a couple of dozen centuries, in fact—the young men of Greece used to compete happily against one another in athletic events; they would leap, run, and bust one another in the beak for the honor of wearing olive wreaths and the thrill of being admired by the little boys and big girls of the neighborhood. The lads from one city would meet the lads from another city in spirited but friendly contests, and everything was lovely. The losers would congratulate the winners, who would be becomingly modest; there were no gate receipts, and up on high Olympus the gods were pleased and smiled benignly.

The climax of the athletic season came with the Olympic games, at which the champions of all Greece would be crowned, and the lads were happier about winning an olive wreath than a Piraeus merchant would have been over cornering the wheat supply from Syracuse.

Then, one day, a smart cookie in Olympia got the bright idea that the populace might be willing to shell out a few drachmas to see the lads perform. He sold his plan to the city fathers, and at the next games the Olympian fans were met at the gate by ticket sellers. A few letters to the editor deplored the situation, but on the whole things went off smoothly. The audience was given cushions on which to sit and horns with which to boo the officials, and an all-girl band played between events. So everyone was satisfied—particularly the smart cookie who originated the plan.

Up in Argos, another smart cookie, seeing how things were going in Olympia, formed a corporation, gave some stock to the city fathers, and proceeded to put his city's sports on a paying basis. In no time at all, the idea spread all over the Peloponnesus.

The Greeks soon discovered that a hard-boiled coach was a little more efficient than a hard-praying city priest. Uniforms were designed, programs prepared, soft-drink concessions leased, and press agents hired. Then, one day, a boy from Delphi came up to visit relatives in Olympia and the Olympian coach found out that the Delphian boy could run faster, jump higher, and hit harder than any lad in the Olympian lineup. So the Delphian visitor, named Sokoles, was offered the job of dusting off the sundial in one of the Olympian temples.

Sokoles, being short of cabbage and tired of olives, agreed; and in the next games with Delphi he won everything but the hop, skip, and jump for girls under sixteen.

The Delphians, unhappy over the deal, sent a scouting expedition into the Thracian mountains, where the lads were rough and rugged. The expedition returned with a husky young barbarian named Stanislaus Plokowski. He was given a job as supervisor in charge of feeding Delphi's sacred pigeons (two premed students did the actual work). He was also given an apartment, a convertible streamlined chariot with a four-tone horn, and an unlimited charge account at the Toga Toggery.

At the next games, Plokowski not only outran and outjumped Sokoles, the transplanted pride of Olympia, but knocked him colder than an umpire's heart in the cestus finals.

Plokowski might then have lived a long, happy, and honored life; but, just before the next games, one of the Olympians had a happy idea. He imported a gorilla from Africa, faked a birth certificate, and entered him in the wrestling competition. Soon afterward, a monument was erected to the late Stanislaus Plokowski and feeling became rather bitter.

"And the easy part of it is that once you leave here the whole thing is out of your hands"

At last some of the more public-spirited citizens of cities whose teams had been finishing far down in the second division and, incidentally, not pulling much at the gate, called a meeting. These citizens declared that too much emphasis was being put on sports and they appointed a committee to abolish all subsidization and to set eligibility rules. The keynote address at the meeting was made by a man from Corinth. In concluding what he had to say, he shouted in impassioned tones, "If dear old Corinth U., the school I love, ever paid one drachma to any athlete, I hope that Jove will strike me dead!"

High up on Olympus, Jove yawned, reached for a thunderbolt, and said rather apologetically to the blonde at his side, "Well, he asked for it."

The delegates hurried home and had lightning rods installed on their houses. Things went from bad to worse in the athletic world. Higher and higher "scholarships" were given to athletes, and carrier pigeons carried the latest betting odds to the remotest corners of the land.

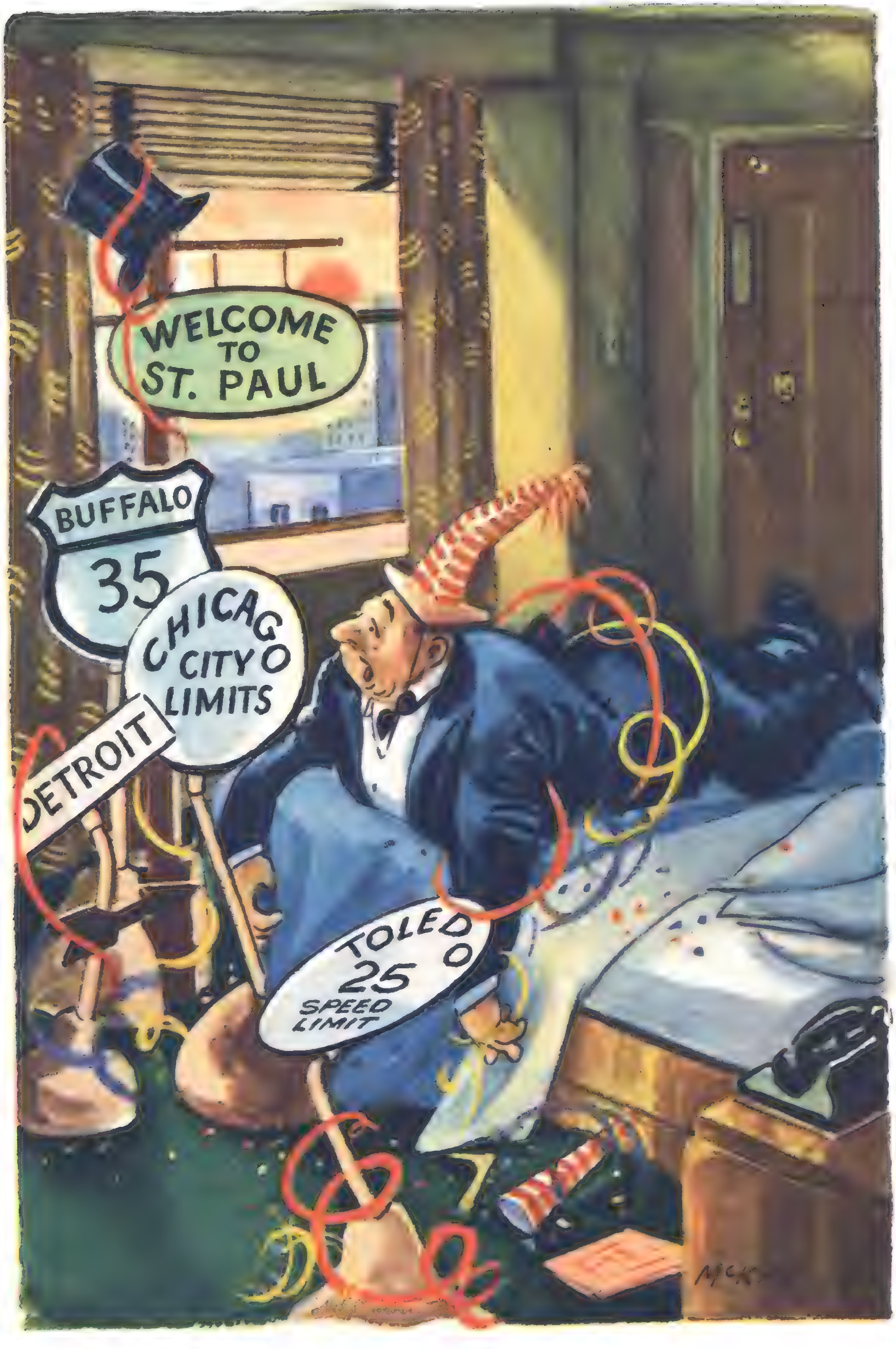
Finally, the priests of Apollo called a meeting. The gods weren't getting their usual tribute since citizens and housewives wagered the rent and grocery money on their favorites; and so the priests were beginning to worry. A delegation was elected to consult the Delphic oracle. It came back with this report: "The oracle says there is one solution, and only one. Namely, allow the people to see the games without making them pay for the privilege!"

That seemed simple, and the happy priests began spreading the word throughout the land, saying that it would mean the return of the good old days of athletic purity. They found, however, that no one wanted the good old days. Stadium owners said they would be ruined, athletes feared they'd have to go to work, and gamblers quoted figures to show how much money they paid in taxes. Naturally, no one thought of consulting the populace, but the populace hadn't been complaining so everyone thought it was pleased with conditions as they were.

So the priests held another meeting and after considerable discussion adopted a fine-sounding program that would go into effect at some undesignated date. The populace kept putting out its money and the stadium owners and gamblers kept taking it in. The athletes continued to do very well for themselves and everyone was happy—including the priests.

For the surprise of the next season was the Parthenon Panthers, a priestly team that knocked over everything in the league and ignored insinuations that some of the so-called priests couldn't even sacrifice a lamb or mumble an incantation.

Maybe you've heard this story before. It's not a new one. ⁂


WELCOME TO ST. PAUL
BUFFALO
35
CHICAGO CITY LIMITS
DETROIT
TOLEDO
25
SPEED LIMIT
McK

"Imposshible!"

Uncle Bud's Bloodhound

A Story by
JOHN WATSON

Guy knew, naturally, being the father, there was one Oscar and one Clara—that is, he kind of thought there was—or maybe it was two Oscars, or two Claras. Almost anything can happen when a couple of twins chance to get mixed up

I GUESS Guy Burleson had reached the point where he wasn't surprised at anything. If you have got a railroad runnin within a few feet of your house and a passenger train comes blastin down through the front yard ever mornin at four a.m., pretty soon you accept the fact that one of your ancestors must of done something low-down and sinful and Godamighty is takin it out on you.

The first Guy knowed anything about this particular piece of punishment was two o'clock in the mornin when Ella ris up in the bed and punched him in the ribs and said, "Guy, git up." So he jumped out of bed and fell over a chair and grabbed the shotgun down off of the deer horns and said, "Where? What is it?"

"Be quiet," Ella said. "You'll wake them up again."

He could tell by her tone of voice that it wasn't nothin serious the matter. So he laid the shotgun down and felt his way back over to the bed and sat down. "What is it?" he said.

Ella said, "I don't know. It's something wrong with the twins."

"Sho now," Guy said. "It don't stand to reason. They're both asleep. They're dead to the world. What more do you want?"

Ella said, "When we got home from the housewarmin and brought the babies on in and put them to bed, I never noticed nothin wrong. And then you took Uncle Bud back in the shed-room and showed him where he and that houn'-dog could sleep and then pretty soon you went to bed too. So it couldn't of been neither one of y'all that done it."

"Done what?" Guy said. "What has somebody done?"

And Ella said, "I don't know. But just about the time I got ready to go to bed, one of them started cryin and I went and put some dry britches on it, and it was Clara. So I hadn't no more'n turned around good and got ready to blow the light out till Oscar started cryin and I went over there to change him."

"Foot," Guy said. "That happens ever night."

"But it wasn't Oscar," Ella said. "It was Clara again."

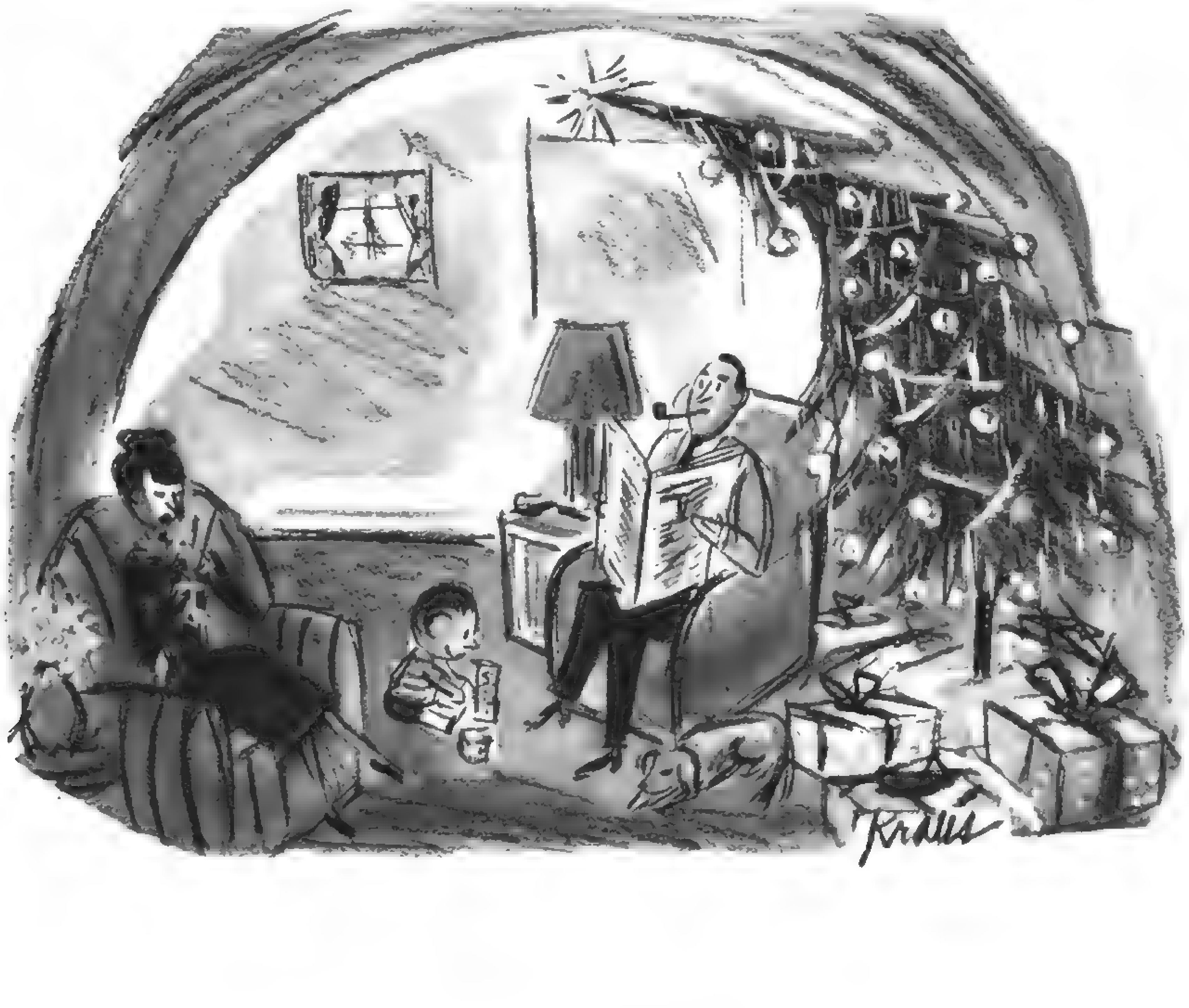
"All right," Guy said. "It's something the matter with Oscar then. So we can wake him up and take him to the bathroom, and then we can come on back and git a little nap of sleep before that four a.m. passenger train knocks us out of bed again."

"So I fixed off to bed," Ella said, "but I never went to sleep, till all of a sudden I knowed what it was. Clara and Oscar had done swapped places while my back was turned."

Then Ella got up and struck a match and lit the lamp and made Guy hold it while she went over and looked. And sho 'nough, it was two Claras there and it wasn't nary a Oscar.

"Somebody played a trick on us at the housewarmin," Guy said. "They taken Oscar out of the wagon and put some other chap in his place." And then he stopped lacin up his shoe and looked at Ella. "You know which one of them two is Clara?"

And Ella said, "Yes. Clara has got the pink ribbons in her dress. But this other baby has got Oscar's clothes on. How you reckon that such a thing done happened?"



"Some sleazy son-of-a-bitch had little enough to do," Guy said. "Even changed the dresses."

"That odd one looks like Jenny Jenkins' little baby girl," Ella said. "You better wake up Uncle Bud, and you and him hitch up the mules and take it over there. He can hold the baby. Anyhow, I wouldn't doubt but what Uncle Bud done it. I wouldn't put it past him, just pardoned out of the penitentiary and he couldn't wait to git into some more devilment."

"He's your kinfolks," Guy said. "He ain't none of mine."

"It was his fault anyhow," Ella said. "Comin in on that cattle train and havin it stop right there in George Bilers' front yard when he knowed they was givin a housewarmin. Havin that engine snortin around and the bell ringin and all them steers bawlin and wakin up the babies out there in them wagons. He ought to be shot."

So Guy went on in the shed-room and woke up Uncle Bud, and he got up and pushed Jim Ferguson—that was the houn'-dog—off of his clothes and put on that blue shirt and them old faded overalls. He put his shoes on and stood there battin his eyes at the lantern Guy was holdin up, because he hadn't got woke up good yet. "What in the name of sweet smilin Jesus you doin cavortin around in the middle of the night?" Uncle Bud said.

And Guy said, "I'll have to tell you later. We ain't got time now. Just git your dog and come on." So Uncle Bud picked up Jim Ferguson and slung him across his right shoulder because he still had the homemade splint on his left hind leg where he had got run over, and Uncle Bud didn't want to make him walk too much. And about that time Ella brought the odd baby in all wropped up in a blanket and set it down in the crook of Uncle Bud's left arm. "You better not hurt that baby," she said. "Now git."

They went on out to the lot and Uncle Bud put that old flop-eared hound in the wagon while Guy harnessed the mules and they clum in and set down and drove out the gate with the team in trot. Guy had the lantern on one knee, and Uncle Bud had the baby kinda settin up on his stomach like, because he was a bachelor and he hadn't never held one in all the fifty-four years of his life. "Guy," Uncle Bud said, "I'd be obliged if you'd cut me a chew of tobacco and put it in my mouth. I've got my hands sort of full and I'm afred to turn loose."

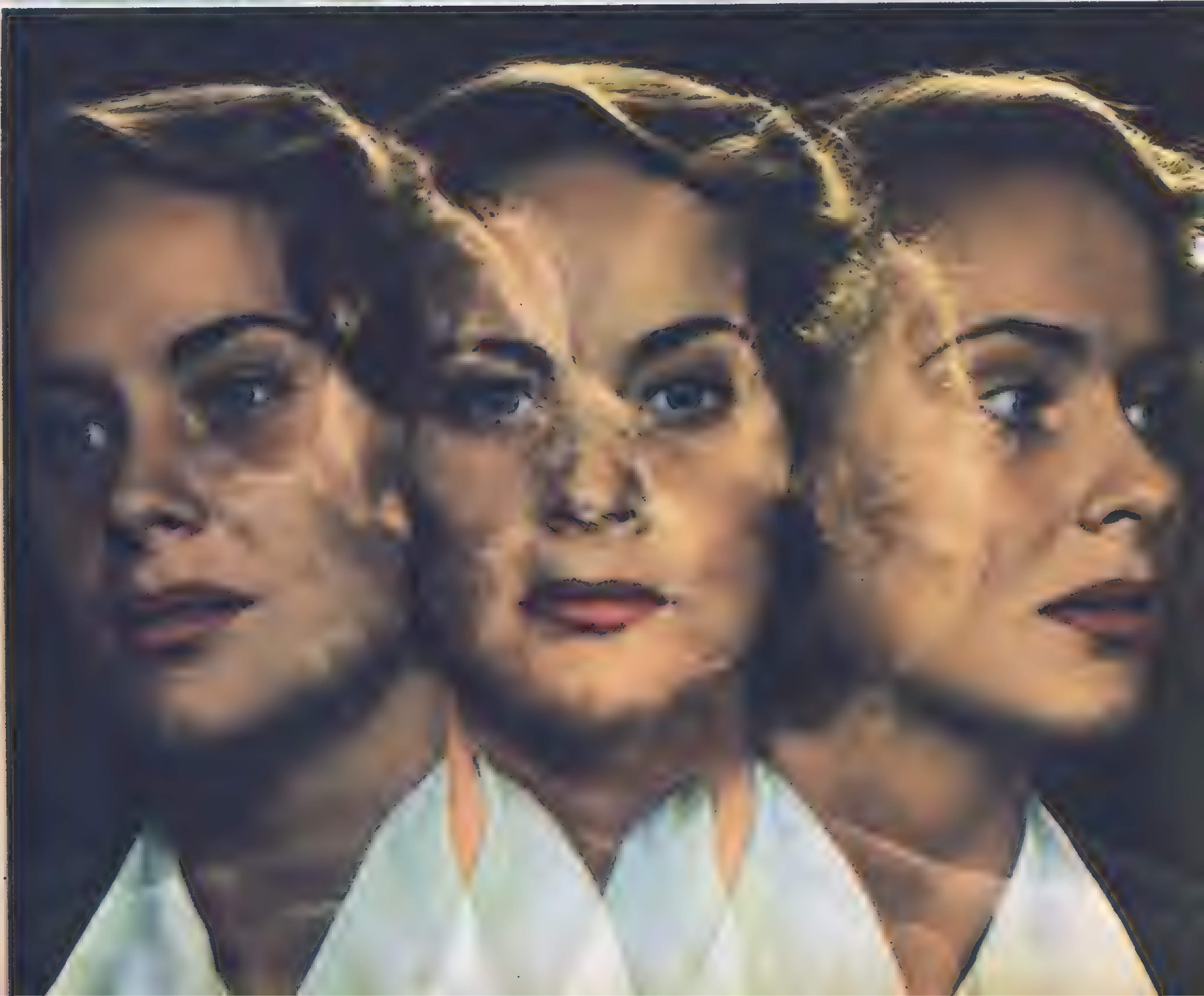
So Guy took out his pocketknife and his plug of Brown Mule and cut a sizable hunk and poked (*Continued on page 139*)

Ave Atque Valli

She walks in beauty and on the Selznick lot. Men of America have a case on Mrs. Paradine

VALLI, to begin with the subject, is the rarely lovely actress pictured here, and never were words so superfluous as these. To stick to the facts, her first name is Alida, which you'll never learn by going to the movies, and she has starred in thirty-four feature films in Italy, that home of classic beauty. In a pleasantly unspectacular mood, her studio advises that she was born in 1921, is married, and has a small son. A few chaste statistics: Valli is five feet four, and weighs 114 pounds. Her record states that she has won a European award which is the equivalent of our Oscars, but her acting ability seems immaterial for the moment. Mr. David O. Selznick, a bright-eyed gentleman of obvious taste, who had previously introduced Ingrid Bergman and Vivien Leigh to the United States, brought Valli here, and well he did, in our humble opinion. Her warm and womanly presence is a refreshing contrast to the ice-cream-cone-and-apple-on-a-stick effect created by too many Hollywood "beauties" and we challenge all comers to the test suggested by the multiple exposure below in which her full face and two well-nigh perfect profiles show her as that rare and wonderful creature, photogenic from all angles. ⌗

KODACHROMES BY JOHN MIEHLE



Let's Cook It on the Piano

Presenting the greatest boon to the barbeque enthusiast since sirloin steak was invented: the indoor-outdoor all-electric Barbeque Rotisserie

An Article by

HORACE McCOY

THIS is how it was, this is how it always was: everybody was having a wonderful time except the hosts, the two guys working at the barbeque—the Dietrichs, Ralph and Frank. Little breezes, fitful little gusts of wind were again raising hell with their cooking, erupting smoke and swirling it and stinging their eyes with the flashes of burning grease while they poked at the meat half-blinded, trying to turn it. Yes, this was a fine and willing night and everybody was waiting and drooling—but not they. They were unhappy. They were tired of going through this every time they had people in for a barbeque; they were tired of having their alfresco living loused up by those little breezes.

You get those breezes in the long lazy twilights of the Southern California summer—short, sharp puffs that bring the smell of orange blossoms and sway the tall-stemmed flowers and riffle the leaves of the English walnut tree (the San Fernando Valley is full of English walnut trees, and when the leaves of the English walnut riffle it is something to see, like the aspen in the Arizona Kaibab or the turning of sheets of music); and you sit there in the patio in the crawling gloom watching this, relaxing, a well-made drink in your hand, listening to the warm laughter of nice happy people, thinking how fine it all is and wondering where this kind of a life has been all your life.

But there was nothing aesthetic about this to the Dietrichs fighting the smoke at the barbeque, trying to tell whether the meat was done. They were hipped on barbequed food. They loved to eat it and equally well they loved to prepare it, and almost every night they had friends in, one or two or three or four or more, who watched them as they went through the ritual of preparation. These Dietrich brothers were *aficionados* and you know how *aficionados* are, be it bullfighting or barbequing—they had trimming knives and boning knives and beef knives and oak meat blocks and herbs and condiments, all in ancient containers, the woods of which were fine-grained and dark from usage (like good salad bowls or fine briar pipes, pieces of furniture, actually, and pretty exciting just to look at). They roasted beef and lamb and pork and they rigged up a very special kind of meat spit for Shish-ka-babs and game birds (they painted the birds with Cointreau and Curaçao or another liqueur and maple sugar, and marinated the ka-babs in old port with a dash of kümmel).

But all the time it was the same old story—the drippings would fall onto the charcoal embers and there would be flame and smoke and the Dietrichs would whisk at the flames with special water-soaked brushes, and puffs of white steam would rise, while the onlookers retreated to the comfort of the indoor bar.

When the meat was finally done and served, it tasted fine, but the Dietrichs were always vaguely unhappy about the whole thing. Oh, sure, they said, it tastes fine, but it's a primitive procedure: you put the stuff over an open fire and roast it. It was too messy and too much of a production; you had to build the fire long in advance—and then all you got was glowing embers, which meant that the heat already wasted would have powered a ten-ton truck. Another thing—you only used a barbeque when you were having people in; it was just too much trouble to go through all the preparation just for a guy and his wife, no matter how much they liked roasted food. A barbeque was an outdoor affair, strictly a man's work; but the more they thought about this the more they wondered why it should be. Why not devise a barbeque that was odorless and smokeless, that could be used inside away from the twilight breezes, that could be used on the bar or the buffet or even on the piano? Why not?

Well, that meant that charcoal was out—a revolutionary concept in barbequing, but they felt that the so-called "charcoal taste" was merely the taste of burned fat anyway, and that this would be no loss. Indeed, they thought that everybody would be better off without it. But with charcoal out, where was the heat coming from?

Gas? This idea was soon discarded because the use of gas would necessitate installing flue and pipes and this was impractical for mobility. That left electricity. At this stage of theorizing about a new barbeque, they had only one fixed idea: the heat had to come from overhead to eliminate possible contact with the drippings. That had always been the trouble with barbeques—the meat drippings in the embers. To prevent this, the heat had to be on top. They experimented and found out that the average electric heating units were not satisfactory. They wanted an element that would never burn out, one that would withstand water or grease, one that would give a good mahogany crust to a fine Virginia ham. It should not be an expedient; it should be an improvement.

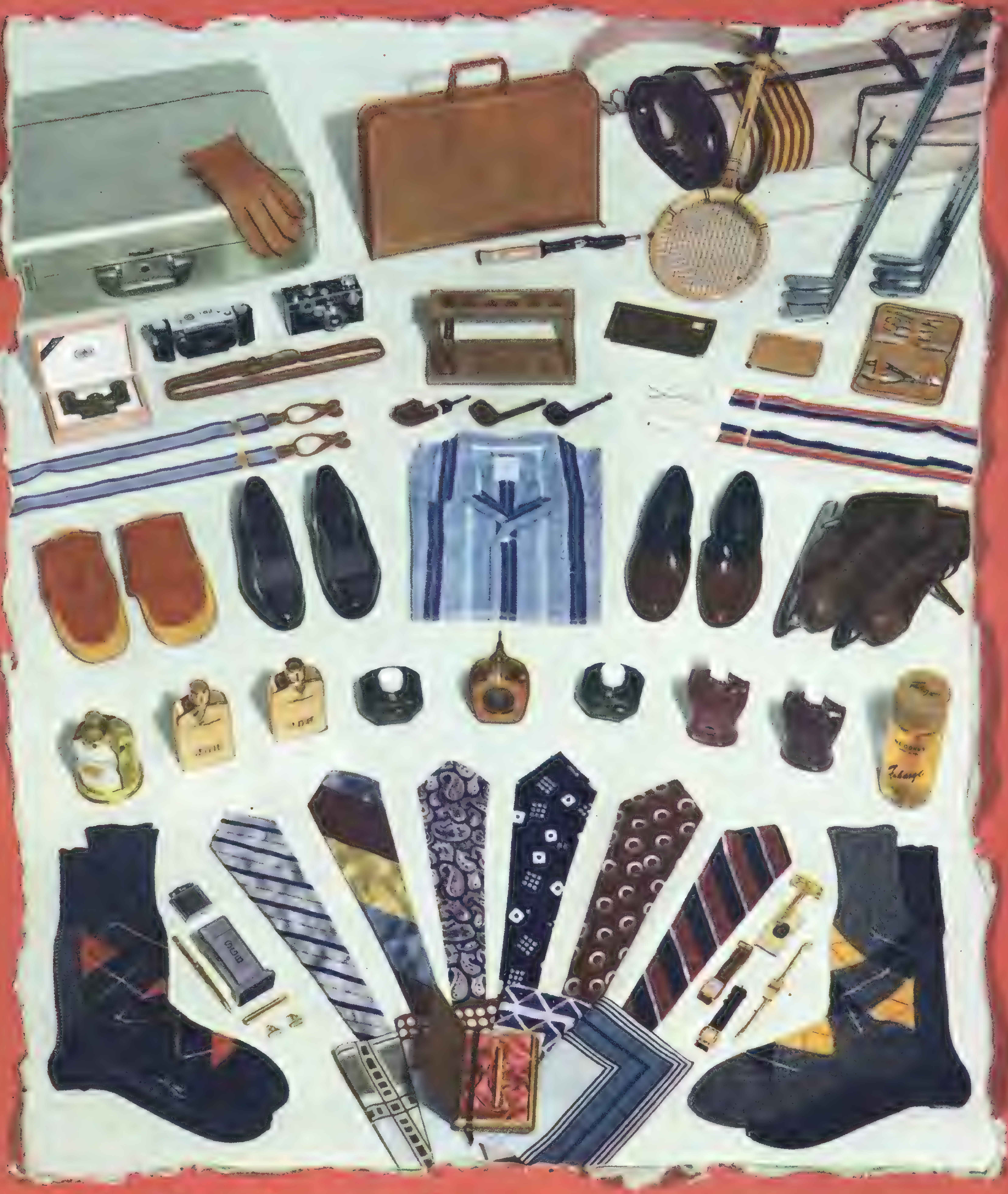
There were nights of short circuits, blown fuses, and burnt fingers; and then Frank Dietrich thought of the resistance elements used in laboratory and industrial electrical furnaces—elements that maintain uniform temperature and are completely foolproof. These are Carborundum rods, which have the peculiar and exclusive feature of delivering an intense and even heat—roasting heat—limited only by the size of the rod and the capacity of the house fuse. Now the brothers began a series of actual cooking experiments, some of them under the most adverse conditions, but the efficiency of the Carborundum rod never deviated. Roasting from above, which precluded contact with the drippings, it cooked meat and fowl more perfectly than anything they had ever known, and at the same time they discovered the meat and fowl had a completely different taste. It was subtle and piquant, and they soon learned that this was truly the authentic flavor of roasted meat.

There was no doubt about it now—the rod was the key they had been looking for. But before it could be made practical there were engineering problems to overcome. In order for the barbeque to function, a special rod has to be designed—one that would get hot enough to cook, but not hot enough to blow a fuse every time it was plugged in. After several weeks of trial and error, the design for the rod was worked out, and within another few weeks the Carborundum Company had built it and sent it to them.

Now all the Dietrichs had to do was to build a barbeque around the rod, but they wanted the design to be different from anything on the market. They finally decided to make it of stainless steel, inside and out, and completely insulated so the heat would be kept within the unit. It was to have heatproof glass doors, and it must be light enough so that a woman could move it around and op-

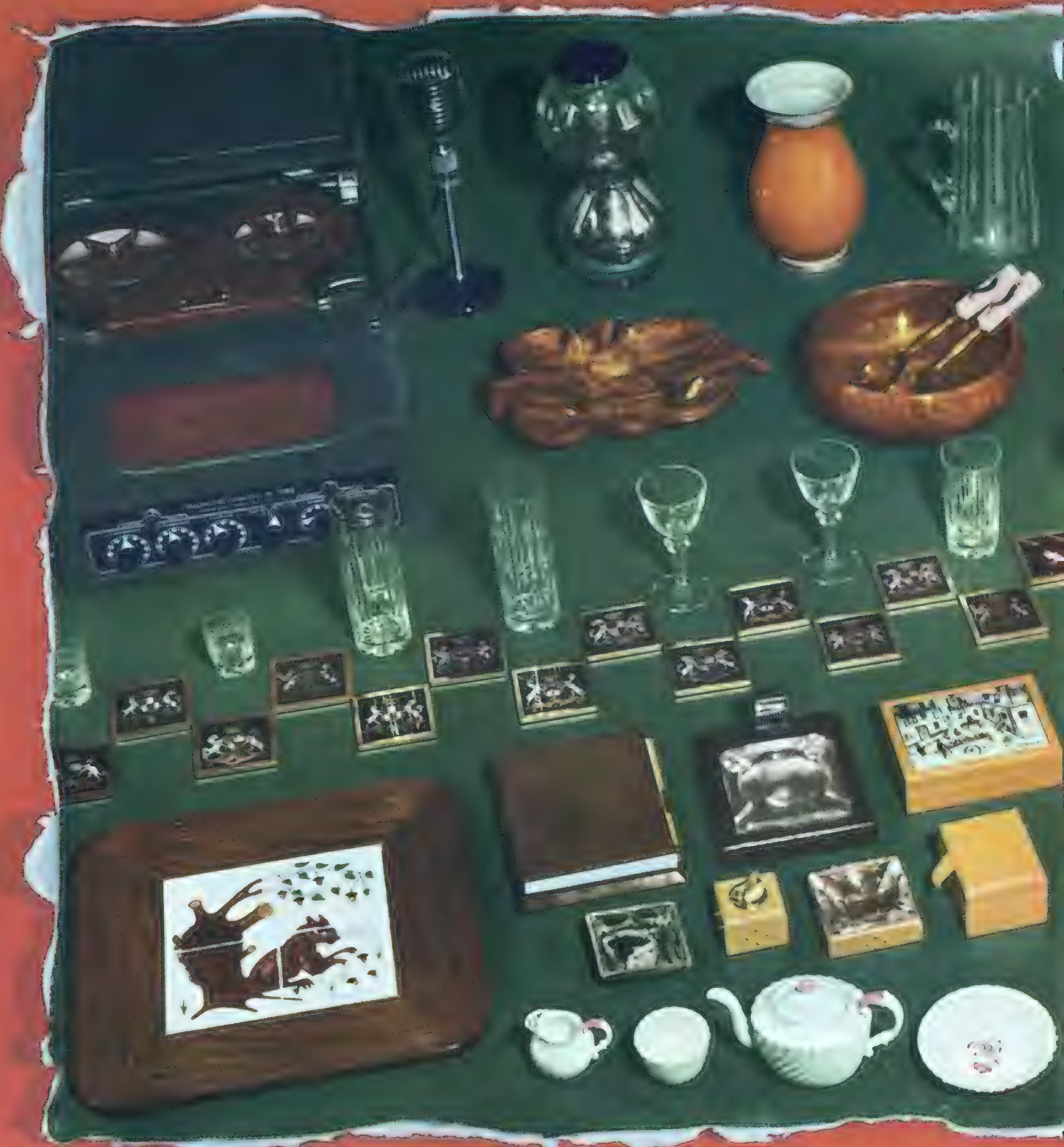
(*Continued on page 128*)

"Why be so upset? The Herald-Journal said it was one of the most successful debuts of the season!"



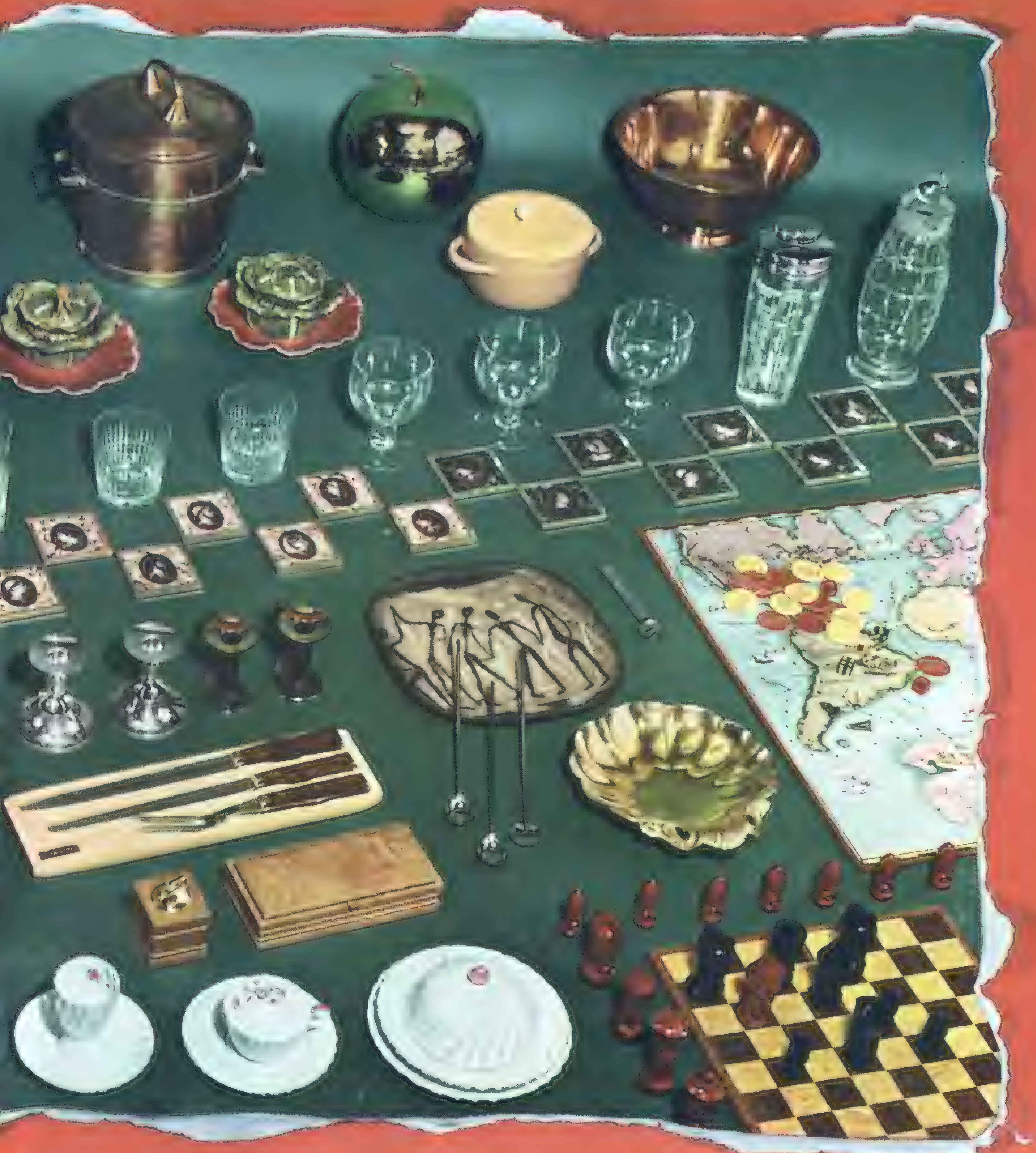
Gifts—last but not late

Although shopping early is an annual New Year's resolution most of us modern males take a last-minute look. To help, Esquire presents four pages of give-easy gifts for a good guy. Begin with the flight-weight aluminum bag, pigskin gloves and briefcase, swing into sport with the golfers' gear, squash racquet and fishing rod. For sitting on sidelines there are binoculars and cameras. A belt or braces, pipes or rack are as welcome as the luxurious leather wallet with inset watch in the corner, the zip-up billfold or case with everything for the well-manicured look. Swing back to the slipper socks, patent-leather pumps, pajamas with bright, bold stripes, slippers and something for a good skate. Lined up for shaving is a smart line of toiletries. Between the socks and ties are two sure-fire lighters, a multi-colored pencil, matching cuff links and tie clasp, watches, and bracelet to identify the man. On the handkerchiefs, the pockette pen is a golden gift—and 14 karat!



For parlor, bedroom and hearth

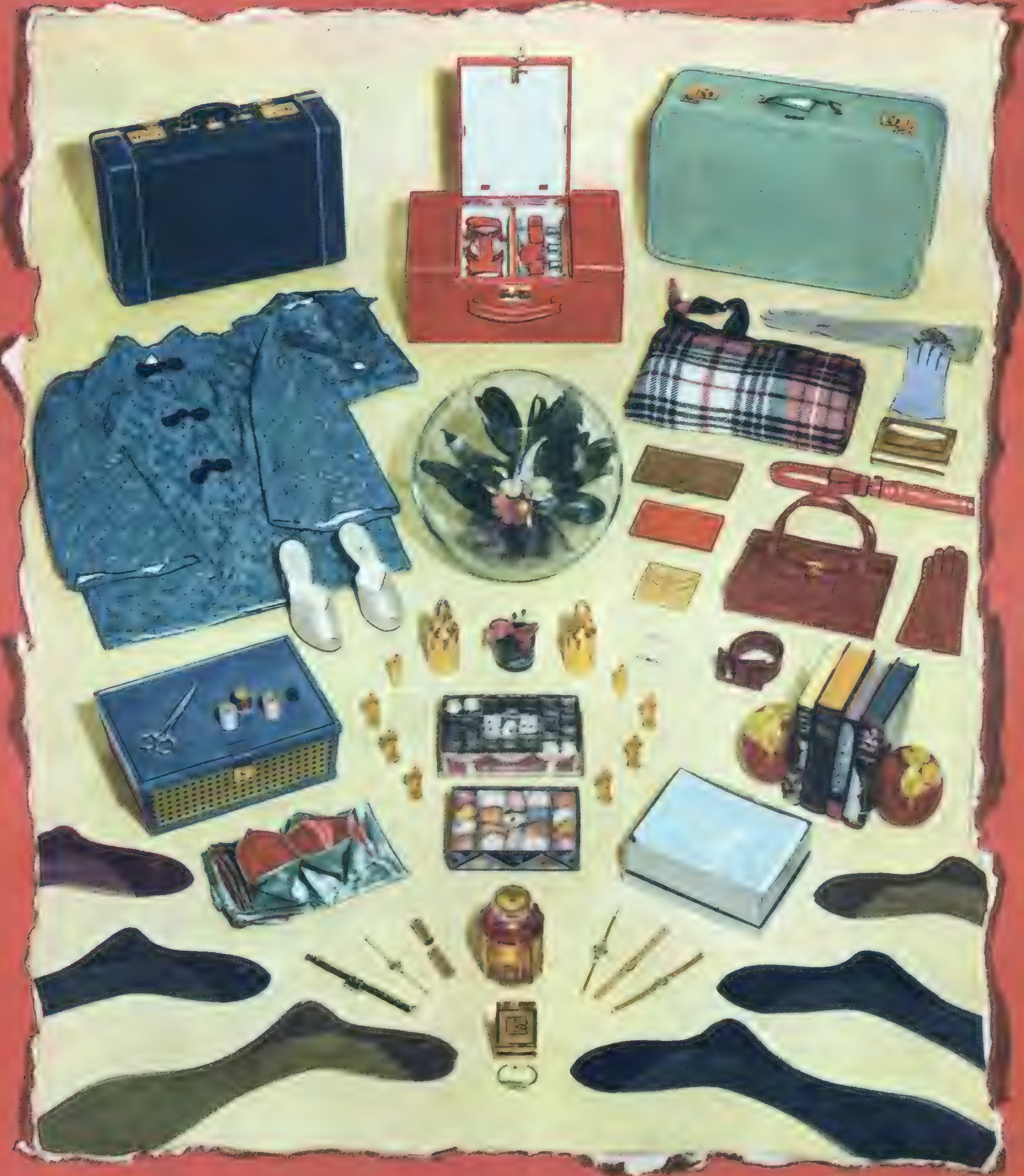
You can go on record with an evening of music and fun by giving a tape recorder which puts two hours of radio or record playing on a single reel. On tape, sweet sounds, Fred Allen, or the morning breakfast conversation can be permanently preserved or, when weary, readily erased. Speaking of breakfast there is an electric coffee maker for the table and (at the bottom of the page) a set for breakfasting in bed. On top and toward the right is a ceramic vase and a glass pitcher. Next to a massive copper ice bucket is another which will polish the apple for anyone. Returning left from the copper bowl is a sleek-lined casserole and two more like cabbages. Don't overlook the wooden salad bowl or the fruit dish which doubles for hors d'oeuvres. For tippling for two are a variety of glasses: whiskey, collins, martini, highball, old fashioned, and hollow-stemmed beer—with an extra beer glass for the uninvited guest. At the end of the line



are two shakers—one with a recipe guide on the side. Check the checkered line of coasters for a design that interests your eye.

The unwise squirrel is storing his acorns on a wood and tile tray intended for cheese. For jotting dating data is the leather secretary with handy pencil on the side and for the smoker, an assortment of ashtrays, lighters and cigarette boxes. Candlesticks cast a romantic flicker over a roast that is carved with the hollow-ground set below them. For good mixing in any company are the three silver mixing spoons and for company the oversize ashtrays. The dancing figures on the first will set a hostess dancing and the hand-polished brass dish can also be used for candy or cookies. Be sure you don't overlook the handsome and hefty combination bottle opener and ice crusher in stainless steel. The treasure-hunt game is good for a group while for a new gambit in game-giving there is a streamlined set of chess.

KODACHROMES BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS



To make a marvelous miss marvel

Here's sugar and spice and everything nice for the ladies, with the heart of the page, two boxes of sweets surrounded by scents, two gold-cased lipsticks, and an orchid to bowl over a sweetheart. For traveling are the blue bag at the left, an overnighter with fitted case in the cover and the light, green grip. Swinging south, the plaid blanket rolls up as a shoulder bag or, opened, keeps your gal's gams warm. Also to keep her warm are the gloves—afternoon and evening. Under the plastic ashtray are a matched alligator umbrella, bag, gloves and belt; passport case; billfold; and coin purse. Below the latter is a silver memo pad and pencil. The bookends hold good reading and she will need the notepaper to thank you enough for one of the watches or clock. The stockings fit in the satin stocking kit and although she may not give a darn for the sewing basket she'll probably need it. The quilted jacket-robe, matching pajamas, and mules will happily end her day.

For answers to all gift queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N Y 17, N Y

Want a Drink? See Your Lawyer!

There are more laws about when to drink and when not to drink than there are bottles on the shelf, and it adds to the enjoyment to know that your elbow bending is legal

An Article by

PAUL KEARNEY

SOME friends of mine, up in Maine for a spell of hunting, made an overnight stop at a small cabin just outside a town. They whiled away the evening at the local movies and had started to walk back to the cabin when one of the fellows stepped in a chuckhole in the dark and wrenched his knee.

At the cabin, they tried rubbing the knee and applying hot compresses, but my friend was in a good deal of pain. "Gosh, I'll never get any sleep tonight," he said. "I sure wish we'd brought a bottle with us. A couple of drinks might help."

Sadly enough, there wasn't a drink in the crowd. It was after midnight, but one of the boys went back to town to see if he couldn't stir up something. As luck would have it, the first soul he met was the local policeman, so the Good Samaritan asked for advice.

"Well," said the cop, "I think I can help you out. It's after hours, so you couldn't buy anything at the package store even if I woke the proprietor. But you can go to the hotel and register for a room—it'll only cost you a buck. Then go up to your room, call Room Service and they'll get you anything you want."

It was situations like that, perhaps, that once prompted the famous Irish orator, Edmund Burke, to remark: "Alas, the incertitude of the law!" But Burke's plaintive observation was made back in 1775 or thereabouts; if he were able to travel in America today, he would see a really outlandish conglomeration of laws—laws that we have enacted since the repeal of Prohibition, all of them presumably aimed at that highly commendable attribute, moderation.

He would discover that in bone-dry Mississippi the state collects a substantial sales tax from liquor dealers although it is a violation of the law to sell liquor. In fact, figures published by the Licensed Beverage Industries show that in the fiscal year of 1946 the Federal Government issued 1528 tax stamps to retail liquor dealers in Mississippi who didn't care to monkey with Internal Revenuers. (There are 589 drugstores in Mississippi. Presumably that many tax stamps could have been purchased for the sale of medicinal whiskey—legally. But that still leaves almost 1000 "guess what" dealers.)

Anybody with time to pore through the state statutes could compile quite a collection of amusing contradictions in this field; indeed, just in my sporadic wanderings, I've run into a strange assortment.

In both Illinois and North Dakota, a female can buy distilled spirits at eighteen, but a male has to be twenty-one before he can lawfully bury his beezer in a beaker. Who says this is a man's world? Up in Vermont, by the way, an eighteen-year-old (male or female) can order beer or wine with a meal, but he has to be twenty-one if he wants to consume it off premises.

In Washington, D.C., as well as in a good many states, you can't drink standing up, but must sit at a table to be waited on. The per capita consumption of spirits in Washington is one of the highest in the nation. *That* doesn't surprise me: how in the world can you tell when you've had one too many if you're always sitting down?

Another quaint law that Washington had for a number of years after Repeal was that a bartender couldn't mix a drink in view of the customer—he had to retire behind a screen. This ingenious expedient doubtless helped to protect the morality of the voteless citizens of the District of Columbia—but it sure gave a chiseling barkeep plenty of chance to palm off cheap brands on the customers.

Washington still has a regulation that forbids you to get up from your table in a cocktail lounge and join another party. You've got to pay your check, go out the door, and come back in again before you can mingle with other tipplers. This, obviously, is a blow at the sinful pastime of pickups. Yet the rule defeats itself because, by forcing the poor, unescorted male out into the street, it makes him fair game for any babe who happens along.

In Vermont, you may drink at a bar only if stools are provided and food is served over the bar. In some municipalities in New Jersey, women can no longer drink at a bar —only at tables; in Boston, anybody can drink standing up on weekdays, but on Sundays he must sit down. Oddly enough, in view of the recent to-do about a New York proposal to ban unescorted women from bars, the only places where you can drink on Sunday in Boston are the cafés or cocktail lounges that admit women, since all the men's bars (they call them taverns) are closed tight on the Sabbath. In Philadelphia, everything is closed on Sundays except private clubs, among them "Literary Clubs," which are allowed to serve liquor. There are a great many such "literary clubs," which the literati can join for dues of about five dollars a year, and some extremely inspirational discussions on the arts are held in these places every Sunday.

Liquor by the drink is not obtainable in Texas. Arriving in Dallas one evening, tired and thirsty, I found that in order to get a cocktail, I'd have to buy a whole bottle of liquor in the hotel drugstore. (Incidentally, I always get a laugh out of going to a drugstore for a bottle of whiskey. And yet that isn't nearly as funny as the quaint old Southern custom of selling liquor at gasoline stations!)

Many states compel you to buy a whole bottle of liquor whenever you feel the yen for a drink or two. Virginia is one of them, but down there they're really broad-minded. In a club, at least, a bartender can mix a cocktail for you if *you* provide the liquor. I wish, by the way, that some gentleman from Ohio would explain a printed notice I found in my hotel room in Toledo; it said that Room Service would be glad to deliver bottled goods to my room if there were *three or more* persons present. If my wife and I wanted a dozen highballs apiece, Room Service would deliver them, and no questions asked. But if we wanted a pint bottle, we either had to (a) get a friend to join us or (b) go downstairs and fetch it ourselves.

Even a simple thing like fetching isn't universally legitimate, however. One time in Indiana —one of those sit-down states —I happened to be the only person in a certain cocktail lounge. In my innocence, I had tried to get a Manhattan at the bar only to find that, while I could have drunk beer at the bar, I had to sit at a table for hard stuff. And I soon discovered that "sit" really meant *sit*. When I decided to have a second cocktail, the waitress had left the room, so I got up, put the empty glass on the bar, and said, "Another."

The bartender mixed it and poured it into the glass. When I reached for it, he clutched the glass firmly. "You'll have to sit down," he said.

"I'm (*Continued on page 143*)

"—and you'll like my husband. He's six feet tall, has curly hair and blue eyes"

the Copeland Caper

Maybe murder, money and women add up, but there isn't a woman—or a man either—who can figure all the angles all of the time

A Bedside Mystery by

WILLIAM FRANCIS

SHE said her name was Penny Weilder. She was a taffy blonde, small, well-curved, with a face that was nice to look at, but not in any way impressive. Each feature taken alone was pretty—rosebud mouth; short, well-shaped nose; big blue eyes with thinly plucked brows—but something was missing in the combination; I think it was life.

I sat down across the coffee table from her and asked her where Big Pete was.

"But I don't know," she said. She smiled and I found out that that was a habit; she smiled after every sentence.

I wanted to talk to Big Pete Gowans about a little matter of armed robbery. I didn't have anything but a hunch about him, but we were in a spot and I figured that Pete would go for a deal if he had been in on the job. Usually we don't make deals; usually we're able to use our own approach.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID BERGER

but in this particular caper we were gagged.

The Old Man was taking the case, he said, because of friendship; I personally figured it was the dough involved. The Old Man claimed that both Mr. and Mrs. Copeland were very dear friends of his and that when Mrs. Copeland had appealed to him he couldn't refuse. I believed that like I believe in Santa Claus.

Here's his version: Mrs. Copeland had been playing games outside her own back yard, and during one of the games she had had her famous pearl necklace lifted. She and her current boy friend were bedded down in his apartment when a big guy came in wearing a mask and carrying a gun. He took a lot of stuff from her, but the big loss was the necklace. The Copelands lived in Los Angeles, but Mr. Copeland was in New York on a business trip; and Mrs. Copeland didn't feel she could report the loss to her insurance company without telling the details. Neither could she tell Mr. Copeland about it. She appealed to the Old Man and he stuck me on the case. He was bighearted about it: if it were absolutely necessary, I could talk to Mrs. Copeland, but if I could, I should keep away from her. And he told me to finish the job in two weeks because Mr. Copeland would arrive home at the end of that time and maybe miss the choker.

I got this dope in a coded night letter that the Old Man sent me from the New York office of the Agency while I was loafing in San Francisco. I flew down to L. A. and started to work.

Work consisted of digging up our contact with the shady half of the city and dangling dough in front of his face. That was how I got the hunch about Big Pete Gowans and the lead to Penny Weilder. The way the contact put it, "It sounds like one of Big Pete's jobs and maybe Penny might know where he can be found."

So I was sitting across the coffee table from her in her apartment while she denied it. "I really don't know," she repeated.

"It doesn't mean any trouble for him," I said. "In fact, it might mean dough."

She liked the sound of that word. The smile slipped out of the habit groove for an instant and then back. "You say you're a private eye?" I nodded. "You don't look like one."

"I'm in disguise," I said.

"Oh. Well, I'll tell you what. You tell me where I can call you and, if I can get in touch with Pete, I'll give you a ring."

I gave her the number at my hotel and then went back there to sweat it out. There wasn't much else I could do. Pete was holed up, and if he didn't want to see me and make a deal he didn't have to. I didn't have anything on him—nothing to wedge with, nothing to holler cops with, even if my orders would let me.

Penny didn't call that afternoon; so at seven I taxied out to the Copeland address. It was an impressive pile—a large pink stucco Italian-style house set behind a couple of acres of smooth lawn and shrubs. The butler looked down at me from three inches below and told me he'd inquire if Mrs. Copeland was home. I waited in a hallway as wide as an average room until he came back. He looked disgusted. "This way," he said.

I followed him down the hallway and into a dark, book-lined room with a desk and leather-covered furniture.

I don't know what I expected Mrs. Copeland to be—something small and fluffy, I guess. She wasn't. She was about forty, lean and hungry-looking. Her face was thin and her cheekbones stuck out. Her green eyes had a feverish look, bright and quick, and her body seemed tense beneath a tightly fitted dress that was high at the neck and reached to her shoes and somehow managed to make her look naked.

She stood up and walked toward me, at the same time motioning the butler away. He closed the door as he went out. "How do you do," she said. Her voice was throaty with a suggestion of strain. "I didn't expect you to come here. I was under the impression that you wouldn't need to. Is there some special news?"

"No," I said, "nothing special. I don't like to work in the dark."

"Oh. But I told your employer everything."

"Maybe," I said. "If you did, he didn't tell *me* everything. Like he didn't tell me who was with you when you lost the necklace."

"I didn't tell him." Her eyes flicked over me quickly and came to rest on my mouth.

"I'd like to know," I said.

"I don't see that it's necessary."

I shrugged. "Okay," I said. "I'll let you know how I get along." I got up and started for the door.

"Wait," she said. I turned around. "Sit down. Please. I . . . I'm sorry. I do want to help, but . . ."

"I understand," I said. "I won't talk."

"I was with Arnold Delvin."

It didn't mean anything to me. I asked for the address and she gave me the number of an apartment house on Sunset Boulevard.

"Do you think you'd be able to recognize the guy who robbed you?" I asked.

She was definite. "No. I tried to keep my head turned away from him. I—I didn't want to be recognized."

"He knew you," I said. "He expected to find the necklace, so he must have known who you were. Did he speak?"

"Yes. He said, 'Don't make any noise if you want to live.' That was all."

"You haven't heard from him?" I asked.

"Heard from him? No, of course not."

"You might," I said. "You're in a nice setup for blackmail. Of course there's no proof, but if your husband is suspicious at all, just a hint would be enough for him."

"I see what you mean, but I'm sure my husband is not in the least suspicious." She smiled and added, "I've been careful."

My own opinion was that, with her hungry look and all, she wasn't the type to be too careful, but I didn't say so. "I see," I said. "I guess that's all. What about the door?"

"The door? Oh. I suppose it was locked and the robber forced it."

"Were you awake?"

"No." She didn't blush. If my questions had bothered her beyond her having to tell me things she didn't want to, she hadn't shown it. "I . . . we were asleep. I mean, at least, I assume Arnold was."

"I'll let you know what happens. You've got access to the dough if I can make a deal?"

"Oh, yes. I don't care about expense. I'd replace the necklace, but it's the only one of its kind."

I left and went back to the hotel. Penny hadn't called, so I put in a long distance to the Old Man. He came on sore because I'd reversed the charges. I told him what I'd done and what I thought. "I think the whole thing is screwy," I said. "Why is she worried about her husband finding out she was shacking up with a guy? She's got plenty of dough."

"Her last divorce was a pretty dirty one," he explained, "and it almost cost her her children, two of them, both by a former marriage. Mr. Copeland wouldn't have any trouble getting them if it happened again. Besides, I know a lot of scandal wouldn't help him, so I'm anxious to spare him if possible."

"Besides, she's paying you a lot."

"Of course there's that," he said, and hung up.

I waited until nine, but Penny didn't call and so I went out to the Sunset address to see Arnold Delvin. He didn't want to see me, but I pushed in. He was my height, looked about twenty-five, and was probably past thirty—good-looking in a hard way, with a mean mouth and hard black eyes. He didn't like me.

"I don't want to get mixed up in this," he said. "Helena promised to keep me covered."

"She doesn't want any headlines, either," I said.

"She shouldn't have told you my name. It wasn't necessary."

"I thought it was," I said.

"Why?"

"I wanted to talk to you. You got a record?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"So you have," I said. "I'll look it up—or do you tell me?"

"Okay. Bad checks. I put in three years of a one-to-five."

"She know it?" I asked.

"No."

"Where did you meet her?" I asked.

"She picked me up in a bar." There was a cockiness about the statement and I believed it. She was the type.

"What's in it for you?" I asked.

"What the hell," he shrugged. "Nothing."

"Rent?" I suggested. He kept quiet. "Maybe a little more," I guessed. "Maybe enough to keep you idle." It didn't get a rise, but it didn't have to; the setup was as old as sex. "Suppose you rigged the heist," I went on. "Suppose you wanted more than you were getting."

"Wait a minute," he broke in. "Get this. I liked the setup. I wouldn't do anything to break it up."

"Was the door forced?" I asked.

"No. But I didn't leave it unlocked. I mean, I didn't intentionally. I guess neither of us thought about it."

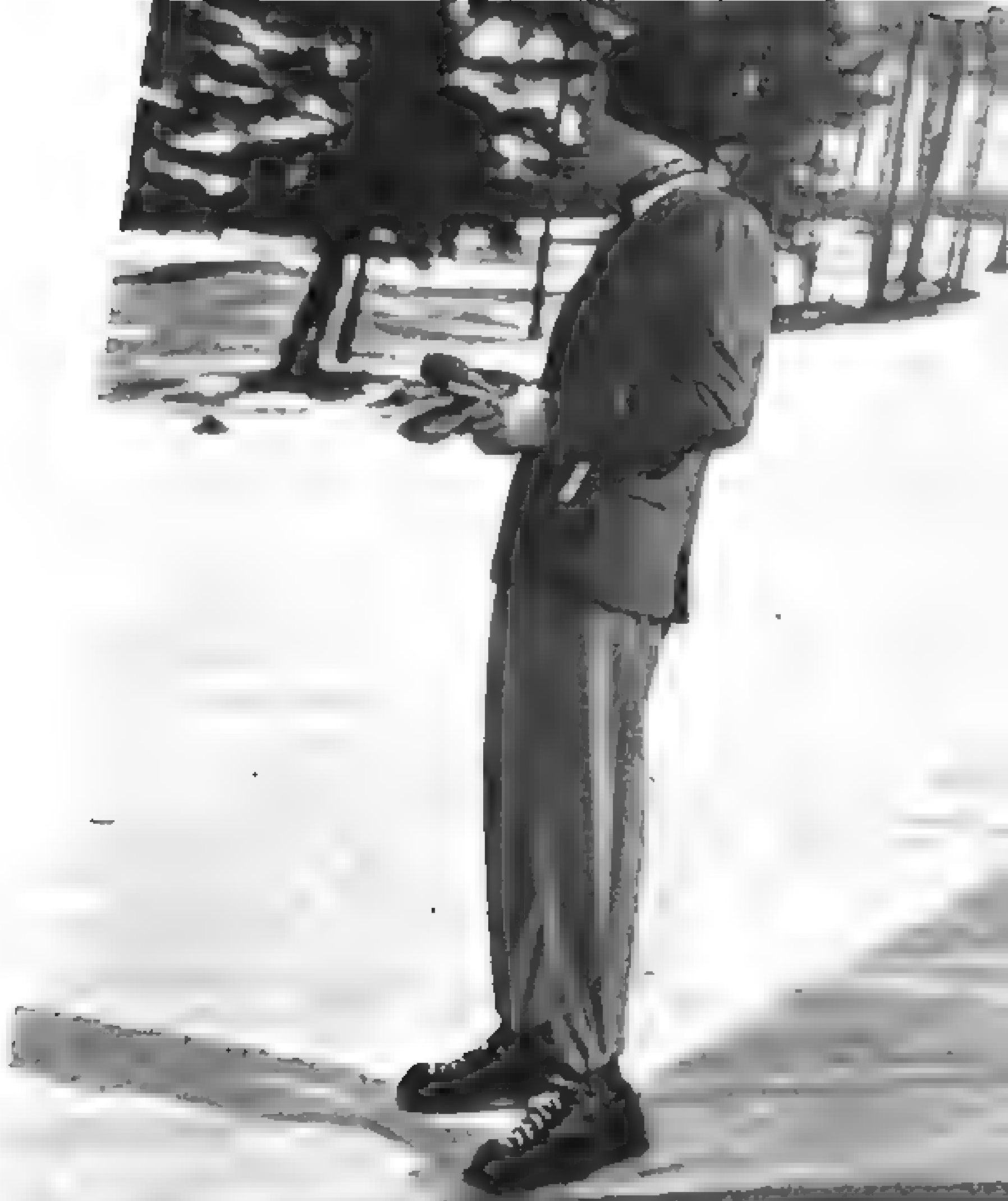
"When did you *(Continued on page 136)*

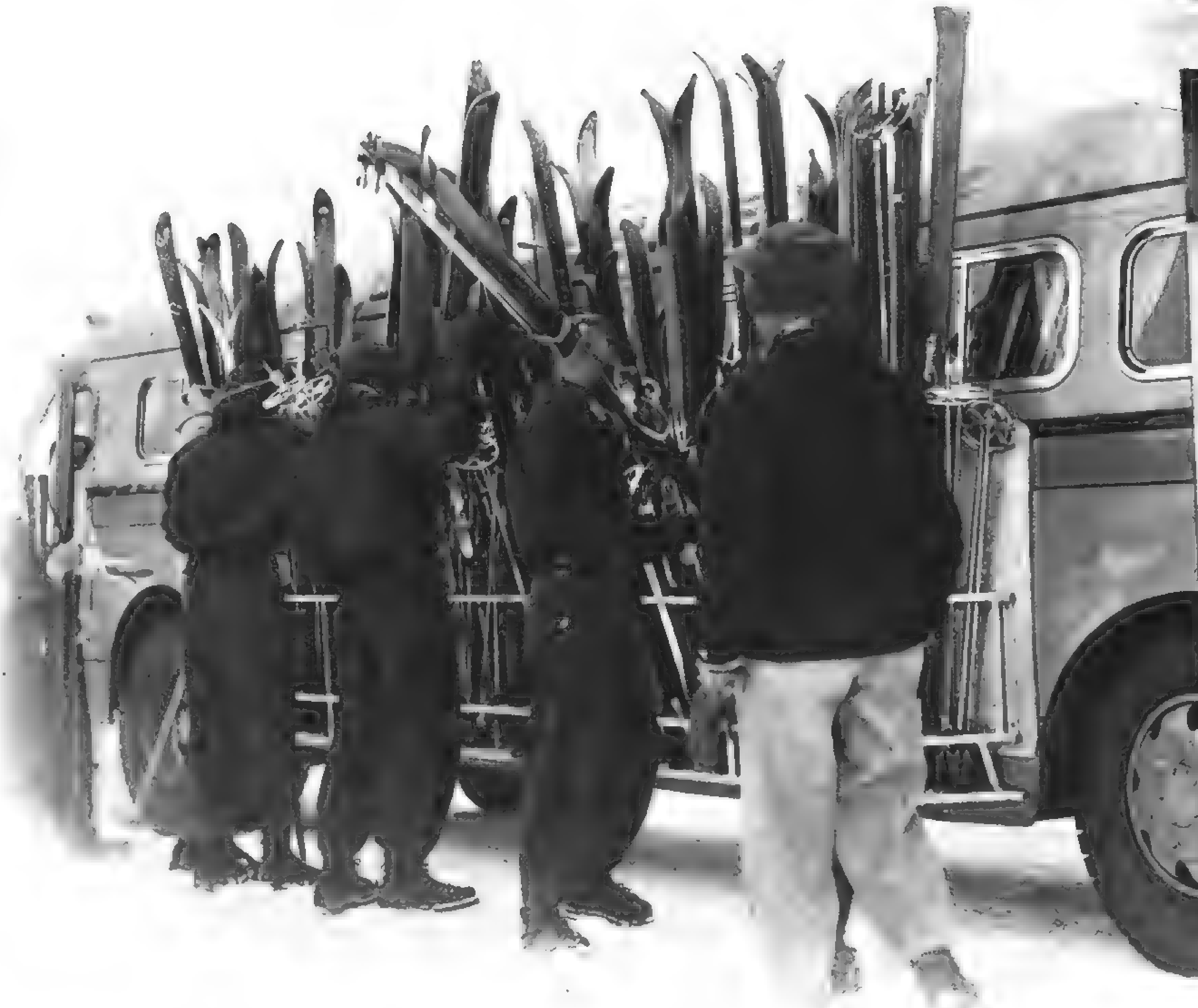
Salaam to

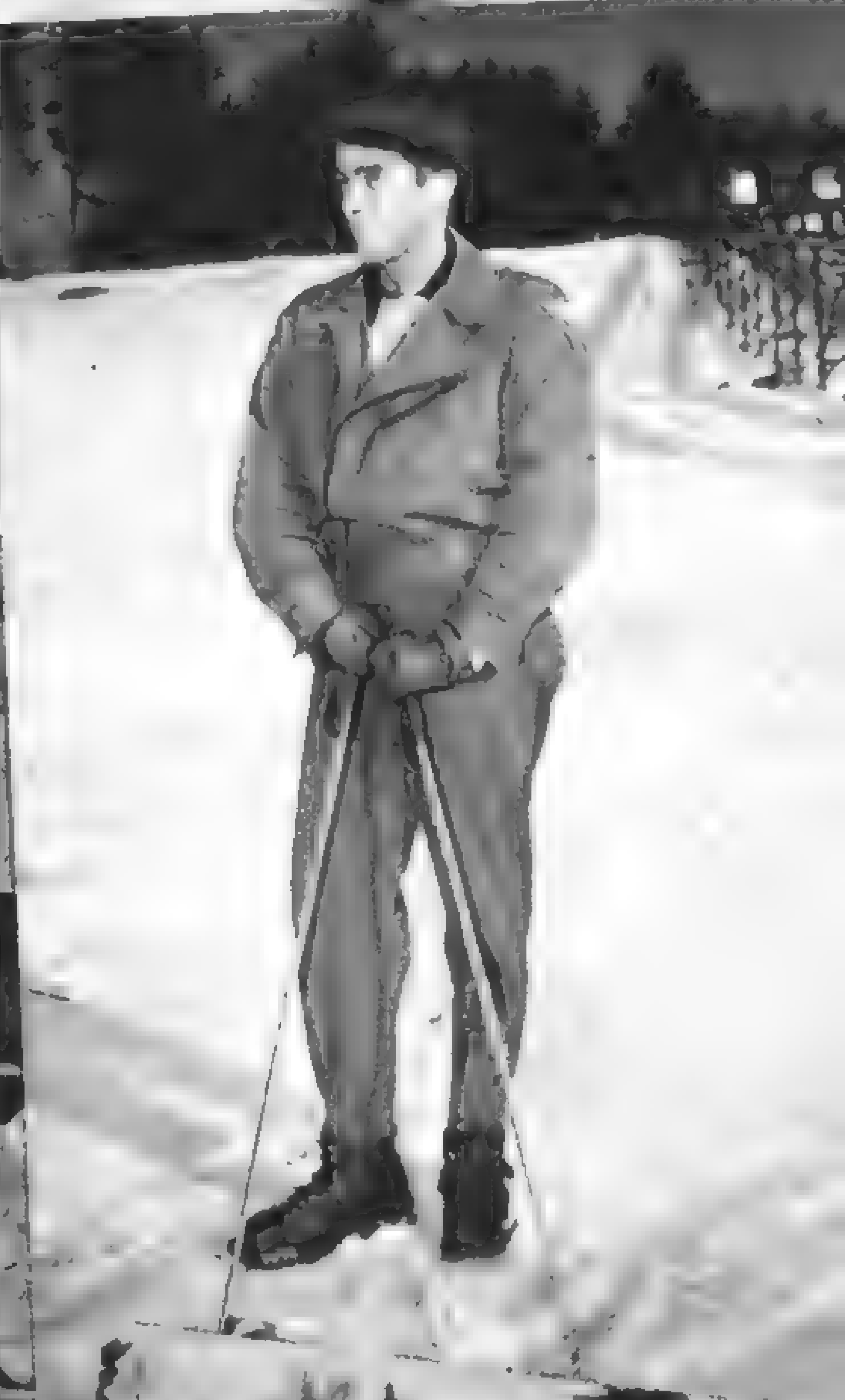
Until your *geländesprung* turns into a *sitzmark* everyone looks the expert! That's because correct clothes are essential for fullest ski enjoyment.

Functionally designed, as always, ski wear has made a decided shift to black and to black and light tones. You see it in the Viking sketched. His close-fitting cap is black. So is his nylon jacket with removable hood. He pulls it tight with a waist draw cord. Contrast is made with pale gray twill worsted trousers. Quite probably, he also has a Bold Look Sweater in black and yellow, an extra cap with tie-up flaps and a red wool shirt. His ski-pal goes light and dark with a pale tan cotton jacket, printed red foulard scarf and dark blue trousers.

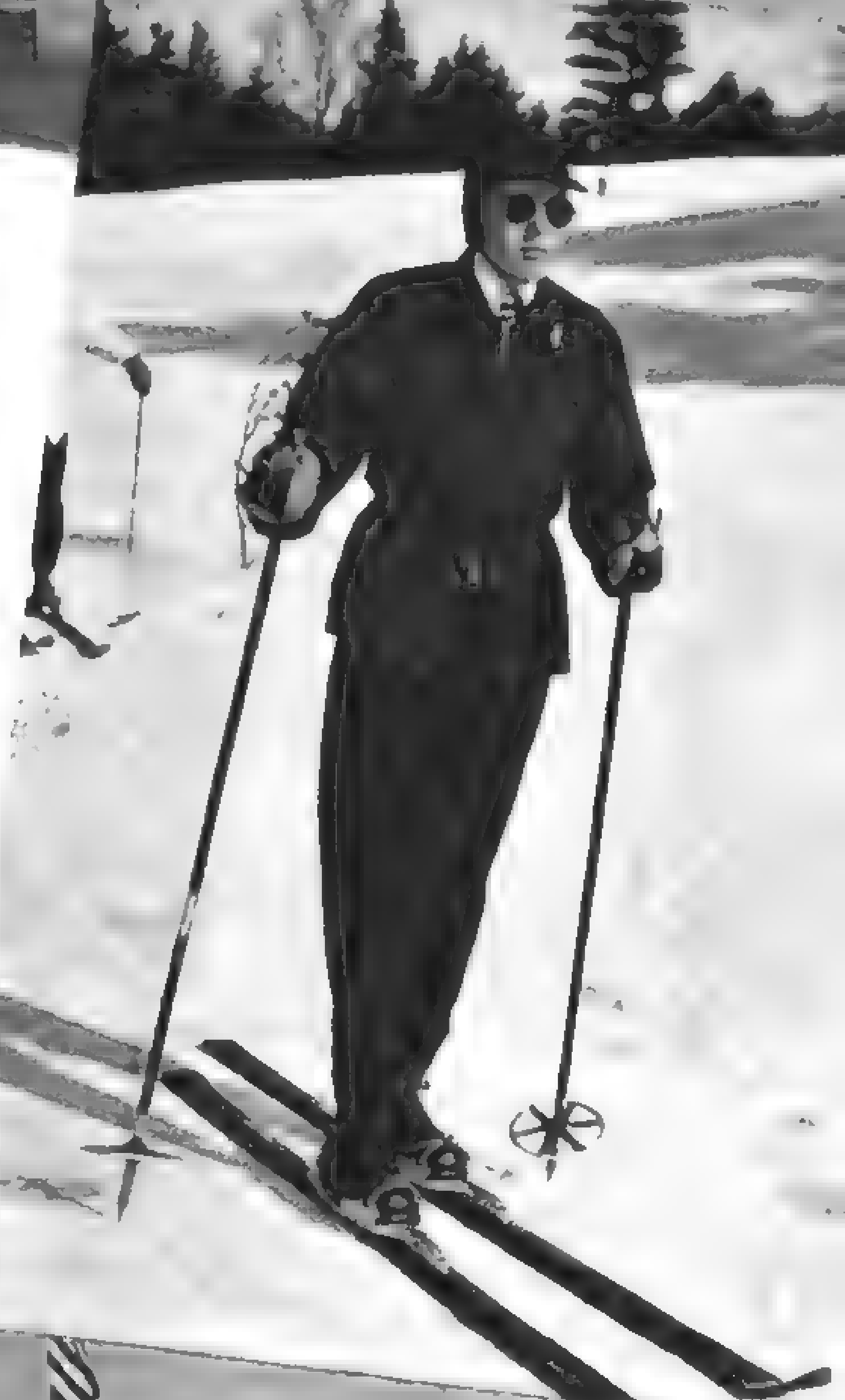
Slalom!







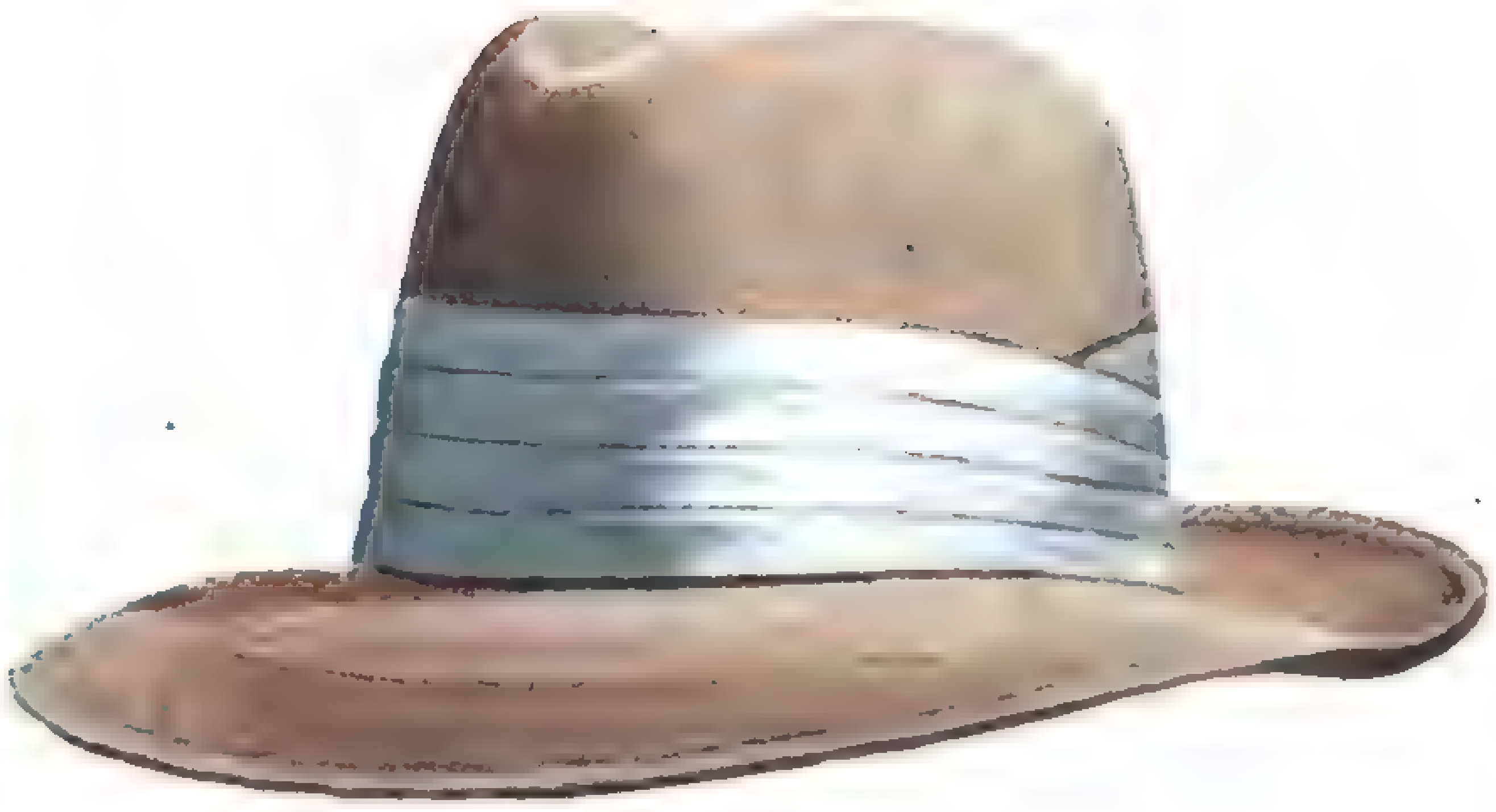
It's nice to sit down, intention aforethought, feet to the fire and a hot rum in your hand. That's the time for your most resplendent sweaters and shirts to contrast with dark-toned trousers. Then, if you're going out again and it's very cold, you might wear matching jacket over your sweater the way the skiers in this group have done. If you've never skiied before, choose clothes with care. One thing you should never need worry about is split seams.



Whether it's Sun Valley (lower left), or North Conway (lower right), correct ski clothes are first a matter of good functional design. For example, the rugged individualist (upper right), in case you haven't already noticed, wears a double breasted tweed jacket with side vents and button flaps on patch pockets. The two skiers below him favor matching outfits. The first, a blue-gray with a white sweater, the other, an all dark blue. All are right, yet different enough to avoid a "uniform" look.

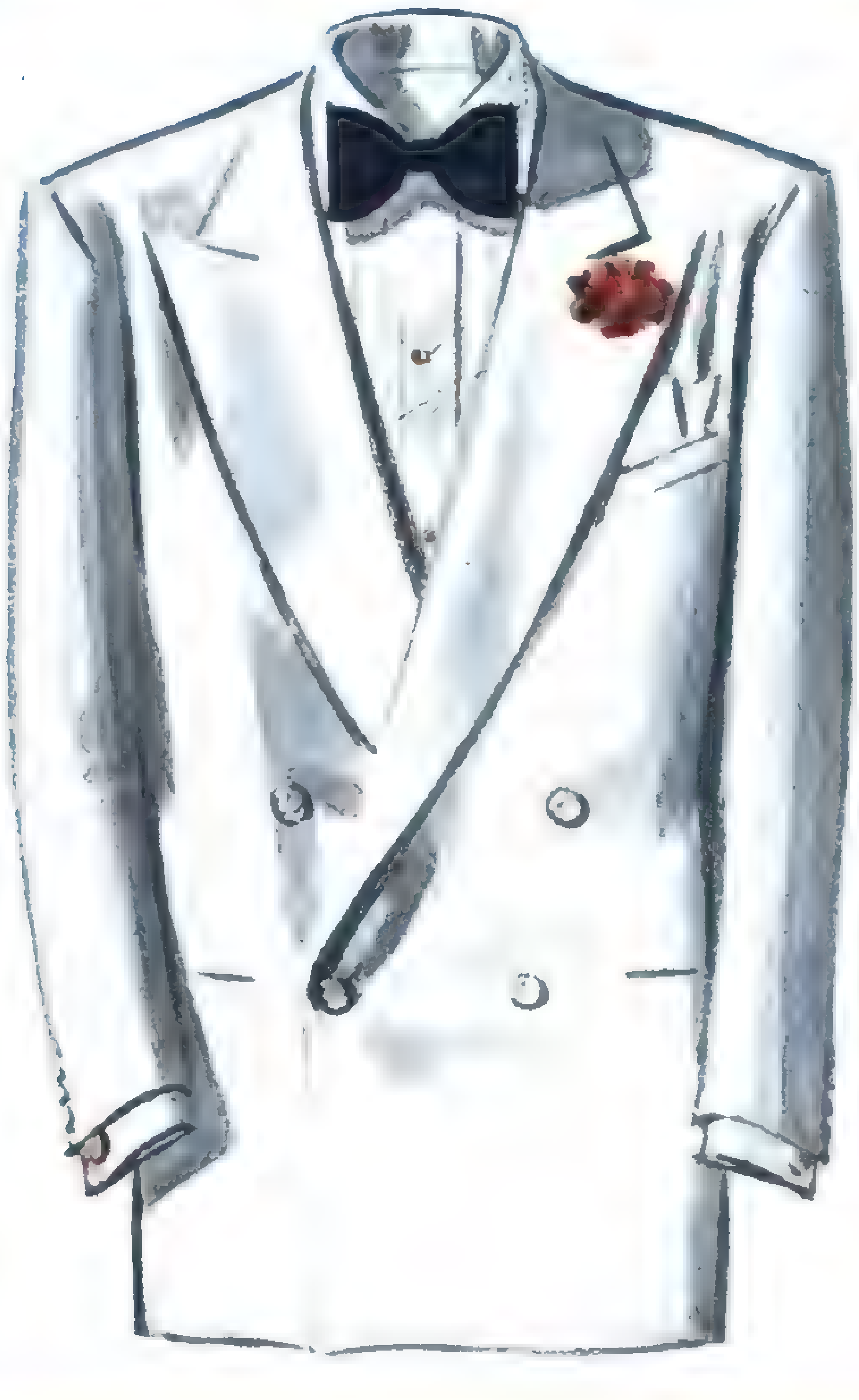
BUS LINE FOR ALL

Light by NIGHT

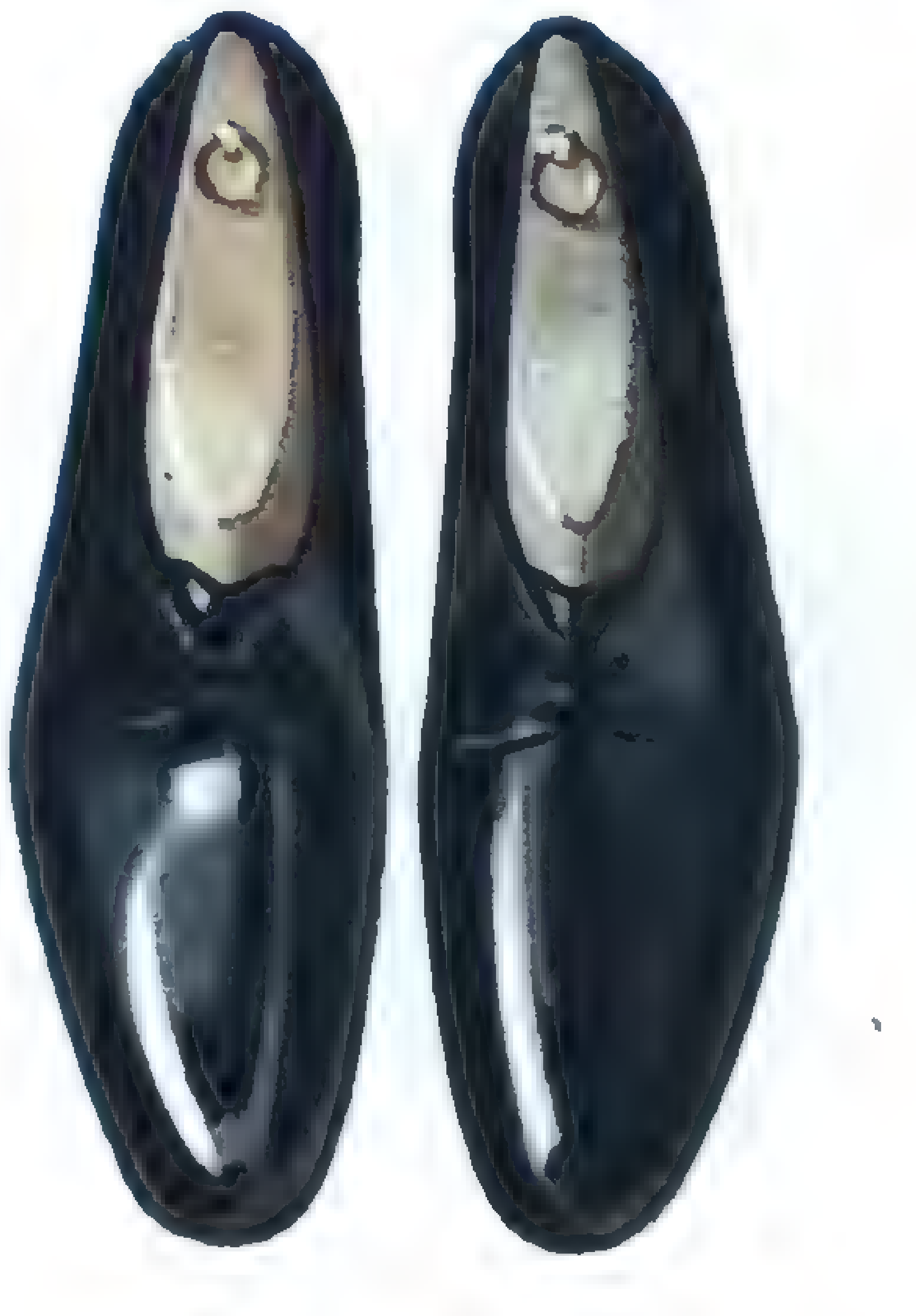


Take one strictly all-business-up-north-man. Mix briefly with the sparkling Singapore Sling & Rhumba Crowd. Before you can bruise a sprig of mint, he's got it . . . the cooly sensible and flatteringly masculine Light by Night outlook. Glance southward before calling ticket reservations.

Of course, you'll be handsomely bronzed. Why else go south? And you'll want to know what goes best with sun tan for evening wear. The answer, in hats, is a toast-tone snap homburg. It's a cool mesh panama, wide of brim and center-creased in the crown. The white puggree is the right light touch . . . also a good place for winning whippet tickets.

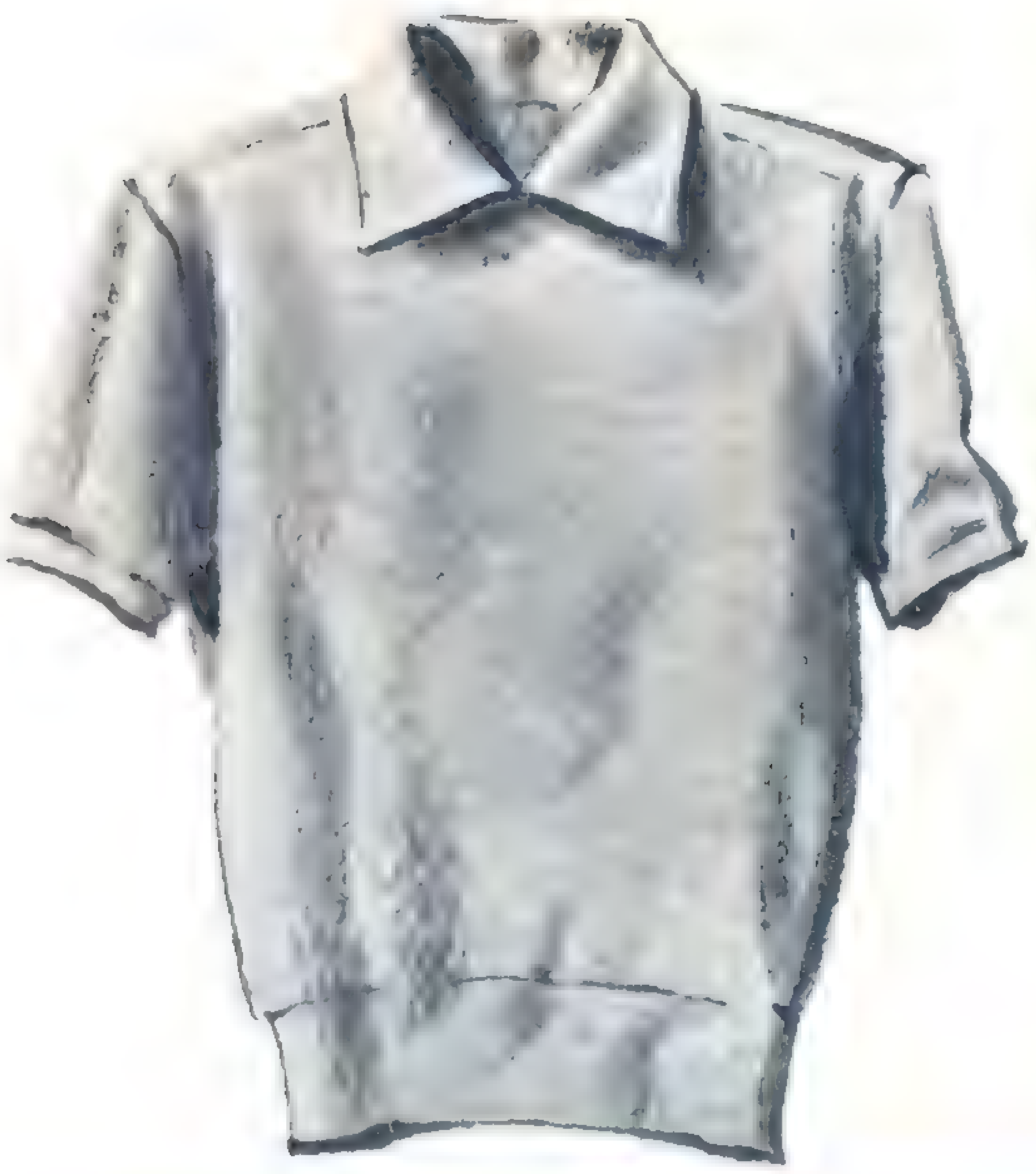


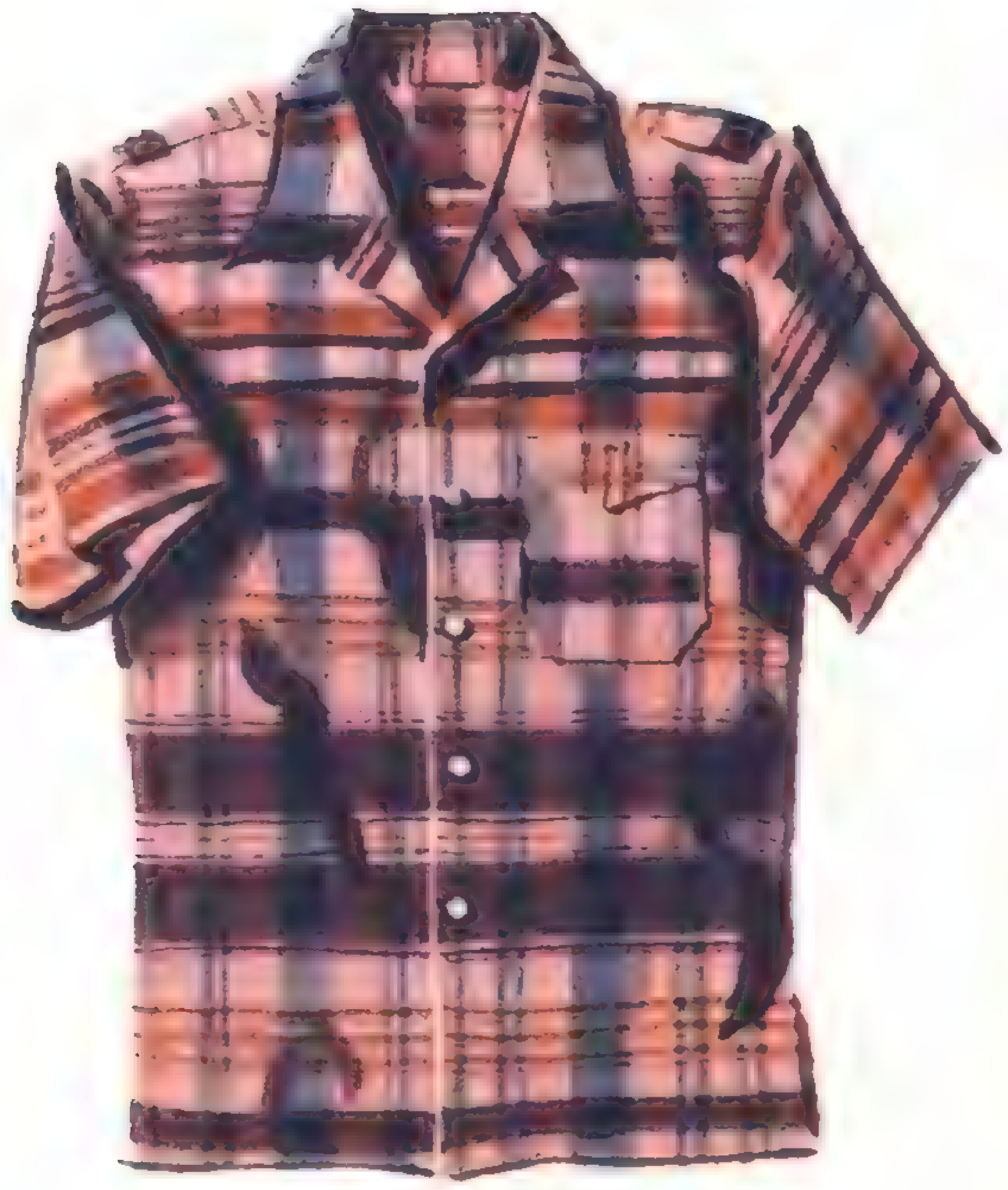
So you didn't put in extra hours in the gym. Hold your breath on the beach, we can't help . . . but, exhale at night, friend. Bold Look takes inches away.
Broad, peaked lapels on a shrewdly button-spotted double breasted . . . wide pleats on a soft white piqué dress shirt . . . and a lower-side-flared bow tie of dark blue satin to go with the command collar.

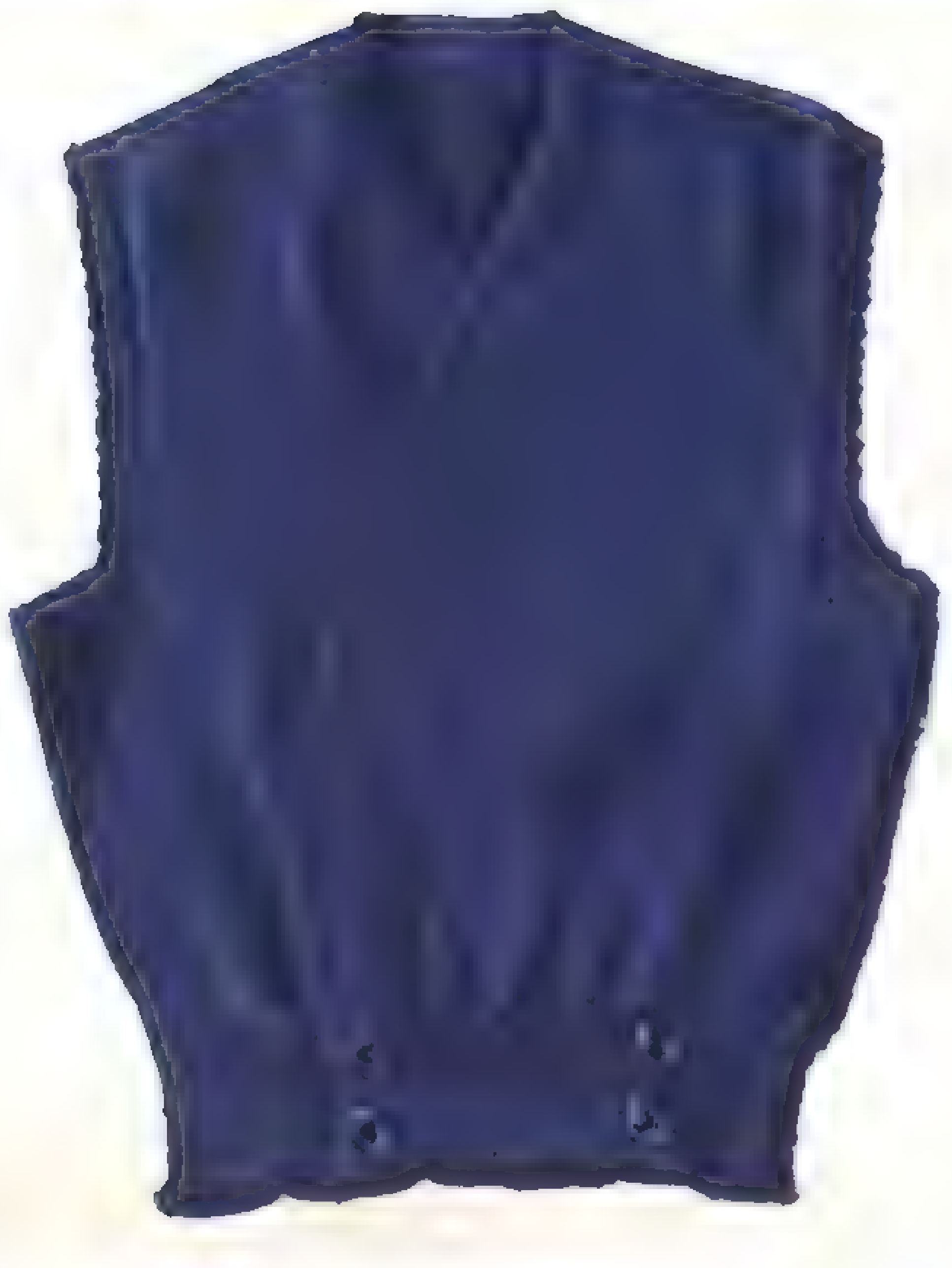


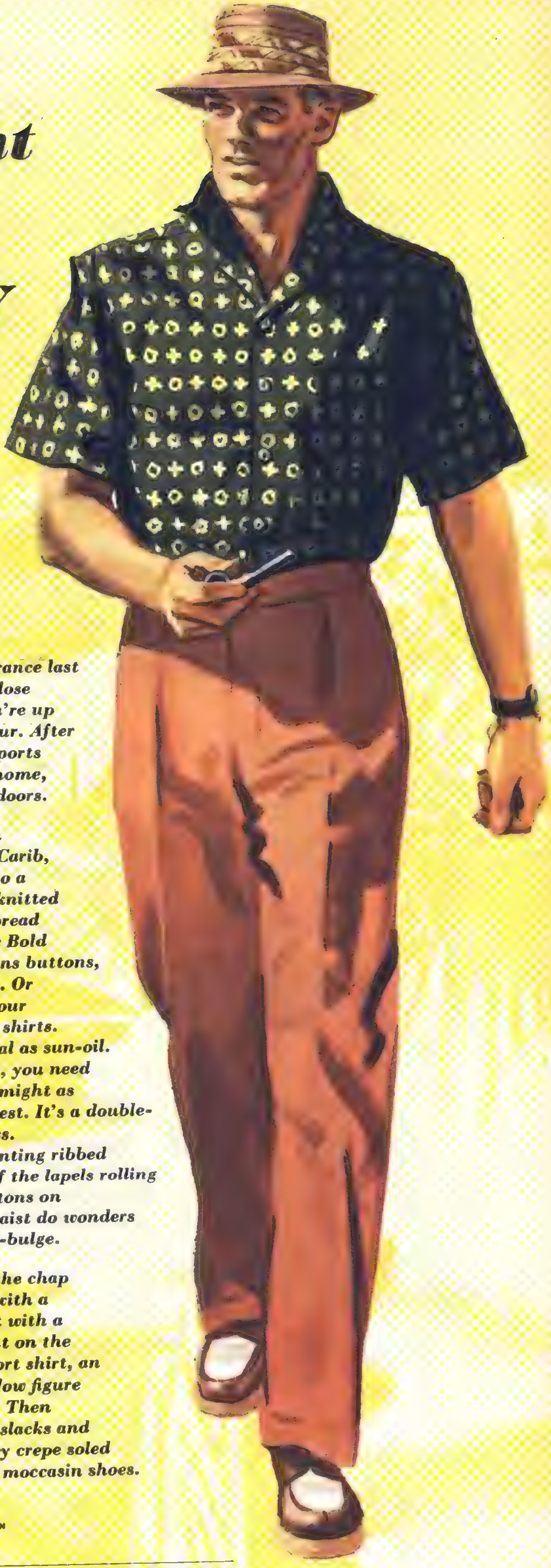
You started to see this patent leather evening shoe last year . . . now, you can't avoid seeing it!
With good reason. The length of the vamp, if you want to get technical, is accentuated. Together with the two-eyelet ties it creates the proper lines in character with your bolder Light by Night ensemble.
Not only that, it's comfortable!

Bright by DAY









In spite of your devastating appearance last night you didn't close every club and you're up at a reasonable hour. After smugly reading reports of blizzards back home, you're for the outdoors.

Taking a cue from the cool, carefree Carib, you might slip into a loose-fitting grey knitted jersey pullover. Spread collar is authentic Bold Look and being sans buttons, keeps its trimness. Or else, into one of your large plaid cotton shirts. They're as essential as sun-oil. For cool occasions, you need a sweater, so you might as well have the newest. It's a double-breasted, sleeveless. The slanting ribbed edges of the lapels rolling to double-set buttons on the trim fitting waist do wonders for that executive-bulge.

Rather look like the chap alongside? Start with a coconut palm hat with a plaid puggree. Put on the newest cotton sport shirt, an evenly spaced yellow figure against jet black. Then into rust colored slacks and end up with heavy crepe soled brown and white moccasin shoes.

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Phil Boddy primes the operations in Chicago's smart Pump Room

Gus Arneyes of Ciro's, Beverly Hills, Calif., "arranges" a table

And Steak Diane by Philip Caselli, of New York's 21 is *magnifique*

Guardian of the Blue Angel in N. Y. is ebullient Charles Sozani

"This Way, Please"

The autocrats of the plush rope are suave, multilingual, and susceptible to the charms of a tip

THE restaurateur's recipe for a successful headwaiter combines a good memory, a hard business head, a stack of starched fronts, and a cold eye. For extra *ton*, an accent may be added. When mixture jells, it's left to stand and operate—chiefly on us. We feel his icy glance as we enter a supper club: he's sliding his measuring rod over us. If our jacket and companion are up to standard, the plush rope is down and we're bowed to a table. How far we'll have to travel to reach it depends on whether, in the headwaiter's opin-

Amiable Felix Battle governs New York's swank Colony Restaurant

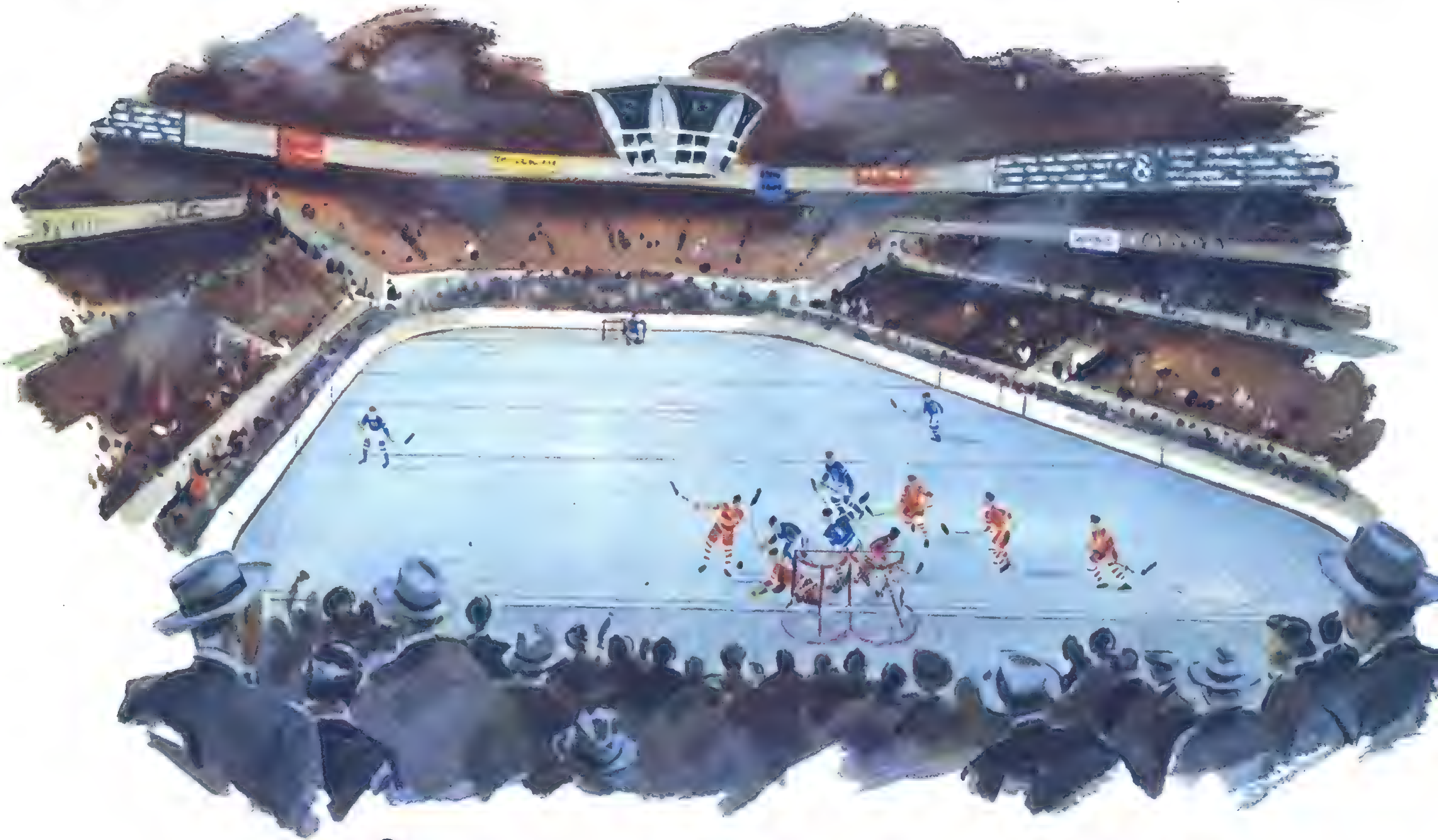
Joe Maletesta glad hands for Romanoff's, Beverly Hills, Calif.

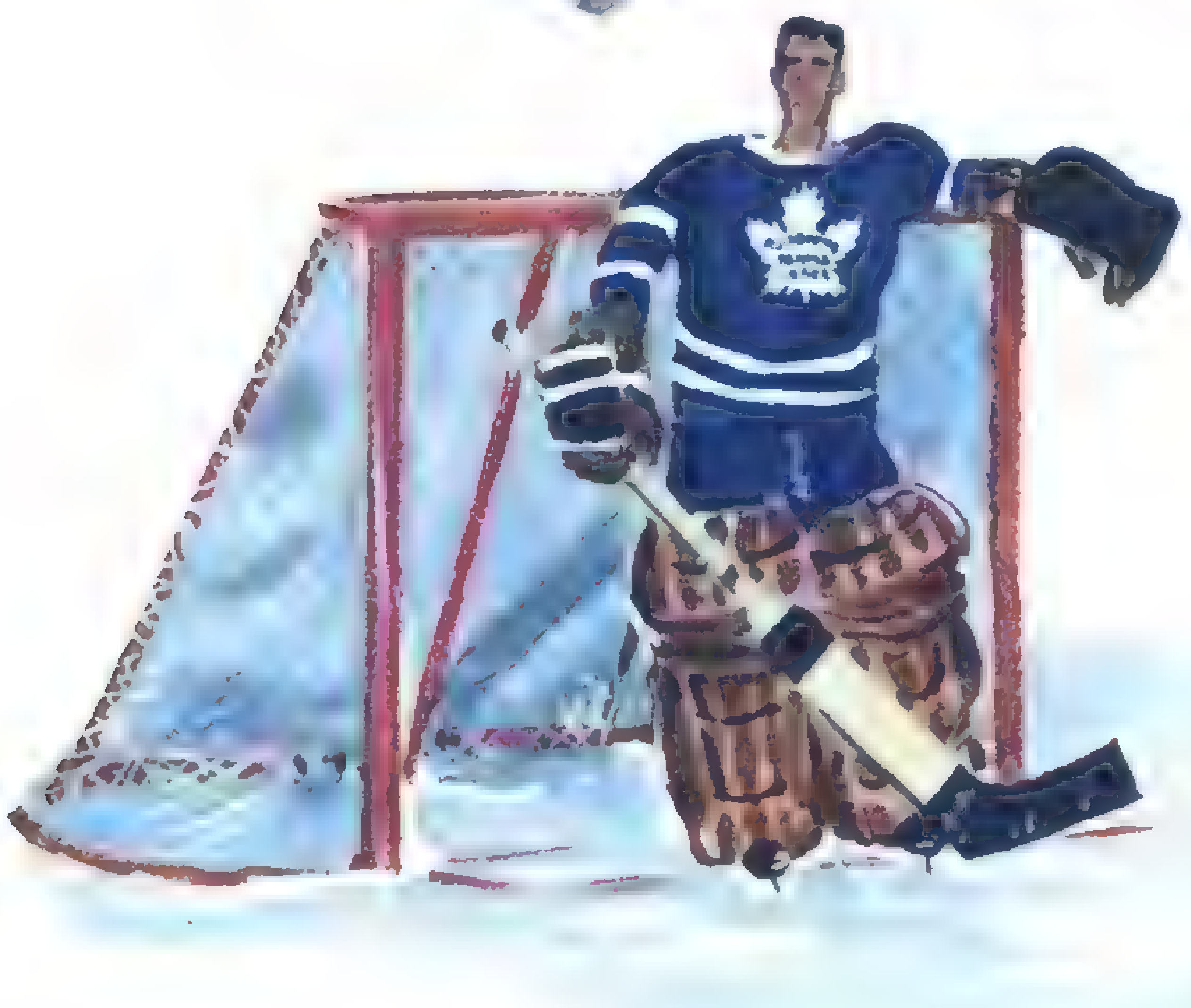
Arturo Sacco juggles the seating at Manhattan's Le Directoire

George Alpert huddles with the chef at Chasen's in Hollywood

ion, we've come to look or to be looked at. If we're worthy of exhibition, our table will be central, well-lighted, and observable from all angles. But if, alas, we've come only to look, we're likely to be tucked in a corner two degrees south of the magnetic North Pole. At which turn of events, the sophisticated diner will murmur soft blandishments into the major-domo's ear. A more concrete expression of disappointment doesn't hurt, either. Presto, chango! A "Reserved" card is whisked from a better table, and we settle closer to the maracas. Some things to remember: A. It impresses your companion if you address the headwaiter by his first name; he doesn't mind and charges little for the privilege. B. Howard Hughes, it's reported, once wore tennis sneakers into the Stork Club. If you're working on your first million, come better shod. C. If you want to be sure of a good table, develop your ancestry, fame, infamy, or taste in companions. D. If you'll give him free rein, the man with the pad can make your dinner-for-two the start of a perfect evening. ⌗

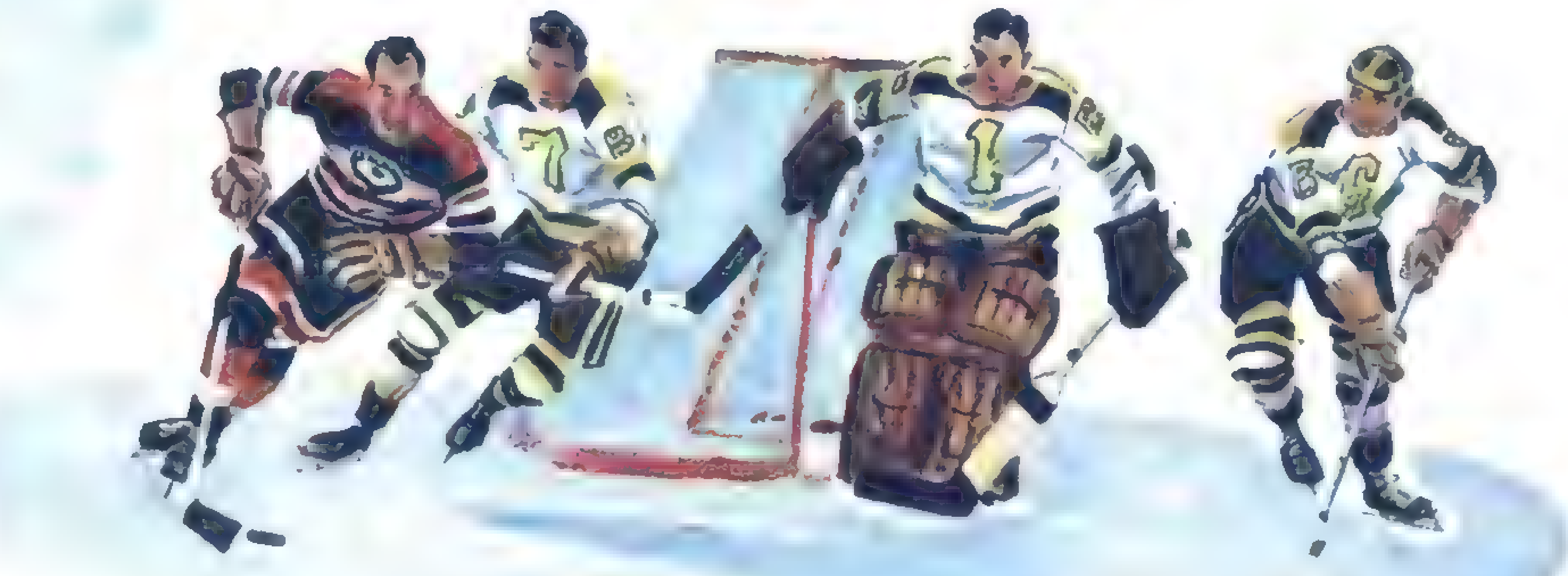
(Top left photograph opposite page by Chicago Photographers, others by Ruth Orkin)

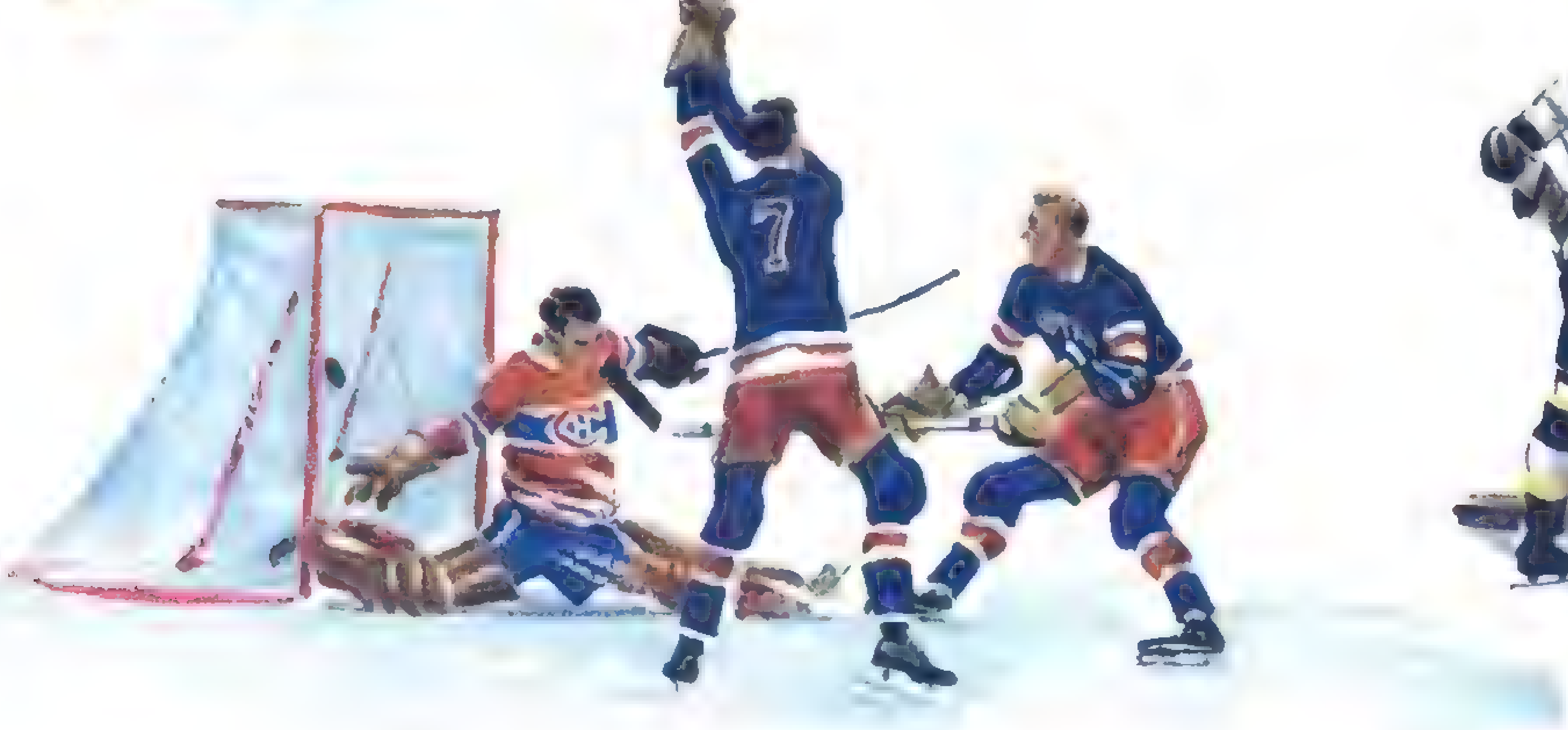


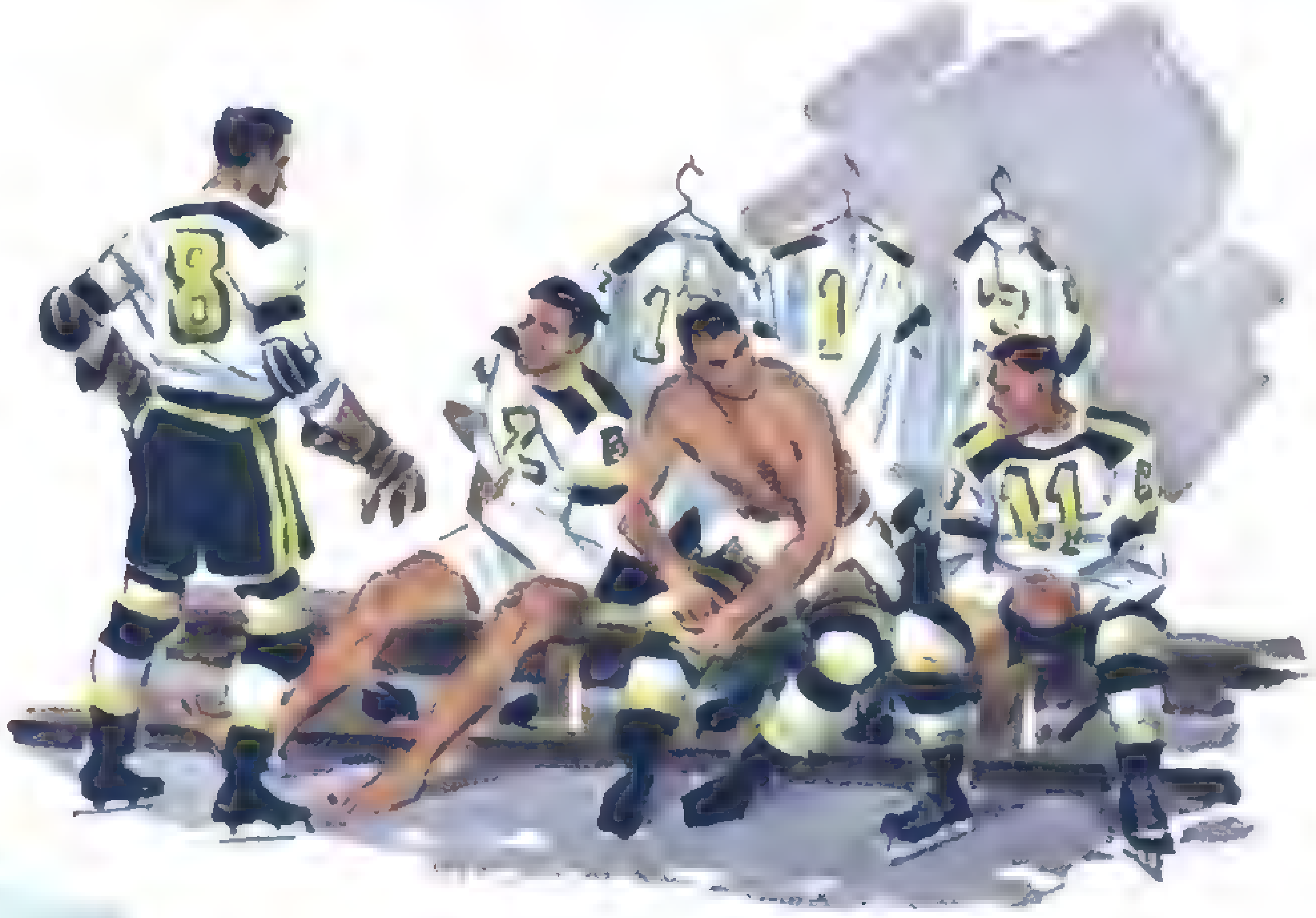


Hockey Portfolio

DRAWINGS BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY







The Fabulous Mr. Farrell

Hockey and the Chicago Black Hawks owe a lot to 73-year-old Joseph Chesterfield Farrell, the lusty, fabled press agent

An Article by PETER LISAGOR

When a young hockey recruit first reported to the Chicago Black Hawks not long ago, he was a week late and had a wild goose under his arm. The club's president, Bill Tobin, was furious. He delivered a stormy lecture on the virtues of punctuality, and then, pointing to the deceased fowl, sputtered, "And what in heaven's name is that?"

The abashed rookie explained that he had been delayed by a hunting trip in his native Saskatchewan. "Mr. Farrell told me every rookie had to bring you some sort of wild game, sir. Mr. Farrell said it was a Black Hawk tradition. Mr. Farrell said that . . ."

Tobin raised his hand to halt the recital. Tobin understood. He was only too happy that Mr. Farrell had not stipulated a penguin to be bagged in its native habitat instead of just any species of wild game.

Joseph Chesterfield Farrell might be excused the vicarious delight he got from sending the rookie on a wild-goose chase. For in seventy-three crowded years, the irrepressible Farrell has, himself, figuratively chased wild geese a great many times. To Tobin, who sometimes worries about age dimming his colleague's elfin outlook, the advice to the rookie was reassuring.

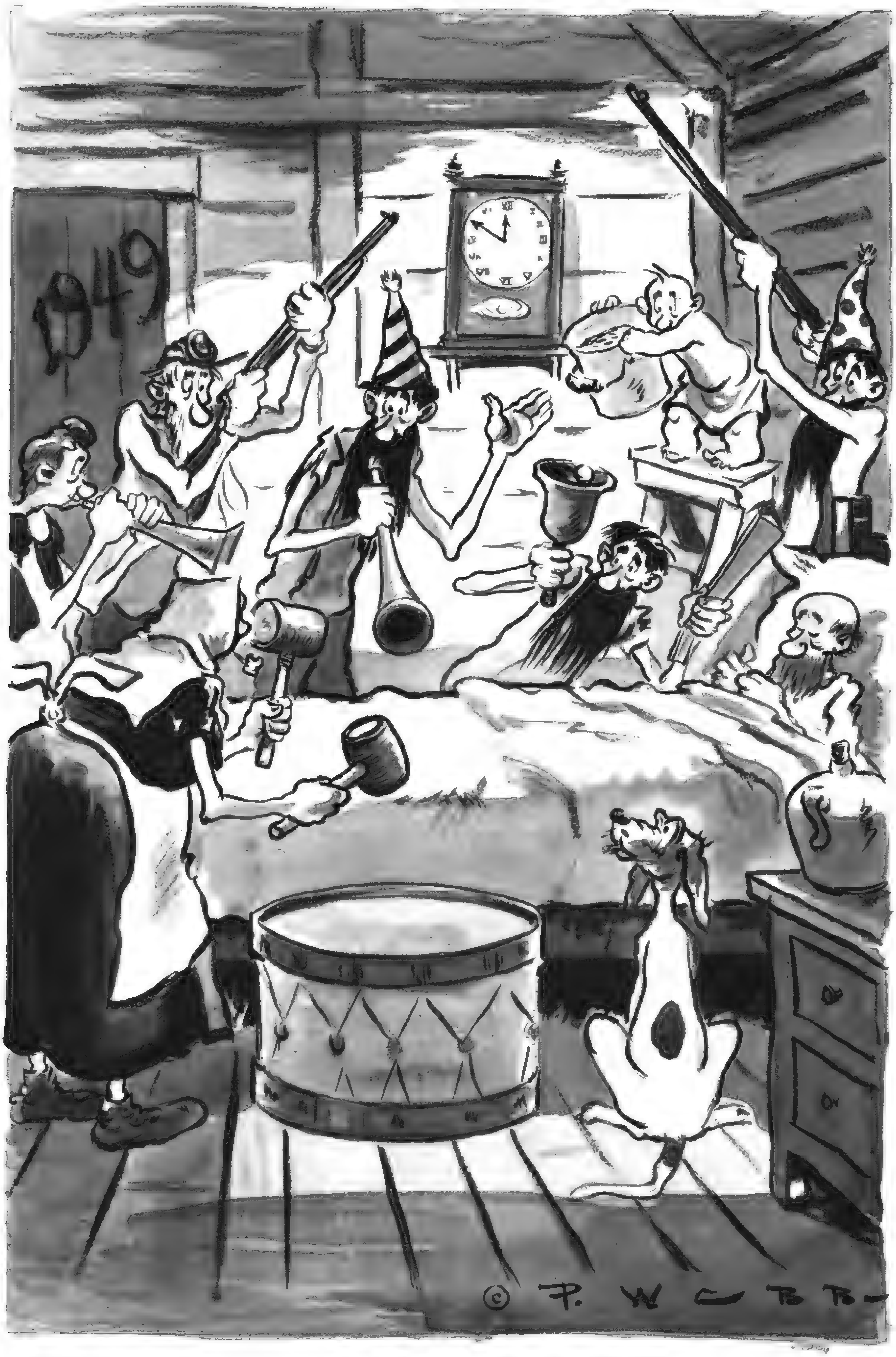
For the past twenty-two years, Farrell has served as press agent and general factotum of the Black Hawks; and, originally, hockey itself was in the nature of a wild-goose chase for him. When he agreed to educate Chicago to the stimulating qualities of the game, he had, like Dwight Fiske's Ida, the Wayward Sturgeon, done everything twice and presumably hated it. Yet he had never seen hockey played!

Today, Farrell shares credit with the late Tex Rickard and a few other pioneers for establishing the ice game in popular favor this side of our northern border. Though he literally couldn't give away tickets to Black Hawk games in 1927, seats now are fought and scrambled for long in advance of the season; the noisiest, most uninhibited fans in American sports patronize the game in Chicago. Last winter, though the Black Hawks finished in the cellar of the National Hockey League, they had the best home-attendance record in the league. It was a glittering tribute to Farrell's press agentry.

In ballyhooing the Black Hawks, Farrell's job has always been complicated by his own quixotic past. He has had to convince sports writers that his client is better copy than he. Those amiable historians of American sports thrive on legend, and Farrell—with his rare memory and gift for reminiscences—is fertile source material. In one way, that's a fine thing for the Black Hawks: hockey reporters and columnists dare not ignore the team for fear of missing some priceless anecdote or adventure related by Farrell.

A lean, grey-haired man with alert eyes (he's frequently described as "flint-eyed"), Farrell hardly looks his seventy-three years. He carries himself with the ramrod erectness of a retired soldier; he bears no scars of his knockabout youth; and his wit and wisdom are unwithered. A restless nature gave him an early start on his adventurous career. He grew up on Chicago's near West Side in the vicinity of the ball park in which "Cap" Anson and his Colts, forerunners of the Chicago Cubs, played. Fresh out of high school, young Farrell decided to hitchhike around the world, and he got as far as Shanghai via wagon, shay, windjammer, droshky, sampan, and rickshaw.

Back in Chicago, he went to law school, conquering his restlessness long enough to come away with a degree and pass the bar exams. His potentially bright legal career ended abruptly, however, when his first client—a Skid-Row pauper for whom the young lawyer was appointed a public defender—fared bad- (*Continued on page 116*)



"Mebbe Uncle Rafe better throw thet bucket o' water now . . . . last year it took a half-hour o' jest noise to git him waked"

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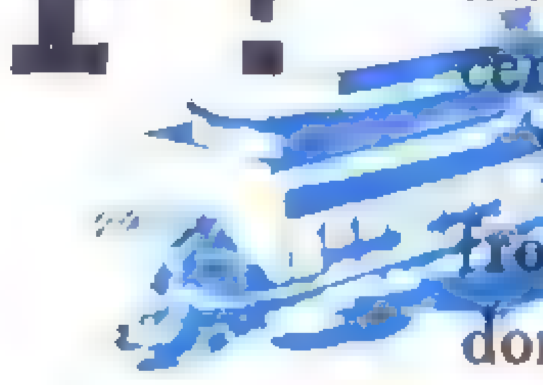
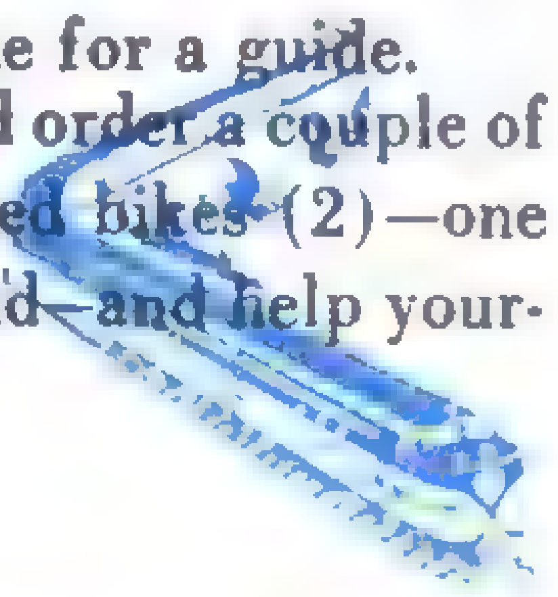
The result can be a Decameron detour from the humdrum as unforgettable as a trip down the Nile in Cleopatra's lap—a sanguinary safari as memorable as a rendezvous with Lewis and Clark.

Not only is the challenge a problem of *where* to go. The true adventurer is also concerned with *how* to go where he is going.

You can walk the Appalachian trail (1) from Maine to Georgia—and cousin, if you don't think that's unforgettable, try it on your set with a Trapper Nelson pack and your favorite wind-blown blonde for a guide.

Or pick up the phone and order a couple of featherweight, gear-equipped bikes (2)—one for you and one for a friend—and help your-





⑩ With a car you can own 3,000,000 square miles of America

⑨ And luxury is an ocean liner for the seeker of the seven seas

3 There's Mark Twain's Americana in a somnolent river voyage . . .

4 Or a luxury airliner will take you anywhere on earth in hours

self to the back roads of romance. There are 3,000,000 miles of them in this country.

And there are 25,000 miles of navigable rivers in the United States. Have you traveled the Mississippi or the Ohio by sternwheeler (3)? Have you seen moonlight on the hyacinths of Bayou Teche, as a packet boat wafts you into Evangeline's Louisiana legendry? Get going, guy, you're missing something!

For the man with more temptation than time, there are a million miles of air routes being flown daily in this world (4); a quick vacation to almost anywhere is yours for the taking. Breakfast in Brussels? A nightcap in Nice? Why not? It's done. Over 5,000 airports are at the service of the private plane owner, the rover with the weekend wings.

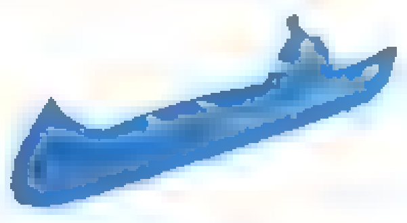
For the land-locked lover of the wet and windy, the Intracoastal waterway from New York to Jacksonville (5) is only 1,192 miles out of the fabulous mileage of boat trails in the lee of the coast line, while seven-eighths of the earth's surface is deep and damp for the off-shore sailor with a weakness for windjammer cruising (6). No boat? Try one of the package vacation cruises that put out from most seaport towns.

Many of today's deluxe trains (7) offer you the restfulness of a resort with the travel thrown in, and the complete train-trip vacation may be just what the doctor ordered. While for the pale-face who's palling at our appalling pace, there's the redskin's rest cure —swift water and the forest's fastness (8), with 200 canoe-able rivers, for instance, in New England alone.

The other extreme for the nautical nomad is the luxury liner (9)—the cruise ship bound for the islands, South America, or around the world—the trans-Atlantic steamer to the Continent, Scandinavia or the Mediterranean.

And so to the easiest adventure of them all, the happy highwayman's hegira by car (10), with 26 national parks to play in and more roads than you can travel in a lifetime.

Here, then, are ten ways to go places. The world is your oyster and there's a pearl in it—if you take off your blindfold and take off!



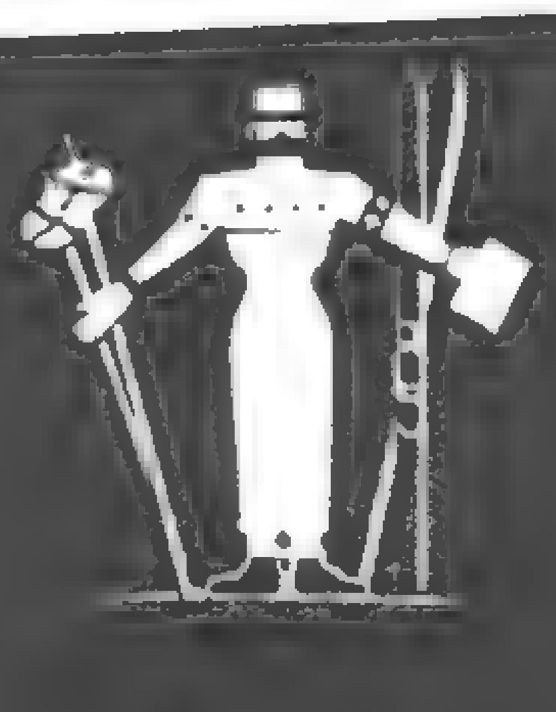
5 Via Inland Waterway

6 Or Windjammer

8 Primitive peace—and thrills—are yours on a canoe vacation

7 And deluxe trains will flash the continent past your window

TAILORMADE FOR 10 TYPES OF VACATIONERS

	SUN WORSHIPPER	 SKIER	SOPHISTICATE	SIGHT-SEER	SPECTATOR SPORTSMAN
WINTER	**Florida**—At this mid-winter mecca there are sun, sea fish, sand, surf—and turf for the modern male, from old-world St. Augustine along the resort-lined Atlantic coast to Palm Beach and Miami, then down the Florida Keys and up the Gulf to the west coast wonderlands of Venice, Sarasota, St. Petersburg and Tarpon Springs.	**Aspen**—Snow comes early here between ranges of some of the most magnificent peaks in the Colorado Rockies. A new resort in an old mining town, Aspen is already known as an outstanding ski center, thanks to its top topography, excellent ski school and the world's longest chair lift.	**Havana**—The fabulous fun of the Cuban capital came from a Yankee's yen for the foreign—and close to home. It's just a hop from the Florida coast to the land where music and dancing are as much a part of the good life as eating, drinking and gaming.	**New Orleans**—Colorful and carefree is this old French town with its hand-wrought iron railings and balconies, beautiful Creole girls, gay nightlife and the finest French food in the country. New Orleans is a paradise for sightseers and Mardi Gras's a must (Feb. 22 to March 1).	**St. Petersburg**—Calling itself"The Winter Baseball Capital of the Nation," St. Pete plays host to the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Cardinals during their February-March training season. So when you really wide-eyed baseball fans go on a bat here's the place for your winter vacation.
	Arizona—For the frostbitten and the slush-soaked, there's nothing like a desert dude ranch in Arizona's Valley of the Sun for the effortless intake of the ultra violet. No cowpuncher ever ranched, roamed or rambled like this as there's pool-swimming, golf, tennis, barbecues—or just soaking up the sun, for the happy tenderfoot.	**Sun Valley**—Skiing, Sun Valley and Spring are an unbeatable combination for the smart scout on skis. There's a snap to the snow while the sun stays hot enough to make you strip to the waist. Ski season lasts right through June in surrounding high spots, while Sun Valley itself is a high-spot for any vacationist.	**Las Vegas**—The west is wild and whoopee in this old Nevada town where Eastern buckos watch bronco busting and stop and have a drink. The flavor of this old mining town has been peppered by the years and puts a spark in anybody's insides, a bold look on the outside, then goads you into gaming. Don't miss Helldorado week in May.	**Williamsburg**—Spring is always lovely in the Virginia countryside, especially in Colonial Williamsburg, where careful hands have restored the settings of the gracious days before the Revolution. A man who likes to look and see will spend wonderful hours browsing along tree-shaded streets in the re-born beauty of this early capital of Virginia.	**Pinehurst**—With the big North and South Golf Tournament played on the famous Pinehurst Country Club course in April, and a constant display of championship golf, this little North Carolina town attracts golfers and golf fans from all parts of the country throughout the Spring season. And, too, there's racing, field trials, tennis and skeet-shooting.
SUMMER	**California**—From the Oregon line to the Mexican border there's gold in them thar hills—and on the beaches too! In the south, snow-capped mountains reflect the glitter of Hollywood; there are mission trails to follow, the hills of San Francisco to see, Lake Tahoe and the red woods, verdant valleys and Yosemite's giant falls.	**Chile**—Seasons reverse in Chile, so head for the Andes from June through October. Portillo is popular with the Yanquis, other ski centers are Farellones, Lagunillas and the slopes of the Villarica and Osorno volcanoes.	**Rio de Janeiro**—South of our sphere the seasons switch and Rio's climate is perfect for a beach resort. It's the height of the season at the famed Copacabana, and there's a gaiety there that's bizarre and wonderful.	**San Francisco**—The cosmopolitan connoisseur of civilized cities always includes this one on his list of cities to be savored. Built, like ancient Rome, on seven hills, its sky-top bars and clubs overlook the Golden Gate. Picturesque but up to date, its waterfronts and Chinatown offer many interesting hours of wandering.	**Saratoga**—Celebrated as a summer resort since Granddad took Grandma for a buggy ride, Saratoga's still very much the fashion with racing fans. Nowhere else does the improvement of the breed go on under more favorable auspices or with such careful attention by the spectators. A vacation" must" for the horsey set.
	New Mexico—Autumn quivers on the crystal-clear air in New Mexico and the sunshine dazzles the unbelievable colors of the landscape. Days are warm, nights crisp and cool. Here's the old West—redskins, Spanish fiestas, pueblo ruins and cowboys. Magnificent mountains, endless deserts and wonderful weather make this a top spot for fall.	**Canadian Rockies**—First to feel the flakes of a fall snowstorm are usually the peaks of Alberta's world-famous ski centers at Banff, Jasper and Mount Assiniboine. Good skiing starts in November, with the season well under way by mid-December. Before then, going's good on the glaciers at Maligne, Tonquin Valley and Columbia Icefield.	**Reno**—Still a town of the gold rush, the "biggest little city in the world" glitters with a thousand neon lights. Centered around its nightlife—its bars, saloons, night clubs and gaming tables are dude ranches and resorts where Eastern cowboys and cow gals can yipee-yi-yo-ki-yay.	**Charleston**—South Carolina's epitome of the old, ante-bellum South, of crinolines and mint juleps on the long white verandahs of stately homes, is the last stronghold of the old planter aristocracy—picturesque and colorful.	**Mexico City**—Comes four o'clock in the Sunday sunshine of the world's largest bull ring, and thousands of American visitors join their Mexican hosts in an "olé, olé" as the matador sidesteps the bull in the most colorful of spectator sports. With the start of the season in the Fall, the world's finest matadors show their skill in the ring of the Mexican capital.

	HUNTER	FISHERMAN	ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER	INTELLECTUAL	PEACE SEEKER
	Guatemala—It's practically impossible to go out into the woods with a gun and not bring back some game. Your choice of antelope, wild turkey, duck, peccary, crocodile, monkey, jaguar, tapir, and puma. Open season from January to September, with hunting best from February to April. Truly primitive country just a few miles from civilization.	**Gulf of California**—West of the Mexican coast, between Lower California and the states of Sonora and Sinaloa, there's deep-sea fishing that would make a man doubt the word of an old and trusted friend. Totoava, a form of white bass, runs up to six hundred pounds, huge manta ray, thirty-foot sharks, marlin, broadbill swordfish, sailfish, tuna.	**Yucatán**—Deep in the dense jungles of this Mexican peninsula stand the colossal monuments of the Mayan culture—temples to the sun, ball courts and astronomical observatories. In the towns and villages the Mayan descendants with their bronzed skins, straight black hair and colorful costumes stroll through the streets and palm-shaded plazas.	**New York City**—No real New Yorker ever notices winter weather in the nation's cultural capital. Here the intelligentsia gathers in the winter to write novels, produce plays, paint pictures, go to galleries and listen to concerts, operas and lectures. For the man of mind New York is a wintertime must.	**San Jose de Purua**—An Eden for escapists, this Mexican spa originated in two volcanic springs hidden in the wild woodlands of the Tarascan Indian country. It's three hours from Mexico City by car, has an average temperature of 71 degrees (varying less than 10 degrees throughout the year) a hotel that's heavenly and four swimming pools.
SPRING	**British Columbia**—In the northern and central parts of the province are some of the deepest wilderness areas in North America, and one of the world's great game countries. Mountain sheep, mountain goat, caribou, moose, black and grizzly bear, wolf, many varieties of deer, grouse, ptarmigan, prairie chicken and duck—plenty of all for all.	**Bahamas**—Stretching 650 miles into the Atlantic from Bimini, 50 miles off the Florida coast, the Bahamas have long been rated tops by American fishermen. There's swordfish, amberjack, tuna, barracuda, blue marlin, sailfish, grouper, bonefish, snappers, tarpon, mako sharks, wahoo and dolphin. Spring and early summer best for deep-sea fishing.	**Taos, New Mexico**—One of the Southwest's oldest and most famous artists' colonies has long been established at Taos. Each new generation of painters and photographers are attracted and held by the brilliant colors of the landscape shining through the clear air; the pueblos and picturesque Indian life.	**Paris**—April in Paris has drawn the world's thinkers and dreamers for two hundred years, and in the City of Light a new generation of expatriate writers is finding the same intellectual climate Americans in Paris knew in the 20's.	**Bermuda**—Only four hours from New York by air, Bermuda is becoming increasingly popular with people who want to get far away fast. It is quiet and frequently quaint—for those who love to linger longer on uncrowded beaches.
	Alaska—A real summer paradise for the outdoorsman. Just about every variety of northern big game and game birds is plentiful, including Sitka deer, moose, caribou; grizzly, brown, black and polar bears; mountain sheep and goats, ducks, geese, grouse and ptarmigan. Alaska represents one of the largest wild-life areas under the American flag.	**Nova Scotia**—If you've a yen for cool, salt air in mid-summer and first-rate deep-sea fishing, try Nova Scotia. Blue-fin tuna run outsize in the coastal waters. Record tuna, 956 pounds, taken here. Also record broadbill swordfish. Inland lakes and streams offer fighting Atlantic and land-locked salmon; speckled, sea and lake trout.	**Cape Cod and Cape Ann**—These two Massachusetts Capes have long been competing attractions for American painters, and our contemporary art is the richer for their rivalry. Provincetown is the traditional Cape Cod art center, while the Cape Ann group centers in Gloucester and Rockport.	**Stockholm**—Swedish summers and a chance to observe Sweden's famous "middle-way" social progress are attracting more and more American visitors each year. Here is one of the great centers of modern architecture and industrial design, a capital of the world co-operative movement.	**Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard**—For sheer escape, there's nothing like an island, and for summer regulars these two can't be beat. There are miles of almost deserted beaches, and shaded streets with lovely homes crowned by widows' walks, where wives of whaling skippers waited for their men who went down to the sea.
FALL	**Newfoundland**—Five hours from New York, Gander, Newfoundland, is a gateway to untracked wilderness for the American sportsman. King of its fall sports is moose and caribou hunting. Also yellowlegs, geese, duck, ptarmigan and snipe and sometimes bear.	**Ontario and Quebec**—Canada's eastern provinces present endless wonders for anglers. There's trout and Arctic charr in the James Bay country; Atlantic salmon, Arctic charr and trout in eastern Quebec; and in Georgian Bay fine bass, pike, pickerel and muskellunge.	**National Parks**—Twenty-six national parks, from Yosemite in California to the Great Smokies between Tennessee and North Carolina, and from the Everglades to Arcadia in Maine, present to the painter and photographer endless pictorial possibilities. Wild life in Yellowstone, the painted peaks of Zion, Mount Rainier and the Grand Canyon.	**London**—Despite the great physical and economic damage suffered during the war, London's cultural and intellectual life is again in full swing. The collections of the National Gallery and the British Museums are reinstalled, the Tate Gallery is open, the concert schedules are full and the lights are on again on the theatres of Piccadilly.	**White Sulphur Springs**—There is fashionable fun at this West Virginia resort with its luxuriously redecorated Greenbrier Hotel. Here the julep is said to have been created and here the governors of the two Carolinas are said to have exchanged their famous remarks. There are miles of riding trails or carriage roads, three golf courses, tennis, fishing.

ESQUIRE'S 10 TERRIFICS

See these and you've lived,

the spots that weave spells for the Modern Marco Polo

One day back in 13th century Venice, a dusty buckaroo with a bold look in his eye dropped into his favorite saloon, ordered a round of red-eye for the boys at the bar, and announced that he had just returned from Peking, Lop-Nor, Khotan, Persia and the Near East—a little junket of over 15,000 miles, that kept him on his travels for 24 years.

To the assembled free-loaders, Marco Polo spun such fabulous tales of customs, cooking, jewels and Jills that his name has been renowned ever since. He was one of the first of the great adventurers, that restless breed of red-bloods, with the roving eyes and the hungry hearts, whose siren songs of strange lands will lure men on as long as there's a horizon to cross or another side to the mountain.

For the modern Marco Polo, the world has little changed; it is still a Decameron tale of far-off places to see and to sing about—and here are ten such places.

Needless to say, they are not *the* ten terrific spots on earth. It's as futile to claim supremacy for the allurements of some particular island or crossroads of the world as for the sinews and the sins of some particular sloe-eyed siren. But here, at least, are ten terrifics that travelers talk about—in the smoking rooms of luxury liners or water-front saloons.

They'll tell about the mosques and minarets of Istanbul (9) piercing the harbor mists in the morning. Of the medieval island town of Visby (3) that the centuries have ignored. Of golden Hawaii (5) with its music and maidens, or the crême de la crême of the Continent skiing at sensational St. Moritz (7).

The talk will run from the temple gardens and geisha girls of the melting-pot of the East (4) to the polyglot glitter and glamour of royalty at the Riviera (6). They'll tell of beautiful women and ways in Tehuantepec (10). And the windy wilderness of a Barbados beach (2) will sound like Crusoe's isle.

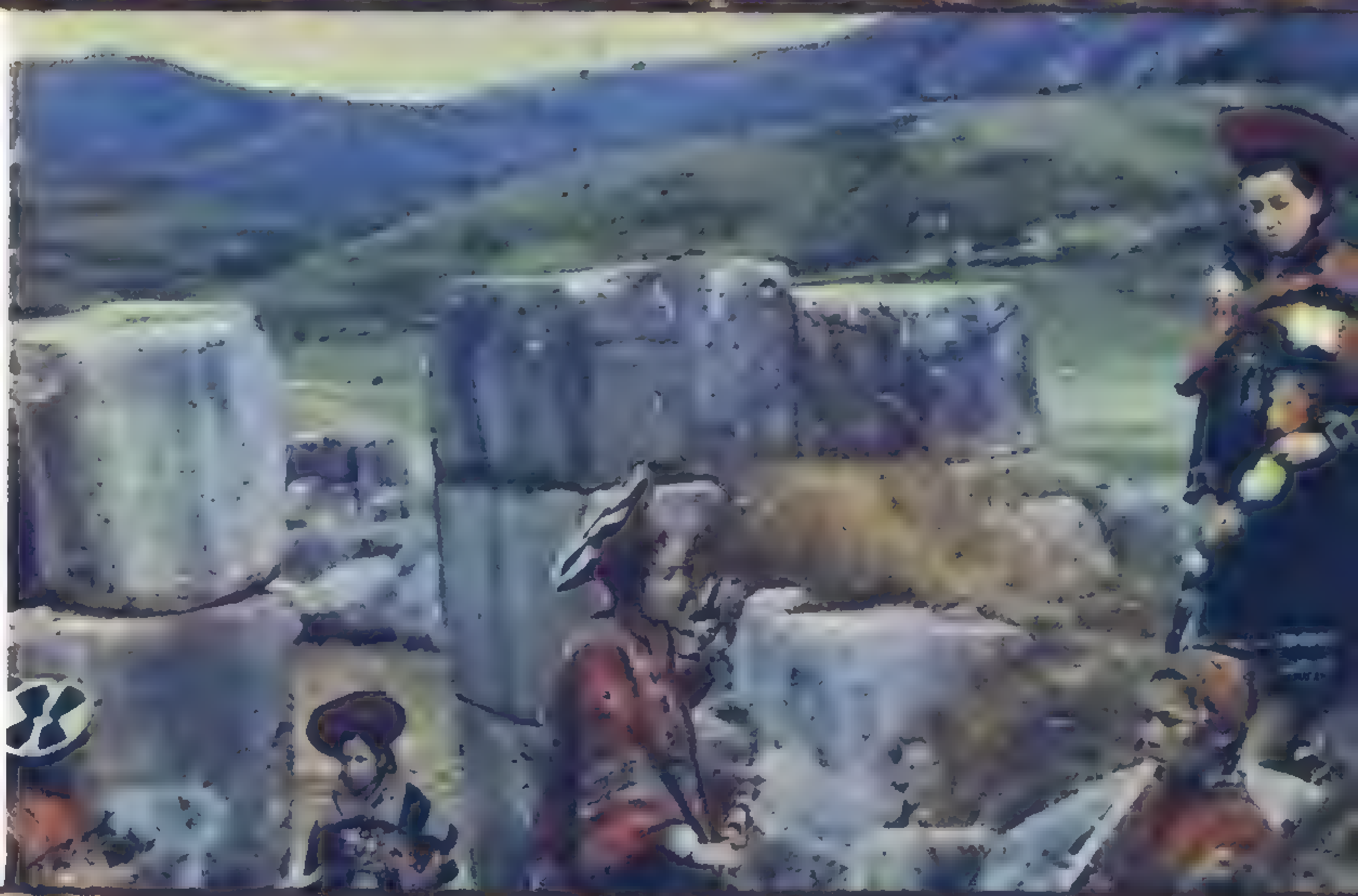
They'll make you hanker for the ancient Andean world of the mountain peoples of Peru (1). And "see Naples and die," they'll say—but first cross the bay and see Capri!

Here, then, are the ten. See Naples and die, if you must—but see these ten and you've lived!

PERU ①
BARBADOS ②
VISBY ③
SHANGHAI ④
HAWAII ⑤

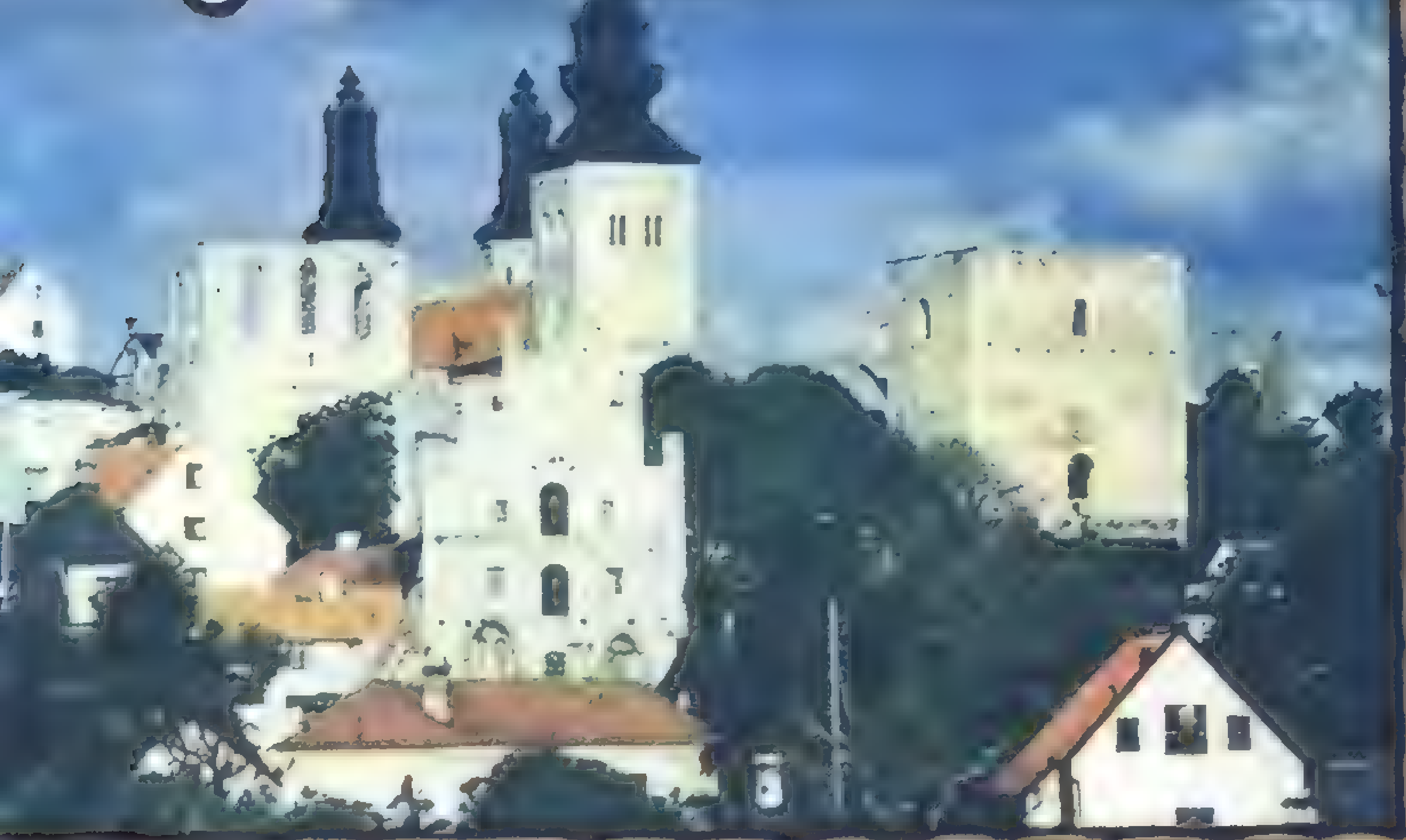
⑥ **THE RIVIERA**
⑦ **ST. MORITZ**
⑧ **CAPRI**
⑨ **ISTANBUL**
⑩ **TEHUANTEPEC**

① Scenery, costumes and old culture—a high spot in Peru



② Atmosphere of the South Seas on the nearby isle of Barbados

③ Medieval Visby, a Swedish island the centuries have passed by

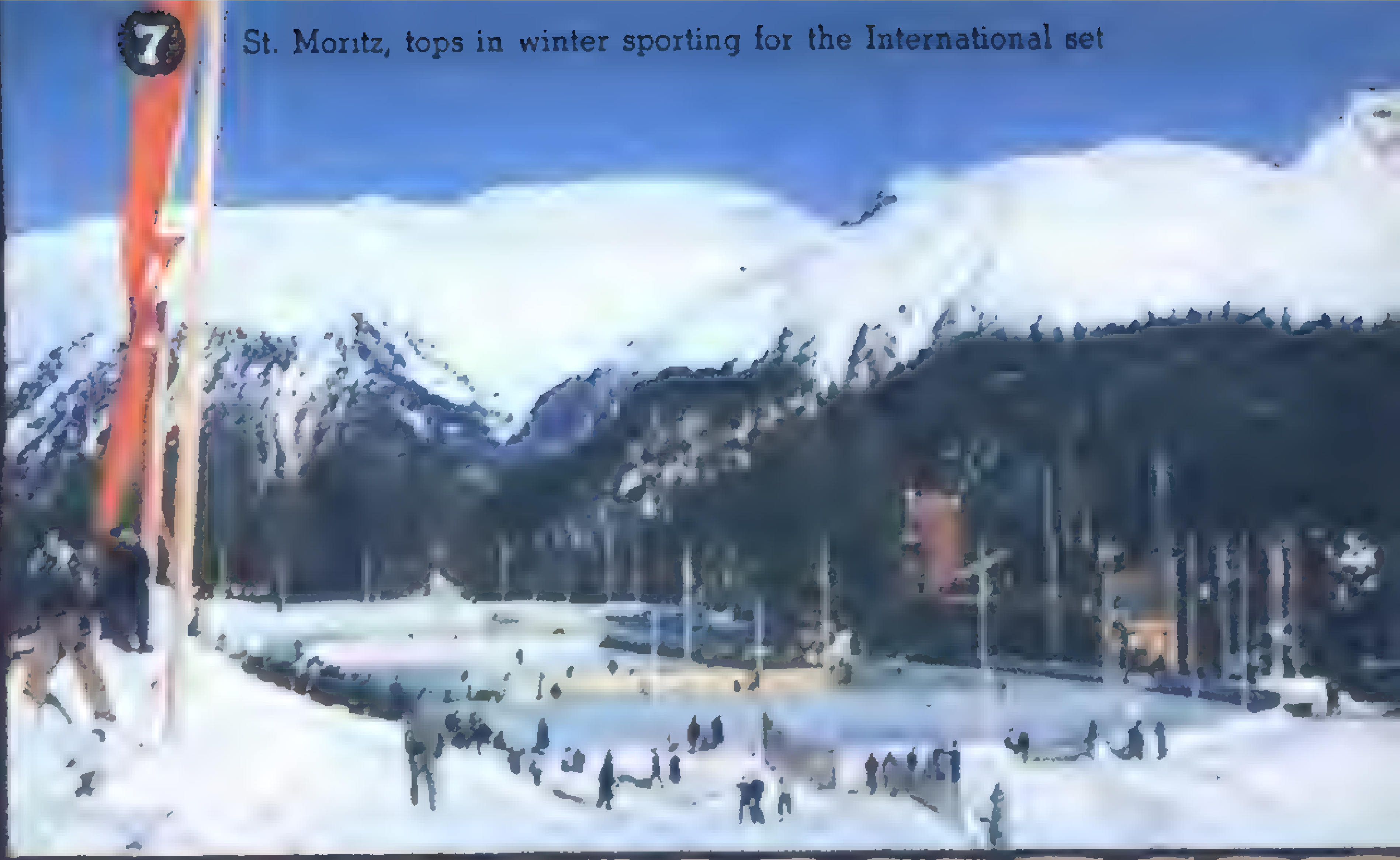


④ Shanghai, melting pot of mystery and adventure in the Orient

⑤ Hawaii's mountains, maidens and music are a Marco Polo's Must

⑥ The Riviera—swank spa of the world's wealthiest wanderers

⑦ St. Moritz, tops in winter sporting for the International set



⑧ Renowned in the legend of love is the jewel-like isle of Capri

⑨ Istanbul's minarets face east to Damascus, Baghdad and Mecca

⑩ Sisters of the siesta in full bloom at tranquil Tehuantepec

10 TRIPS FOR THE CAREFREE CRUISER

THE CARIBBEAN—FROM NEW ORLEANS

Seventeen days aboard Alcoa's new streamliners, the *Cavalier*, *Clipper* and *Corsair* with stops at Jamaica, Venezuela, Trinidad and the Dominican Republic or, on alternate sailings, Curacao. Accommodations: 95 passengers, air conditioned, outside rooms from $545 to $845. Disembark at Mobile. Sailings: Every week.

ACAPULCO—FROM LOS ANGELES

Ten days of luxurious living on the Pacific Cruise Line's *Corsair*, formerly J. P. Morgan's yacht, down the West Coast to Acapulco. (In spring and fall it sails to Honolulu or through the Panama Canal to Havana.) Accommodations: 82 passengers, one class—$260 to $335 one way. Sailings: Every 12 days from Jan. 4th to March 17th.

ALASKA—FROM VANCOUVER

Ten days, 2,100-mile cruise aboard the Canadian National Steamship's *S.S. Prince George*, following the Inland Passage from Vancouver to Skagway at the mouth of the Yukon in Alaska. Accommodations: 260 passengers, one class, all outside staterooms, $160 round trip. Sailings: Eight cruises between June 19th and Sept. 1st.

THE PANAMA CANAL—FROM NEW YORK

Seventeen days on the United Fruit Line's *Jamaica*, *Talamanca* or *Veragua* to Guatemala. Returning ships head south, visit the Panama Canal and Havana. Accommodations: 95 passengers, all outside staterooms, from $375 to $1625, swimming pools, optional shore trips at ports of call. Sailings: Every Friday, the year around.

SOUTH AMERICA—FROM NEW ORLEANS

Forty-seven days on the Caribbean aboard the Delta Line's *Del Norte*, *Del Sud*, or *Del Mar*, going as far south as Buenos Aires, with stops at St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, and Port-of-Spain. Accommodations: 120 passengers, air-conditioned, outside rooms, $900 to $2205. Sailings: Six from December 23 to March 31.

HAWAII—FROM THE WEST COAST

Five days of languorous luxury while sailing to or from Honolulu aboard the Matson Line's new super cruiser, the *Lurline*. Accommodations: 722 passengers, First and Cabin Class staterooms from $120 each way to the luxurious Lanai Suites at $850, air conditioned throughout, swimming pool, movies. Sailings: Every 11 days.

THE MEDITERRANEAN—FROM NEW YORK

Forty-five days on American Export liners *Excalibur*, *Exochorda*, *Exeter*, and *Escambion* to the Mediterranean, traveling 12,000 miles, calling at Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Alexandria, Jaffa, Tel Aviv, Haifa, Beirut. Accommodations: 125 passengers, one class, $950 to $2240. Sailings: Every other Tuesday from Dec. 14th.

SOUTH AMERICA—FROM NEW YORK

Thirty-eight day cruise, aboard the Moore-McCormack Line's *Brazil*, *Uruguay* or *Argentina*, crosses the Caribbean to the great eastern coast ports of South America. Accommodations: 519 passengers, Cabin, First Class staterooms—$710 to $3295, swimming pool, gymnasium, optional shore trips for $145. Sailings: Every two weeks.

THE CARIBBEAN—FROM NEW YORK

Twelve-day cruises aboard the Grace Line's *Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula* visit the Caribbean ports of Willemstad, La Guaira, Porto Cabello, and Cartagena. Accommodations: 225 passengers, one class, all outside staterooms with private baths, shore trips available, swimming pools, open-air dining rooms, $435 to $653. Sailings: Weekly.

AROUND THE WORLD

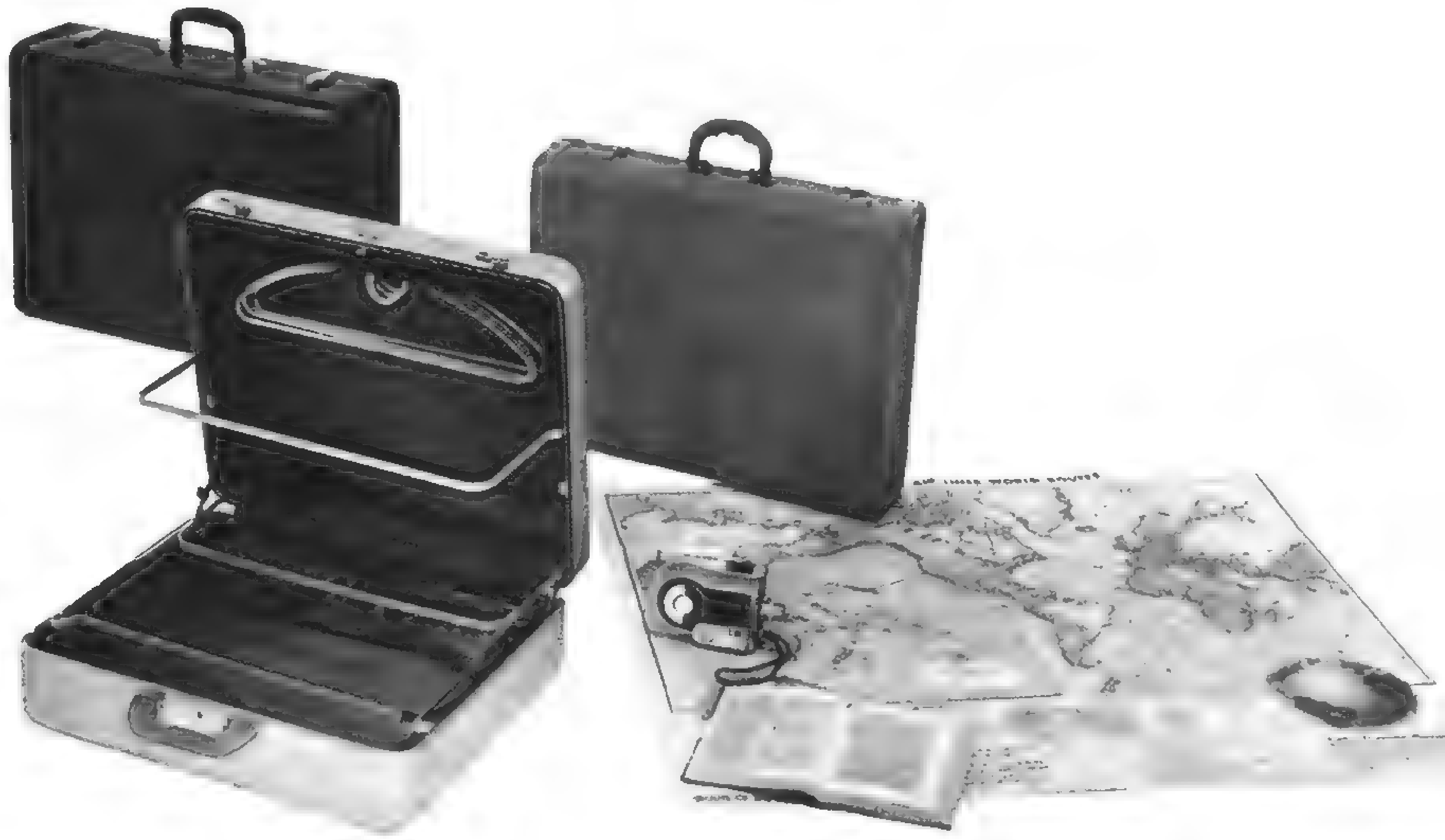
Around the world in 100 days go the American President Liners, the *Presidents Monroe* and *Polk*. They visit 21 ports of call, with sizeable stops at Havana, Shanghai, Manila, Singapore, and Bombay. Accommodations: 96 passengers, all outside staterooms—$2470 to $2915. Sailings: Dec., Feb., and March from New York or San Francisco.

For more complete information on sailings and rates consult your local travel agent.

10 TRAVEL TAKEAWAYS

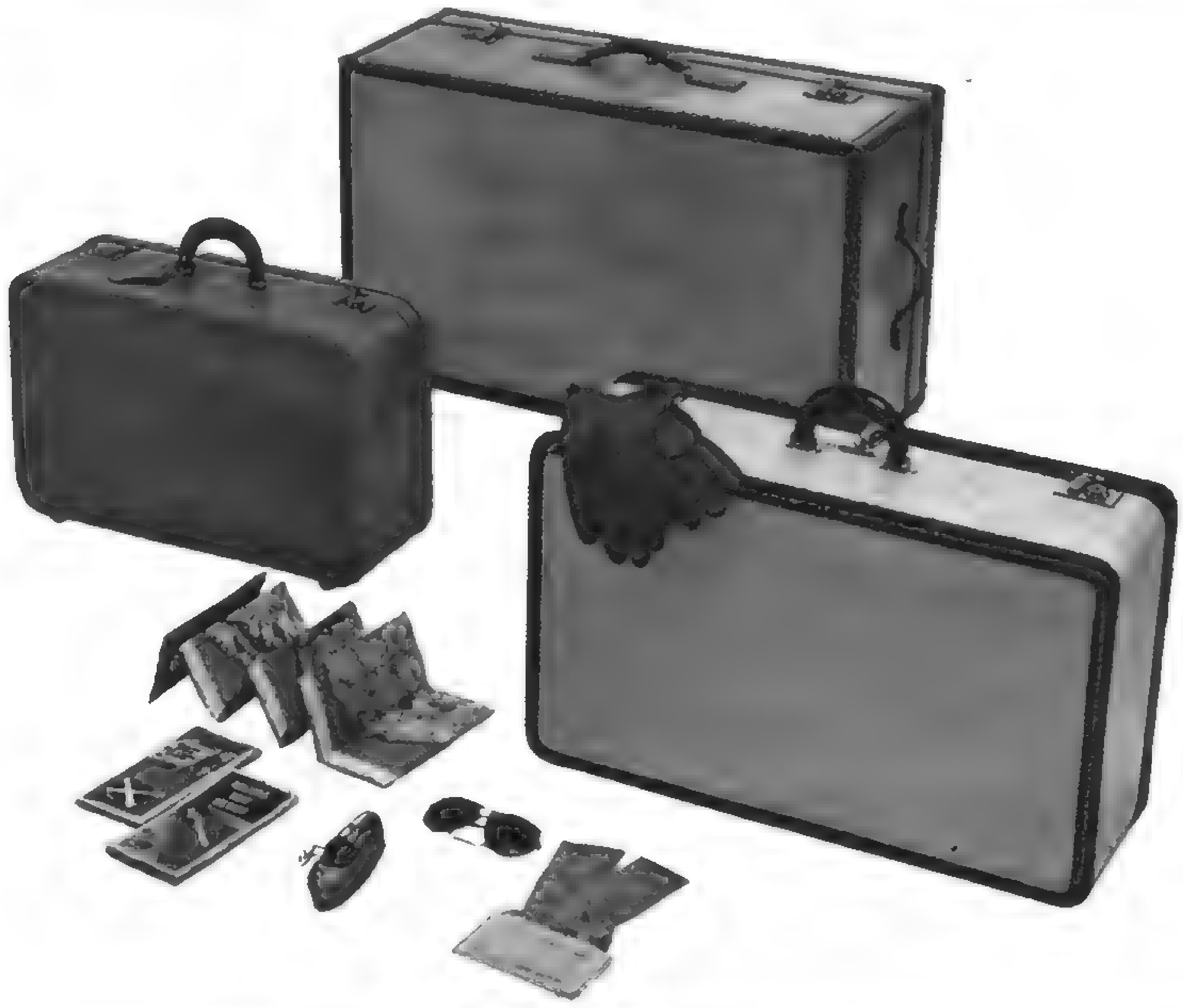
AIR

Lightweight is the word for luggage when you're traveling by air. Open is a ladies aluminum wardrobe case that's dust-proof, moisture-proof and its lining—waterproof. At left is a cordovan two-suiter for men with a plasticized coating which protects it from scratches and tears. The single-suiter in cowhide is perfect for a short trip and the single suit is guaranteed to come out wrinkle free.



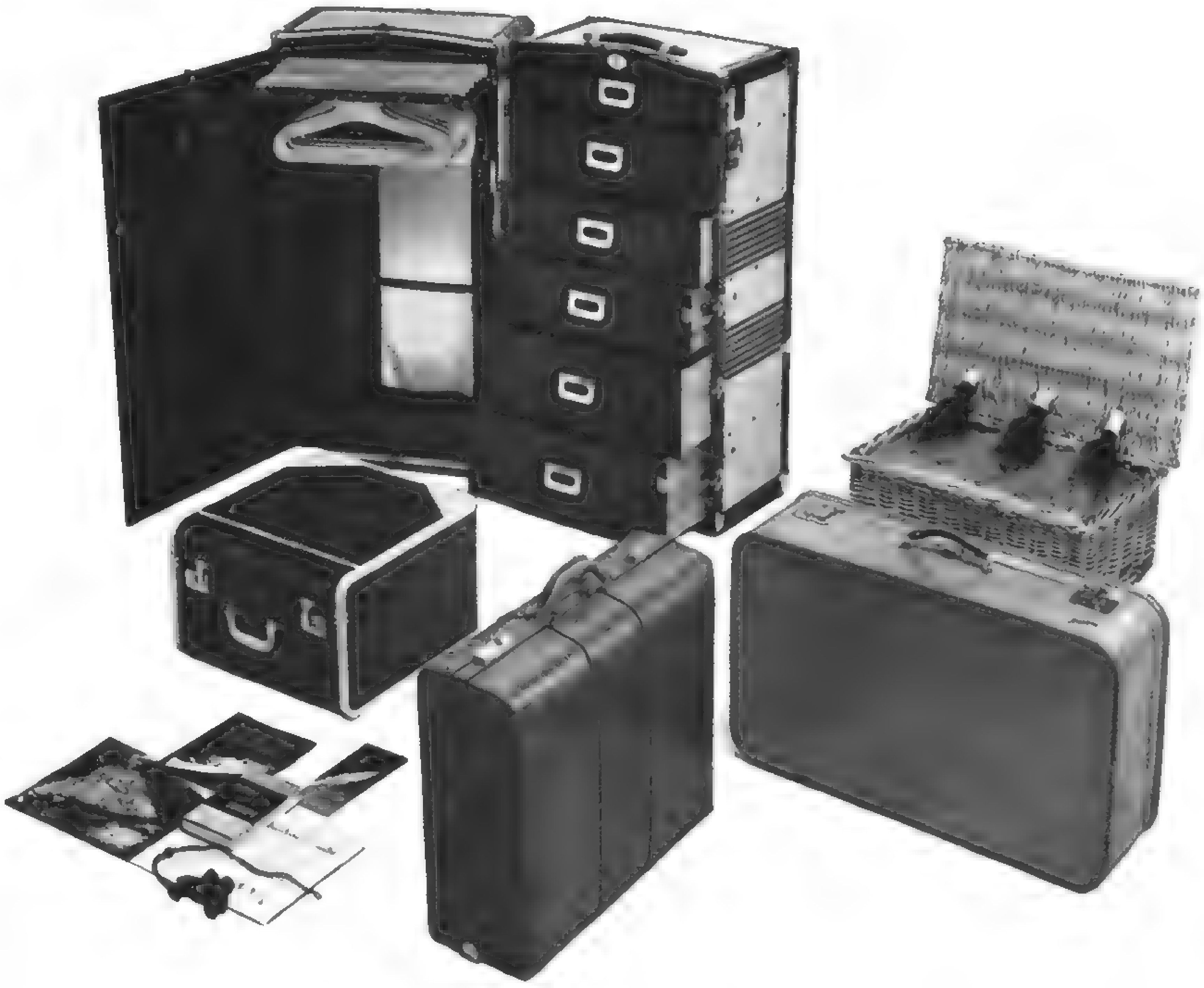
LAND

For taking off on a tour of the highways and byways, here is the luggage to take along—and it is compact and sturdy for train travel too. At left, for men or women, is a saddle-tan, cowhide suitcase, while the larger one at right is basswood covered in beige canvas and bound in cherry red. The spacious utility case for men is covered in tan rawhide with brass corners and fiber bindings.



SEA

When it comes to luggage there is no reason to be at sea on an ocean voyage, so Esquire presents these four basic pieces for the trip. The twelve-hanger wardrobe trunk has roller casters for convenience in moving. At left, for women, is a hat and shoe bag in ginger cowhide. Also for her is the russet leather suitcase, at right. The suitcase in the center, in top grain cowhide is for men.

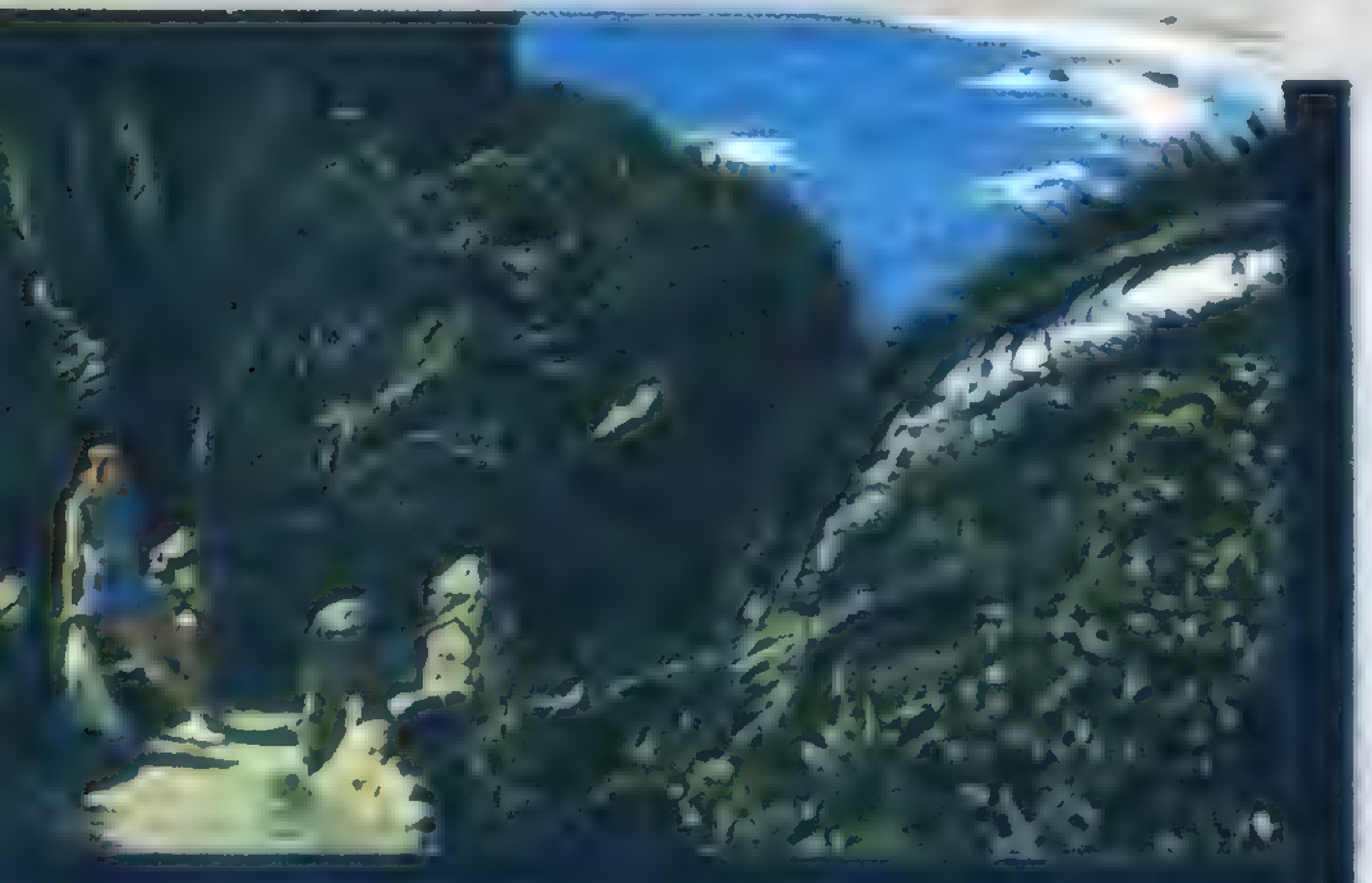


ESQUIRE'S 10 MOTORING MUSTS

The highways of Montana push northward into the Canadian Rockies, where at Lake Louise (right), Banff, and Jasper Park, snow-capped peaks tower above clear, blue lakes that find their source in the glacial ice above.

The sun sets over the Pacific along the rocky shores of Oregon. Swinging inland through the tall timber the route follows the great Columbia River Highway to Spokane, returns past Grand Coulee Dam to Seattle.

From Mt. Rushmore in the Dakota Black Hills to Old Faithful (erupting above) in Yellowstone National Park—one of the three top scenic attractions in the country—lie four hundred miles of unforgettable pioneer scenery.



Up the California coast (above), over the mountains to Lake Tahoe and Yosemite National Park, through giant redwood forests, and back to green valleys and Hollywood's glittering gals—a truly breath-taking breather.

Pikes Peak (top goal of many motorists) towers above the Kansas plain, beckons the traveler into the Rockies on thrill-packed roads over the Royal Gorge and the Continental Divide to Leadville, Central City and Estes Park.

A quarter-million miles of paved highways lace this country of ours and lead to some of the most sensational sights and scenery on earth. So, when you hear the call of the open road, give a gander at these top ten tours, then get up and go!

Tour the Great Lakes, swinging from Detroit up the Michigan peninsula. Visit Mackinac Island (left)—where no cars are allowed—then go west to Duluth and follow the Gun Flint Trail north, then return to Chicago.

In the cable car of the Cannon Mountain Tramway at Franconia the New England tourist surveys his trip from the windswept Cape and coastal villages to the Presidentials and the deep pine woods of northern Maine.

From Norris Dam and Knoxville, you cross the great Smokies (above) on the Blue Ridge Mountain Parkway to the Shenandoah's Skyline Drive, with a visit to historic Williamsburg, Va., and so to the nation's capital.

Travel on Florida's 1,200-mile coast line from the "old-world" town of St. Augustine to St. Petersburg. Stop to swim and play at such peaceful or swank paradises as Del Ray, Palm Beach, Key West, Venice or Sarasota.

The brilliant colors and weird formations of Bryce Canyon share top billing with the unparalleled splendor of Grand Canyon on a tour that also sees Boulder Dam, the Painted Desert, Zion Park and the Petrified Forest.

10 TOP AIR ADVENTURES

Anywhere on earth is only hours away—so go where you will by air

NORTH COUNTRY JUNKET

For the unusual in an air hop, leave New York or Boston for Goose Bay in Labrador and then head for Iceland, whose northern climate lies across the Arctic Circle. Known to ancient mariners it is an island of picturesque charm, comfortable climate, and rugged mountains.

NORTH ATLANTIC RUN

The world's most traveled overseas air route is from Gander in Newfoundland to Shannon, Ireland. Start your trip at New York or Boston, fly the North Atlantic and after a rest at Prestwick, Scotland, see the capitals of the Continent or swing up to Denmark and the North Cape countries.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Leaving Chicago or Seattle following the American coast line northwest to Shanghai, this tour calls at the great cities of the Orient. Flying north across British Columbia, stop at Sitka on the Alaskan coast, the Aleutians, then jump the International Dateline to Tokyo, Shanghai and the Philippine Islands.

SOUTH AMERICAN SWING

Follow the 75th parallel south from New York, stop at Bogotá and Quito, then on over the Andes to Lima and Santiago. Crossing Argentina to Buenos Aires, head north to Montevideo, Rio and Natal. Return via the Guianas and for a last look at the tropics, stop at Bermuda.

THE CARIBBEAN CIRCUIT

The West Indies sweep from Florida to the Orinoco and are laced together by plane routes from cosmopolitan Havana to the throbbing calypso beat of Trinidad. See Jamaica, a garden of Eden; the fabulous Citadel in Haiti and the Dutch island of Curacao, which mirrors its native land.

GOLD COAST SAFARI

Jump off from Gander for a tour of the Dark Continent. Fly east past the polyglot ports of the north coast, across the Libyan Desert to Khartoum. Cross the jungle to Nairobi and Johannesburg, turn north over the Congo and Gold Coast, return through Dakar.

MAGIC CARPET ROUTE

It's an Arabian Nights adventure: From Gander to the Azores, to Lisbon, Madrid and Marseilles—then winging the entire length of the Mediterranean, a distance of 2,700 miles—to the ancient cities of the Middle East: Mecca, Damascus, Jaffa and Baghdad, whose kohl-eyed beauties are tantalizingly veiled.

AROUND THE WORLD

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CREDITS—Esquire wishes to express its appreciation to the following for their assistance in the preparation of this section: Automobile Club of New York for routes outlined on Pages 10 and 11; Esquire Studios for cover and pictures on Page 9; also for pictures Roy Stevens, Delta Line photo P. 8—Pan American World Airways photo P. 12—Pages 2 and 3, No. 1 R. Bagby FPG, No. 2 J. Scaylea FPG, No. 3 J. J. Steinmetz FPG, No. 4 Douglas Aircraft Co., No. 5 Texaco Waterways Service, No. 6 A. Griffin FPG, No. 7 Union Pacific, No. 8 A. Griffin FPG, No. 9 Grace Line, No. 10 R. H. Anderson FPG—Pages 6 and 7, No. 2 George Burns, No. 3 Swedish Travel Information Bureau, No. 4 American President Lines, No. 5 Fritz Henle, No. 6 Ardean Miller, III FPG, No. 7 Guillumette, No. 8 Marjorie Collins Guillumette, No. 9 Acme News Photos, No. 10 National Railroads of Mexico—Page 10, upper right Canadian Pacific, upper left Ray Atkeson, center Union Pacific, lower left Patterson FPG, lower right William Eymann FPG—Page 11, upper left J. A. Spencer, upper right New Hampshire State Information Bureau, center Hugh Morton FPG, lower right Florida State Tourist Commission, lower left Union Pacific.

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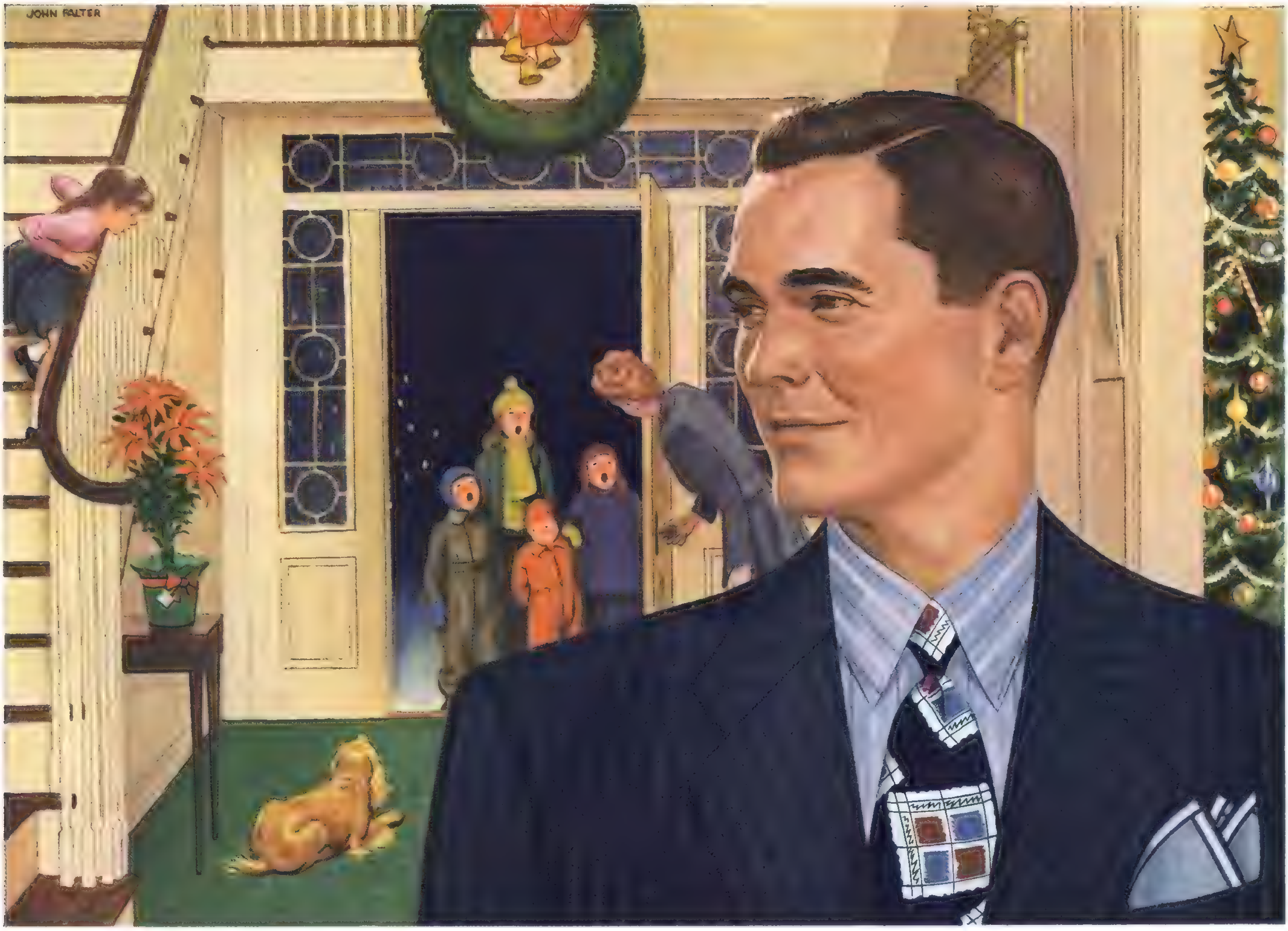

Arrow's Style of the Month
"Carol Tones"

THE FRESHEST NOTES to be sounded in dress this Christmas will come from Arrow's striking ensemble of shirt, tie, and handkerchief. We named it "Carol Tones."

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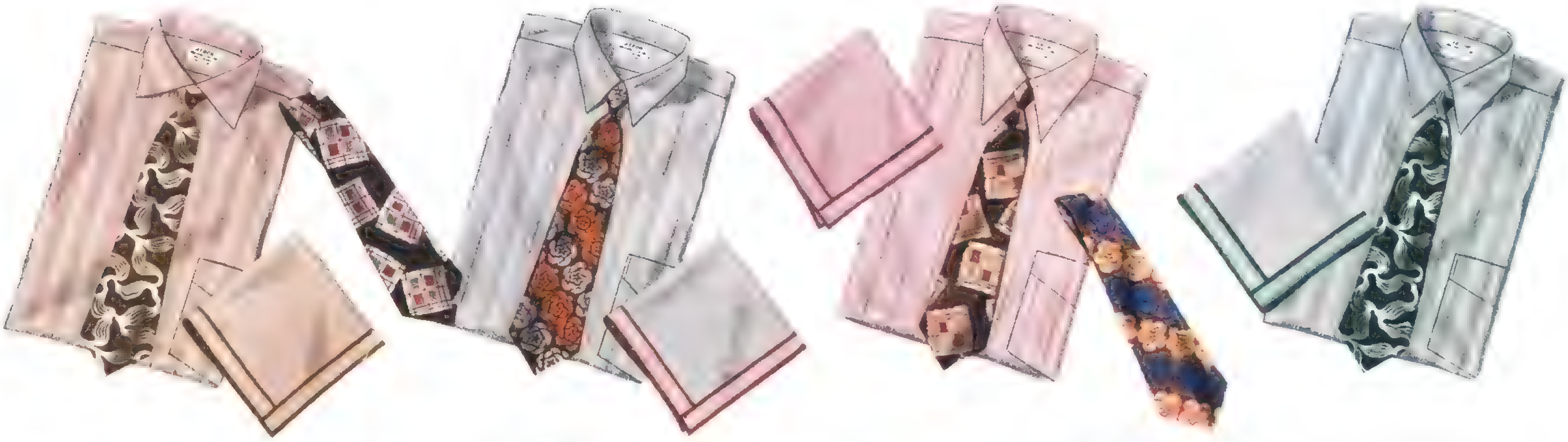

SHIRTS—each boasts that *famous, can't-be-copied* Arrow Collar; MITOGA—the body tapered fit; and is labeled *Sanforized* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%).

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Hitting the Line

Continued from page 53

owner came to the agency in search of a floor show. Wally agreed to produce the show and called his employer to boast of the new business that he had lined up. But the agency head wanted no part of a show that, in his absence, would have to be directed by an inexperienced youngster. He told Wally to go ahead on his own and gave him permission to use the agency's facilities as long as he in no way involved its good name. Wally produced a very successful show—and decided to continue going ahead on his own. Time passed, and with its passage and the production of a great many shows in this country, South America, and on the European Riviera, he earned a reputation as a top man in his field. It was during this period that he discovered the existing system for obtaining chorus girls was a mess. About two years ago, he founded his Chorus Institute, after having signed contracts to provide chorus lines for clubs as widely removed from one another as the Flamingo in Las Vegas, Nevada, the El Morocco in Montreal, Canada, the Latin Quarter in Miami, Florida, the Harem and Copacabana in New York. He also established a chorus-girl registry that now lists over three thousand girls.

The Institute's assembly-line production of new girls is of vital importance in Wanger's activities, since the turnover in experienced chorines—object, matrimony—is very great. Furthermore, club owners are constantly demanding new and fresh faces. Figures, it seems, are more or less standardized. Recently, Wanger placed a new chorus line in New York's high-tariff Copacabana Club, and blasé theatrical trade paper *Billboard* raved, "...the most gorgeous kids of any nitery in the city."

With an assist from Mrs. Wanger, three dance instructors, and a make-up man, Wally is able to turn out enough new girls to meet the current demand: around sixty girls a month. Great beauty and a superb figure are not absolute requirements. A girl with a relatively plain face can be taught to perform minor miracles with her make-up kit. Also, certain physical discrepancies and shortcomings can be overcome by subtle costuming; the one absolute requirement is that a girl's legs must be shapely. A show girl's gowns, like those of many movie actresses, often carry built-in falsies as standard equipment. Hip lines, too, can be altered.

One thing that can't be taught a girl or built around her basic bone structure is a sense of rhythm. But if she has rhythm and is in other ways a reasonable facsimile of an attractive girl, she can become a chorine by learning the few simple dance steps needed in club work, where dancing is fairly rudimentary.

Once a girl has spent a month under the astute tutelage of Dean Wanger, she is ready to take her fledgling steps in the glamorous (it says in the books) world of the chorus. Her background is of no importance. Wanger has made successful chorus girls out of secretaries, models, nurses, wives and mothers, Wacs, Phi Beta Kappas, schoolteachers, and divorcées.

When the girls are ready for the market place, the majority of them are sent to small out-of-town clubs for further seasoning and indoctrination. Some may work temporarily in fashion or television shows, resort spots, or even local fairs. Wanger's organization functions in the same manner as the farm system in baseball. A girl starts in the minor leagues; and, to rupture a figure of speech, if she can throw a good curve and has sufficient control, she may make the majors—that elite body of 150 or so girls who earn up to $125 a week in the good New York clubs.

Upon graduation, the girls are labeled either "show girls" or "dancers." Show girls are those tall, statuesque, undulating creatures who walk as if they were born without knee joints and who exude—the management hopes—charm and sex appeal from every pore. Dancers are distinguished from show girls by the fact that they are smaller and work harder.

"Oh, I like to have the place look busy"

Within the profession, the term "chorus girl" is seldom used. That expression has become a layman's phrase. The girls detest it, because of the immoral connotations with which it has been gilded, and the man who applies the term to them is immediately catalogued as "a jerk who hasn't yet come downtown." As one petite blonde has said, "There's been so much tripe written about chorus girls that a guy starts getting ideas the minute he uses the words. The type of girl he's mentally seducing is as extinct as the dancing dodo."

Most chorus girls—there isn't much point in our abandoning the phrase, since *we* are certainly not in the profession—regard men en masse with a jaundiced eye and considerable distrust. The reason is obvious. The girls don't think of themselves as loose characters, and they resent the fact that so many men make the unwarranted assumption that chorus girls are sitting ducks for any amorous huntsman who condescends to leer at them. But once a girl has fought off the trousered horde long enough to enable her to find the one man she wants for her own, she becomes devoted, steadfast, and obeisant. "After all," the girls say, "who knows better than we do that a good man is hard to find—and keep?"

Wanger likes to point out that neither the seductive-*femme-fatale* idea nor the Park-Avenue-penthouse theme figures in the folklore of the chorine. On the other hand, the girls' dressing rooms ring with tales of sacrificial colleagues who gave their all—and a *soupçon* more—for a great love: the girl who came out of retirement at the end of the war to support her malaria-ridden G.I. husband and their child; the girl who turned down movie stardom to continue dancing in a New York club so that she could make Sunday trips up the river to visit her man in Sing Sing; the girl whose dancing feet paid for curing an alcoholic husband—to name but a few.

Wally grows pretty intense as he relates these stories. "Damn it!" he explodes. "They're good girls—none better. They were born ordinary girl babies, just like your sister or your sainted wife. They didn't come packaged as odalisques, concubines, harem ladies, or houris. Look, if a girl wants to go bad she's going to go bad whether she dances in a chorus or sings in a choir. Let's face it: my girls know more about boiling eggs over a rooming-house gas burner than they do about wearing mink coats."

In an average chorus of twelve girls, he claims, six girls will be working because they have to eat, even as you and I; four will be studying dramatics, singing, or dancing in their spare time to further their stage careers; and two of the girls will be strictly on the make. "Take your average office staff," Wanger says. "Half of the girls will be interested only in the take-home pay, some will be ambitious, and there'll always be a couple willing to play patty-cake with the boss."

The wonder of it is, he thinks, that the girls stay as good as they do. Temptation comes their way more often than it comes to an office worker. The variety of human wolf that makes its lair in a night club usually flaunts great quantities of folding green stuff, and a girl with room-rent problems has to be a stanch character to ignore the crackling music. On the whole, though, Wanger regards the usual dentured Casanova as a pretty silly character. When he makes a conquest, it is usually that in name only.

Just how silly night-club Lotharios can become is illustrated by an experience shared by a line of girls that Wanger sent to Florida last winter. An octogenarian millionaire, nursing illusions of virility, wanted to play games. He sent the first of twelve girls in the line a note asking her to join him in a late snack at his beach house. The note was pinned to a mink jacket. The fur was returned to him, and the following night he again sent it backstage, in company with the customary note, to the second girl in the line. Back came the mink jacket—and off it went again, to the third girl. He had almost completed his unsuccessful poll of the line when Wanger got a despairing long-distance call from the girls. Could he help them out? No one in Florida seemed to know where they could lay their hands on any fresh moth eggs. Could he get hold of some and send them air mail? Wally was of no help to the girls in their hour of need; but if the octogenarian found the experience frustrating, he'll never know how much more greatly frustrating it was to the objects of his desire.

Wally and his wife make a careful check of the girls who enroll at the Institute, on the theory that one bad tomato can ruin a crate. They are equally careful when they find a particularly ingenuous and inexperienced girl. They see to it that she isn't sent out to work until she has been thoroughly briefed in the facts of night-club life—and when she does go out, it will be under the supervision of an experienced line-captain.

However, not long ago, he told one youthful and sweet applicant she was too young for the work. She returned a few days later with her mother, who subjected Wanger to a searching catechism and finally pronounced him a gentleman to whom she felt she could confidently trust her innocent daughter. Touched by such confidence, Wally put the girl through his school and then sent her up to a Saratoga club for the racing season. At the end of the season, he was dumfounded when the rest of the girls refused to work again with the starry-eyed youngster. An investigation disclosed that Mama's innocent daughter had done even better financially than the bookies at Saratoga—though at a slightly different racket. He fired the girl and, in high dudgeon, sent for her mother—who didn't exist. Later, he learned that the "innocent" youngster had paid a broken-down actress twenty-five dollars to play the mother role.

Occasional experiences of this nature do little to dim Wally's faith in chorus girls. Only temporarily crestfallen, he brightens up and remounts his white charger as soon as a new applicant enters his office. Wally intends to continue turning out chorus girls as long as there is a demand for them. And, as the demand has existed since the third Wednesday before Salome, he looks forward to the future with confidence. ⧺

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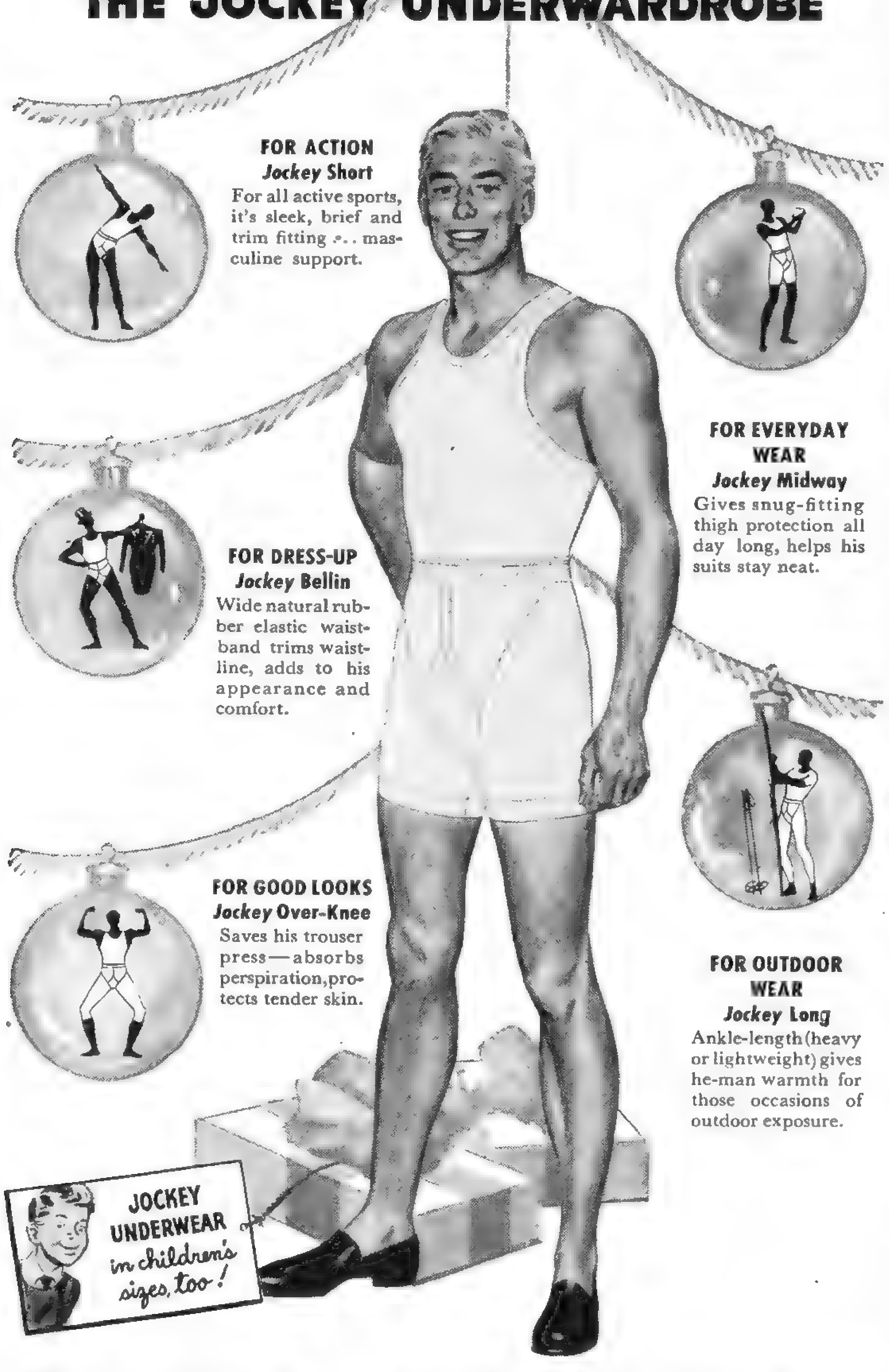

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My Comrade, Igor, and I

Continued from page 55

through his fine waves of black hair in a move which shows he is tired.

"Please type that, Miss Quigley," he says to her, "and when you finish, that will be all for today." He turns to us. "I go now to the library upstairs for quiet research, Comrades. It is not necessary for you to go with me."

Igor and I are alone with Miss Quigley, who types. Such speed, such efficient movement of the fingers. Truly, I think, a wonderful girl, so capable to earn money. With such a girl my future in America cannot fail. I must make a beginning with her before Igor does.

"Excuse me, Miss Quigley," I say. "You have much work?"

She does not stop the typing. "A couple of hours."

"And then," I say, "you will go home to be with your family, with friends—a boy friend, perhaps." I sigh deeply. "With me there is only loneliness, a hunger for companionship."

She stops with the typing. In her eyes I see already the beginning of the same look she has when she consoles Strensky. Here is really a wonderful girl, with such a soft heart; to win her it is a simple matter to show misery.

Beside me, Comrade Nitkin speaks. "Miss Quigley, as it is with Boris, so it is with me, too. Perhaps when you finish your work you will go with me to New York City where we can find entertainment?"

There is a flashing of anger in my look to Igor. "Your loneliness imitates mine, Comrade," I say. "It is I who will go with Miss Quigley to New York."

He says no, I say yes, we argue. Propositions, counterpropositions, no result. Miss Quigley speaks, smiling neutral to us both.

"Don't argue, boys. The three of us will go."

For me it is a half a loaf saved. Igor and I sit in silence on the divan until Miss Quigley finishes the typing. Then the three of us leave together the house and walk to the center of the town. There is a fine restaurant with white tablecloths where we eat. After the eating, Miss Quigley says in the Yankee Stadium today is being played a baseball game against the Boston Red Sox, and she would like to go. Igor and I approve together.

We hurry to the station, after Igor and I share the expense to pay for the eating, and we catch the train. Here is again trouble for me with Igor. Like in the restaurant, we both wish to sit beside Miss Quigley, ending up both facing her, so it is on the train.

The expense of the taxi from Pennsylvania Station to the Yankee Stadium I share with Igor, also tickets to a box. Such luxury. America, it's wonderful. We go into the Stadium—so many people yelling and screaming—and an usher leads us to our box. At last, three seats together with Miss Quigley sitting in the middle between us.

We watch. It is not clear to me what is happening with a man throwing a ball, another hitting at it with what Miss Quigley tells us is a bat, men running, men catching the ball and throwing it. So I find it is much better to watch not the game but Miss Quigley, looking away from her only once in a while to look at Igor who also prefers to watch her to the game.

Miss Quigley has much enjoyment, yelling and screaming like the others. She explains that Di Maggio is making today wonderful hits with the bat, but I see also he is making a wonderful hit with her. I wish I could be a baseball player; then I too could make a hit with her, and comes then my future in America. But baseball is not for me, I not being able to run with any speed, and being sure to hit the small ball with the thin bat I could never do.

When the game is over, we leave the Yankee Stadium, again a taxi, and Miss Quigley names to the driver a place for us to go, a night club on Fifty-two Street.

Such a fine place—soft music, bowing waiters, delicious food, and, at the end, a big expense, which to Igor and me means only a finger snap. More money we get tomorrow when we make out a requisition which Fedor Strensky always signs for us with true liberalism. We leave the night club, Igor and I not wanting to stay for dancing, an art we are not able to perform.

Outside on the sidewalk, we walk, and I think hard of a place we can go, not to stop the evening so early. On Broadway on a billboard on top of a building is a sign: "All-Star Wrestling Bill Tonight at the Sports Arena."

This pleases me. Not like baseball or dancing, wrestling I understand. Igor, too. In Russia, we boys wrestled much in our native town of Dvinsk. I propose to Miss Quigley and Igor to go to the Sports Arena. It is agreed. We go there by taxi.

In the Arena, like in the Yankee Stadium, there is much cheering and screaming from all the watching people. But for me, and for Igor, too, I am sure, only confusion. This wrestling is not wrestling Russian style. This wrestling American style has much wild throwing around with biting, hair pulling, and anger. Of science there is none. To me, even as a boy, I could make one-two and pin to the mat such strange wrestlers that I watch. Yet everybody, including Miss Quigley, shows great pleasure in what goes on in the ring.

In between matches I say to her, "This what you see is children's play. Not one of these wrestlers could last with me in the ring more than three minutes."

Miss Quigley's look is unbelieving. "You're kidding," she says.

I lean across to Igor. "I am right, Igor?"

"Of course," says Igor. "You in three minutes. I, in two minutes."

From Igor to me Miss Quigley looks, but the uplifting of her eyebrows shows she does not believe us. But already begins the next match, and there is no time to say more to her or to tell Igor that if he says two minutes for him, it is two minutes for me, too. We are both tall men, and we weigh each about two hundred and forty.

The match is the final between Spud Dudley, the world champion, and Cyril Turner, who challenges him, with a red beard. Like the other matches only more so, this one has the same horror which is not to me wrestling. Turner bites Dudley, Dudley kicks Turner—there is great suffering. Then it is over when Spud Dudley throws out of the ring the bearded Turner, who returns with a terrible limp and is quickly pinned.

Miss Quigley has in her eyes stars for Dudley. "What a man," she says with hero worship as we leave the Arena.

To see Miss Quigley so inspired by Spud Dudley, who is the world champion, and to know as I do that I can pin this world's champion, I am full of excitement. Here is my future in America, to be a wrestler and to win the admiration of Miss Quigley. A wonderful plan comes to me, but I will say nothing now, or Comrade Nitkin will want to do the same.

We take Miss Quigley home on the train and then go to our mansion. In my room I read carefully the program of the wrestling match. It tells me the impresario is Joe Whipple, who presents the wrestling. Quietly, I go downstairs to the hall and the telephone and the telephone book. I turn to W. I find Whipple. Joe Whipple. Joe Whipple's Gym. I am eager to telephone him at once but it is already one o'clock in the morning. I control myself and copy the number to telephone him in the morning.

In bed I decide different. To telephone Joe Whipple, I cannot show him my wrestling technique. Better to go right to the gym and present myself to him. Secretly I will sneak to New York in the morning, careful not to let Igor Nitkin know of my movements.

After breakfast in the morning, I go not to the study but outside. I hurry down the road and to the railroad station, catching the nine-thirty train easy. I sit comfortable and read a magazine. Beside me someone sits down. I turn to look. It is Igor.

"What are you doing here?" I ask him with fear.

"Riding on the train," he answers with false innocence. "And you, Boris?"

"The same."

"And then?"

"Nothing, Comrade," I reply. "And you?"

"The same."

To talk further to Igor is a waste. He will tell me no more than I will tell him. I read the magazine. He reads, too, over my shoulder. When we reach Pennsylvania Station, we walk out together to the street. We stand by the curb before a taxi. He waits for me, I wait for him, then Igor at last opens the door and goes in.

"Good-by, Boris," he says.

"Good-by, Igor," I answer. I go to the next taxi. To the driver I give the address of Joe Whipple's gym, feeling not quite too good that I am rid of Igor. Where my comrade is going I am afraid to think.

I am not afraid for nothing. When my taxi reaches in front of the gym, Igor's taxi is already there with Igor getting out. There is a cold quiet between us as we climb two flights up creaking wood stairs to the gym.

Going in, what we see is just like last night at the Arena, only ten times as much all at once. Everybody wrestles on mats all over the floor, ten couples. But with one big difference. Last night there is much anger between the wrestlers. Now they all wrestle with much friendliness, showing each other how to grip the arm, twist the head and bend the leg.

There walks over to us a little bald man dressed in clothes, not tights.

"Looking for somebody, boys?" he asks.

"I wish to see Joe Whipple," I say.

"Me, too," says Igor, just like I expect.

"That's me," says the little man, looking us up and down.

I tell him that last night we see his wrestlers wrestle. I say that in Russia I am considered as a boy a fine wrestler. I would like for him to be my impresario.

"And you?" Mr. Whipple says to Igor.

"The same."

"Follow me," says Mr. Whipple. We cross the gym, careful not to step on the wrestlers, and to a long, narrow room with lockers and benches. From a locker Mr. Whipple takes out two pairs of trunks, throwing them to us. "Get into these," he tells us. "I'll try you out." He leaves.

Saying nothing, Igor and I undress. All right if Igor and I both have the same ideas; but to wrestle I will be better, and this will win for me Miss Quigley. I will try with all my force for this. Into the tights, we return to the gym. Mr. Whipple comes over, and with him is the bearded one of last night, Cyril Turner, who loses to Dudley, the champion. And, surprise, so soon Cyril Turner is all better from his limp.

"You," says Mr. Whipple to me. "Get on the mat with Cyril and let's look you over."

On the mat I face Cyril Turner. Standing near watching us are Mr. Whipple and Igor. Cyril Turner reaches out, I meet his hands with mine, palms to palms, fingers to fingers. I turn my body fast, grab his wrist, pull, twist, we are on the floor, I have pinned

Continued on page 98

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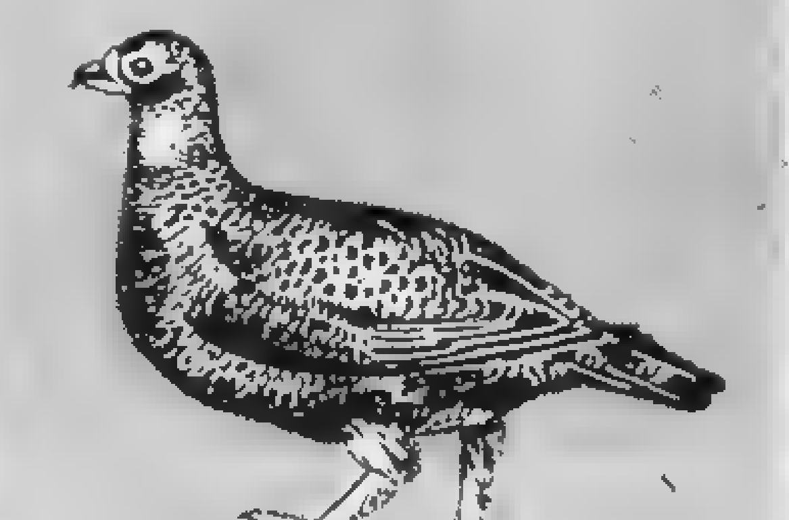

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My Comrade, Igor, and I

Continued from page 97

Cyril Turner to the mat with an armlock. It takes but a minute. I hold him down with firmness and also pride.

There is a wild yell from Mr. Whipple. He is slapping me on the back. "Let go, let go of him," he is screaming. "What are you trying to do—hurt him?"

I let go and stand up. So does Cyril Turner with much grief on his face. Why Mr. Whipple is angry that I do such a fine job I don't understand. He explains. "When you wrestle American style nobody gets hurt. What do you think would be left of my wrestling stable if the boys all used that scientific stuff?"

"But that is the true wrestling."

"Sure, but who wants it?" he says. "Look, chum, when you wrestle American style you got to have crowd appeal. You got to make it look good—plenty of action, kicking, biting, and jumping all over a guy."

"And that does not hurt the wrestlers?" I ask, mixed up.

"Naw." He points his finger all over the gym. "That's why the boys are rehearsing. They work out clever stuff and nobody ever gets hurt any worse than a stiff neck from the draft." He turns to Igor. "I suppose you wrestle the same way?"

"Of course," says Igor.

Mr. Joe Whipple scratches on top of his bald head. "Maybe you guys can make good wrestlers American style. Supposing my boys teach you the ropes?"

"Hokay," I say, American style, and Igor says, "And how."

Begins for us the teaching of how to wrestle, with Cyril Turner helping me, and for Igor is a wrestler by the name of Wild Man Savage. All day we spend learning, and I try hard to forget to wrestle the way I do as a boy with science. When the day is over, I already know how pretty good to make tricks for crowd appeal, to strike with my fist, but not to hurt, and to twist an arm like I am breaking it off, but I really am not even loosening it.

Igor, too, learns like I do. Mr. Joe Whipple is pleased. "In a few weeks," he says, "you boys will be ready for a preliminary match." This, he tells us, pays a salary of one hundred dollars a week. Semifinals, one hundred and fifty. Finals, two hundred. I have found my future in America. To wrestle better than Igor will win for me Miss Quigley, and I begin with a wife and a profession.

We return to Long Island, finding in the study Miss Quigley alone, typing. I ask her where is Vice Commissar Strensky. In the library, she answers. Igor and I sit on the divan. I wish to be alone with her, to tell her of my future in America. But Igor is with me, and he speaks.

"Miss Quigley, today in New York I have become a wrestler American style."

She stops with the typing and glances up at him. "Honest?"

"In two weeks," I say, "I will wrestle in the Arena."

"You, too?" Miss Quigley's hands are on her hips in surprise. "Well, what do you know!"

"How's to go with me, Miss Quigley, tonight to a movie?" I ask.

Igor says, "We will pick you up at your house at eight o'clock."

"Swell," Miss Quigley says, and I am ready to strike Igor with great force for his interference. But I hold myself back. To do this breaks a friendship of many years. Better for me to win over him when it comes time to wrestle.

So it is to the movies at night, Miss Quigley sitting between us. The next day, again we go to the gym of Joe Whipple, Comrade Strensky not caring that we leave him, he being so busy with his work and research and longing for Natasha. It becomes for me a most enjoyable life, learning to wrestle days, and Miss Quigley, evenings, except that the enjoyment I must share with Igor. There is no way for me to be alone with Miss Quigley, and of course there is also the same for him with her.

The only one who stays alone, even when there are people near him, is Comrade Strensky. On such days that he receives no mail from Natasha, he broods. On such days that he does receive mail from her, he suffers upsets. Always these upsets are the same, although Natasha writes that she makes wonderful progress with her English teacher.

But Strensky is not encouraged. "Torture!" he cries. "Natasha tortures me. She writes that any week she should be coming to America." Strensky's dark eyes are filled with fire. "Weeks, Comrades. Weeks."

As always, Miss Quigley, in her very friendly way, tries to console him. "You should take your mind off your troubles," she tells him more than once. "Take a night off." But as always Strensky pays her no attention.

Then comes the chance with the wrestling. Igor and I are at the gym; Mr. Whipple speaks to us together. "Boys," he says, "you get your chance tomorrow night at the Arena. The first preliminary."

Igor and I shake hands with happiness. Tomorrow night one of us will be better than the other, and whichever one it will be will win Miss Quigley. It is unspoken but understood between Igor and me.

"Yep," says Mr. Joe Whipple, "you boys wrestle each other, and nobody wins. You will wrestle to a draw."

The joy in me flies and instead is misery. A draw. All my life with Igor a draw. I am sick of it. I can stand it no more. "Please, Mr. Whipple," I say, "let us wrestle with one of us to win. Why should we wrestle to a draw?"

"Crowd appeal," he says. "I want to build you guys up. I want you both to work up a following."

A following, I think to myself. The only following I want is Miss Quigley. A plan forms in me suddenly. I will defy the order of Mr. Joe Whipple. I will wrestle Comrade Nitkin with force and brutality and win from him. Miss Quigley, watching, will then be mine. So I argue no more with Mr. Whipple. Igor does not argue at all.

We return to the estate, go to the study. Miss Quigley types. We tell her of tomorrow night, I give her a ticket. Igor does the same. She is pleased. She will watch us tomorrow night. She looks at the two tickets in her hand and smiles.

All the next day Igor and I rehearse at the gym how we will perform at the Arena at night. We strain, we tug, we perfect many fine tricks. Mr. Whipple is pleased. I cannot wait for the night when to beat Igor, even to displease Mr. Whipple, is more important. After the match I will tell my impresario that I am sorry to have to beat Nitkin, but it is so, I am a better man, and even if he does not forgive me, I will at least have Miss Quigley, which is most important.

Exactly eight o'clock I stand in my corner, staring across to Igor in his corner in the ring in the Arena. The crowd is quiet as the announcer speaks of the first American showing of me, Boris Bogoloff—he points to me, I bow—and Igor Nitkin—the same. There is some cheering, also some jeering for us.

The referee brings Igor and me together, and we begin. I reach for his neck, which is what we arrange at the gym. It is not my plan to be brutal right away. Only to make first for a while for crowd appeal. It is the plan for me to choke Igor right away, to make it look like he is strangling. After a little choking I am to let him loose and he is to strike my stomach with his head, and then will follow other clever things.

But no. Igor does not permit me to take his neck in my hands. Perhaps he forgets. Confusion of his first match. He starts at once the second trick, to push his head at my stomach. Which he does. And not the way we rehearse. But with real force. I am stricken with pain. This is not confusion by Igor. This is serious. He means what he does. So. What I plan to do to him, he plans also for me.

It is necessary for me to take deep breaths since Igor has pushed the wind out of me. But Igor, my comrade, gives me no chance to recover. He is digging into my eyes with his fingers, a trick that is not a part of our rehearsal. So my stomach hurts, my eyes are being abused, but my legs are free. I bring up my knee to the jaw of Nitkin. It is a blow well aimed. He releases my eyes. I strike at him with my clenched fists, blows to the ears, to the nose, and to the chest. I am fighting with extreme desire for my future in America.

But so is Igor. His hands he places around my head and squeezes. I unclench my fists and do to him the same. There is no progress for either of us. We break apart, not only willingly, but also because the referee insists.

It is now that I hear the noise of the crowd. They are roaring with pleasure. Crowd appeal Igor and I have created fine. Now, I say to myself, I will do it for Miss Quigley. I rush at Igor. But he rushes at me. It is my plan to throw myself at him in full force. But as I leave the floor to jump at him, Igor does the same thing. Our heads come together.

And that is all I remember until I wake up full of pain all over me and see where I am. It is a bed. It is a white room with many other beds. A hospital. I turn to the bed next to me. In it is Igor, who opens his eyes.

"Who wins, Comrade?" I ask him.

Before he can answer, a voice speaks from the other side of my bed.

"A draw," says the voice.

I turn, feeling more pain in my heart at this answer than I do from the hurt to move which is terrible enough. Beside my bed stands Fedor Strensky. He walks around to stand between Igor and me. Strensky smiles, the first time I see this in America from him.

"Comrades," he says, "Miss Quigley invites me last night to attend with her your wrestling with the extra ticket. Your wrestling American style is wonderful. All has been explained to me by Mr. Joe Whipple. You, my comrades, have a wonderful future ahead of you."

I raise myself on my elbows. Both of us, Igor and I together, to have a wonderful future? "Please explain, Comrade Strensky."

Strensky's smile is bright like the sun. "Yesterday I receive a cable from Natasha that she comes to America—but not to marry me. To her English teacher, a visiting Americanski by the name of Bill Smith."

Igor grabs the arm of Strensky in sympathy. "Yet you smile, Comrade?"

"Of course, Comrades," says Strensky. "Miss Quigley consoles me."

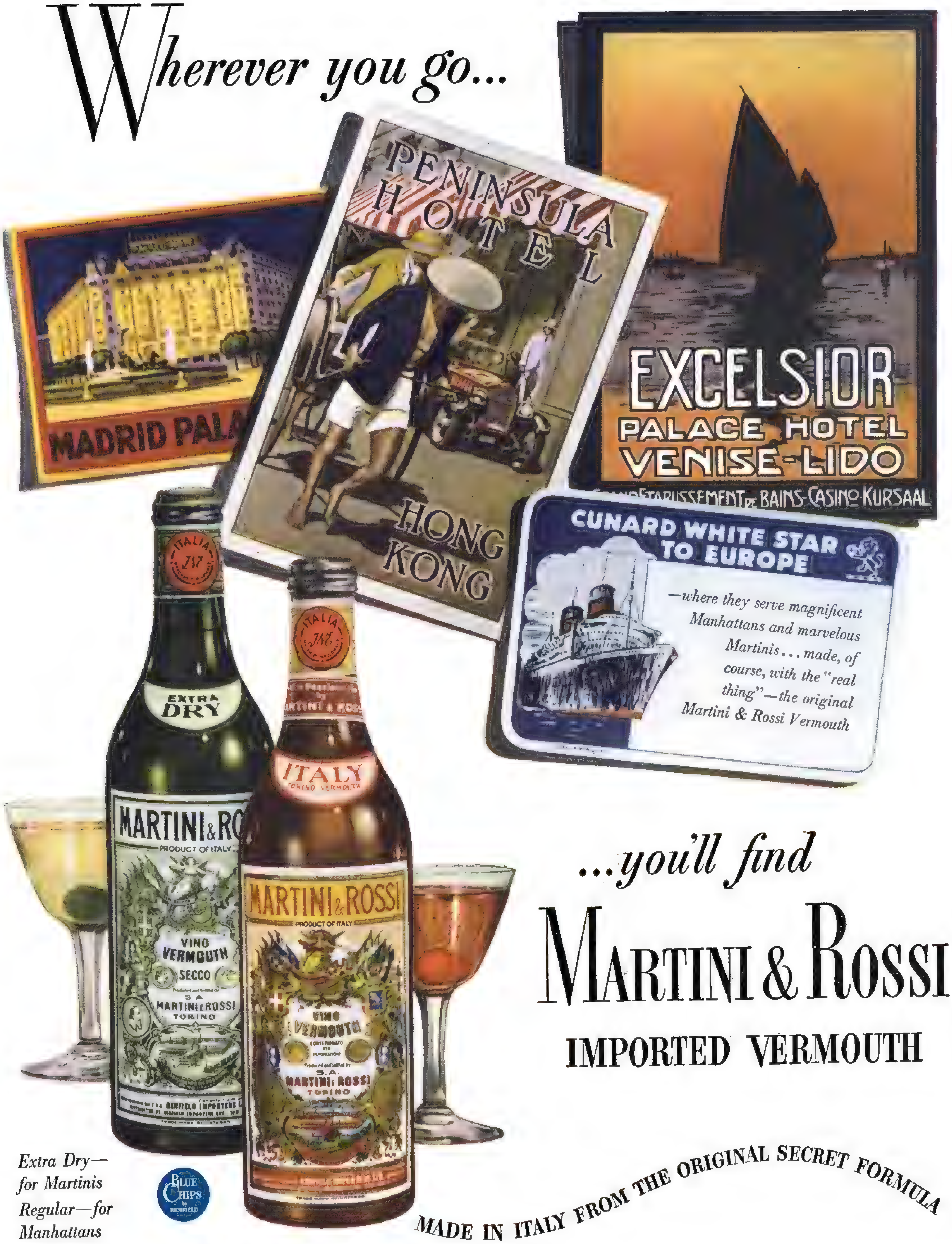
I am too numb to speak. Igor asks, "But you say Boris and I have a wonderful future . . ."

"In Russia, Comrades. You will teach wrestling American style. I have arranged for you to leave at once."

So Igor and I are now returned to Russia. But we do not teach wrestling American style. Those in the Kremlin consider it impure for the proletariat. So Igor and I are still unconsoled.

Continued from page 55

Wherever you go...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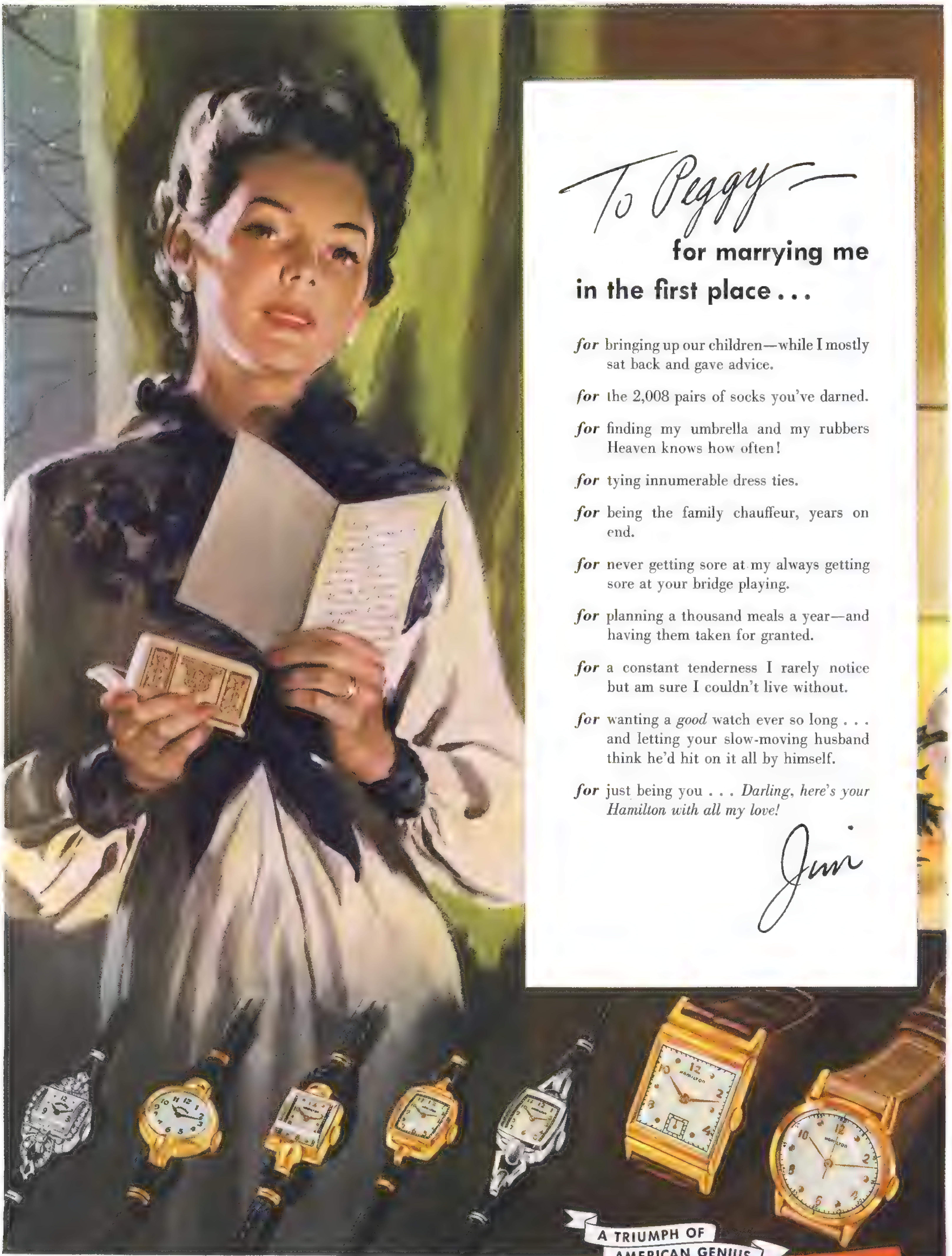

To Peggy—

for marrying me in the first place . . .

for bringing up our children—while I mostly sat back and gave advice.

for the 2,008 pairs of socks you've darned.

for finding my umbrella and my rubbers Heaven knows how often!

for tying innumerable dress ties.

for being the family chauffeur, years on end.

for never getting sore at my always getting sore at your bridge playing.

for planning a thousand meals a year—and having them taken for granted.

for a constant tenderness I rarely notice but am sure I couldn't live without.

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THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

A Glass of Orange Juice

Continued from page 37

believe the papers." Sullivan laughed. "What do you figure the fight will do?"

The promoter shrugged his shoulders. "I'm charging a thirty-dollar top. If we sell out, that'll mean a gross of about four hundred and fifty thousand. And you, you robber, take home forty per cent."

Chris smiled. "My boy is the draw."

"I know. He's the champ. But they like Rocky Stone out here. He's the biggest thing we've had since Ace Hudkins."

"Fights like a little Hudkins, I hear." Terry turned to the promoter.

"He does at that. He never steps back. I'll be frank, Terry. A lot of the boys like his chances."

"At what price?" Chris asked.

"Terry is only a seven-to-five favorite," Mullens said. "Of course, when Terry works out tomorrow and they get a load of his speed, they may pull their horns in."

"I'm not letting Terry box," Chris said.

"You're not letting him work out?" Mullens' voice showed his surprise.

"Frankly, Tex—" Chris lowered his voice—"I'm a little worried about his weight. He didn't train too well, and then the train ride didn't help any. We'll have to knock about six pounds off him these next three days. Boxing won't do it, but the road will. The road and a few hours in the steam. Besides—" he hesitated—"I don't want to take a chance on him hurting that right hand again."

"Again?" Mullens looked at Terry.

"Bruised a knuckle against Lombardo last month in New York," Terry said, looking at his right hand. "Nothing serious. Kind of a bone bruise. I haven't been able to really let a right hand go since."

"Tex, I'd just as soon Rocky's people didn't know about that," Chris said earnestly.

"They won't know from me," Mullens said hastily.

"I know, Tex," Sullivan said. "Terry could be in better shape, but he'll fight his fight all right."

Terry looked at Mullens out of the corner of his eye. The promoter was smiling as though with secret satisfaction. Terry felt a faint disgust for him and for the men like him whose only interest in fighting lay in manipulating odds and in making sure that they always had a little something extra going for them.

The car drew up in front of the hotel. Terry and Chris registered at the desk. Curly had beaten them in, the clerk told them. They had a bungalow—two bedrooms, a living room, and a patio.

"The newspapermen are all here," the clerk said. "Mr. Mullens suggested that I put them in your patio."

"That's fine," Chris said. "I hope you sent them some drinks."

"Mr. Mullens had already arranged for that," the clerk said.

"They all wanted to talk to Terry as soon as possible," Mullens said. "Okay?"

"Sure, Tex, sure. I know most of them. Glad to see them. Two of the Chicago writers came out for the fight."

A bellboy led them to their bungalow. The sports writers were in the large patio. Two of them, Fred Carlin and Joe Brown, were old friends from Chicago. Some were drinking coffee. Others were just drinking. The greetings over, Terry sat down and said, "Shoot, boys."

"People out this way are pretty curious about you, Terry," the man from the *Herald-Examiner* said. "After all, you never fought here. When did you and Chris Sullivan hook up?"

"In Chicago, before the war." Terry grinned. "I was fighting in the Golden Gloves then. Chris caught me in the semifinals. That's as far as I got. A guy named Joe Boland knocked me down around eight times. He hit me with everything but Michigan Boulevard. I don't know what Chris ever saw in me." He looked affectionately at Sullivan.

"I saw a future meal ticket." Sullivan laughed.

"What did he have?" the man from the Los Angeles *Times* asked.

"He had a great pair of legs and a lot of heart. Not much else. He got knocked down eight times, but he got up each time. That sold me on the kid. Then he had speed. He was wasting it, of course, but I thought I could teach him something."

Fred Carlin of the Chicago *Daily News* turned to the others. "I've seen all of Terry's fights. He's got the fastest pair of hands I've ever seen. He only needs one opening. His right hand travels awful fast."

"This Rocky character is a hard puncher," the man from the *Herald-Examiner* said.

"I hear he's a good strong boy," Terry said casually.

Fred Carlin grinned. "I keep hearing those managers around Chicago and New York say, 'I got a good strong young boy who is just about ready to take Terry Hart.' So they match the good strong young boy with Terry here and Terry scrambles his brains for him."

Carlin was all right, Terry reflected. Fight writers who had watched you come up to an eventual championship were a loyal bunch. They got stuck on fighters the way some businessmen got stuck on chorus girls or race horses. Carlin and Joe Brown of the Chicago *Herald-American* were like that.

"You had around ten fights before you went into the Navy—right?" one of the men asked.

"He had ten and won them all by knockouts," Chris told them. "Then he joined up. What do you think he volunteered for? Submarines. I damn near died when I heard that. I figured a couple of years on those things and he'd never be able to fight again."

"The three years didn't hurt you any, did it?" one of them asked.

Terry shook his head. "No. We'd make a cruise for maybe two months. Then we'd head back to Pearl or Ulithe and sometimes have a month ashore. There was always a ring and a lot of other boxers around. I'd go right into training again. All the war did was to change me from a welterweight into a middleweight."

"You were a pharmacist's mate, weren't you, Terry?" the man from the Los Angeles *Times* asked.

"Yeah," Terry laughed. "I was the only pharmacist's mate in the

Continued on page 102

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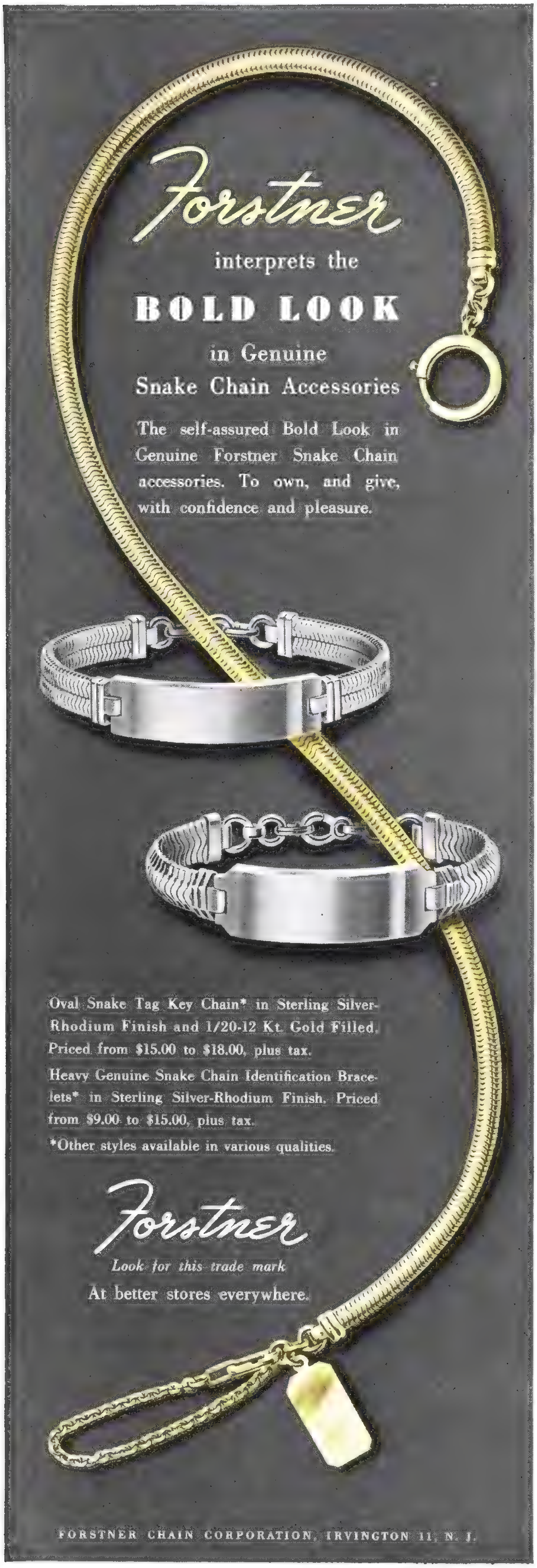

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submarine service who never performed an appendectomy with a can opener."

"How come they made you a pharmacist's mate?"

"My old man owned a drugstore on the South Side, and when I was a kid I worked behind the counter. I took a couple of courses at night school and got so I could help him make up prescriptions. I still own the drugstore."

"How about breaking it up, boys? I want Terry to put on a lot of heavy clothes and hit the road." Sullivan got up.

"How's his weight?" one of them asked.

Sullivan hesitated. "It's all right," he mumbled.

"Hey, Chris." Carlin's voice was tinged with alarm. "You holding out on us? What gives? Terry has to make 158 for this one."

"I'll make it, all right," Terry said, but there was no conviction in his voice. "I picked up a few pounds on the train."

"What are you?" Carlin asked.

"I'll tell you," Chris said grimly. "He was 164 this morning. Curly brought a portable scale along."

"I'll sweat it out and I'll dry it out," Terry said quietly. "I forfeit five thousand if I don't come in at the middleweight limit."

The writers put down their glasses. They were silent now, and Terry knew that each man was busy with his own thoughts. He knew what they were thinking. They were thinking he'd be weak at 158 pounds; that is, if he made the weight at all. They were thinking that he was taking this Rocky Stone too lightly. He shook hands with them and didn't miss the fact that some of them looked at him with appraising eyes. Fred Carlin and Joe Brown looked a bit puzzled—and a bit hurt, too. They thought a lot of him, Terry knew, and if he didn't appear for the fight in perfect condition they would feel he had let them down.

"By the way, Fred." He turned to Carlin. "I hear Woody Brooks is here with his band. I used to know Woody in Chicago."

"He's playing at a new place on the Strip called the Mirador," Carlin said.

"I'll get in touch with Woody," Terry said. "So long, guys."

When they were alone, Terry turned to Sullivan. "Went good, didn't it?"

Sullivan nodded, satisfied. "Just like we figured it. That Tex Mullens is a hungry man. He's on his way to the mob now to tell them the good news."

"We can't do much at those seven-to-five odds," Terry said.

"By tomorrow maybe we can do something about those odds." Chris grinned.

That evening, Terry, Chris, and Curly had dinner in the living room of the bungalow. As they ate, they read the late afternoon papers. The interview had made page one of each paper. The local writers made no secret of their disappointment. One of them said that Terry was hog-fat, overconfident, and under the impression that he was to meet "an amateur who would enter the ring scared to death by the title, 'World's Champion,' which Hart would carry into, but not necessarily out of, the ring."

"The newspapers out here don't think much of me." Terry grinned.

"I don't like it," Curly grumbled. "We won the title without any funny schemes like this one."

"We won the title," Chris said, "and we've had five fights since. We got close to half a million dollars from those five fights. And what does Terry end up with? A drugstore, a little house in Oak Park, and a few thousand dollars."

"If this comes off, Curly, I can buy that place at Sheridan and Devon. They want eighty thousand cash, and it's a steal at that price. I could make that the best drugstore on the North Side."

"There's nothing crooked about this, Curly," Sullivan said. "These cheap gamblers are always looking for an edge. Well, we're tossing them what they think will be the edge. If things work out, we'll be taking money from jerks who spend all their time trying to frame fights and bribe referees. If it wasn't for rats like them, this would be a good honest business."

Curly smiled. "Okay. You two know what you're doing."

Terry slapped the little Greek on the shoulder. "Tomorrow we take another nice run. This is pretty country out here."

"When you come in, the newspaper boys will want to see you weigh," Curly warned.

"You got your little scale all ready for them." Terry grinned.

The little scale was ready when Terry puffed into the patio just before noon the next day. So were the newspaper boys. Terry dashed for a shower and then came out wearing a pair of shorts. The Greek carried the scale out into the patio.

"Hop on there, champ," he said. Terry stepped onto the scales. The needle rushed to 165 and stuck there.

"Those bathroom scales always weigh heavy," Terry said, grabbing his robe from Chris.

"It tested right the day we left Chicago," Chris said angrily. "They've got a steam cabinet here. You're going to spend an hour in it this afternoon. And you start drying out now. No water, no tea, nothing until weighing-in time tomorrow."

"My God, Chris, he can't take off seven pounds in twenty-four hours," Fred Carlin said irritably. "Unless you cut off an arm."

"We *got* to take it off," Chris said. Then he added, "Go in and take a nap, Terry."

"All right, all right." Terry turned to the two Chicago sports writers. "I got hold of Woody Brooks. Told him I'd drop in around 10:30 tonight. You want to meet me there?"

"We'll be there, Terry," Carlin said, with a note of anxiety in his voice. Chris followed Terry into the bungalow. The Greek came in carrying the scale. He flung it into the corner.

"We won't need that again," he grumbled.

"Had a good session with the Commission while you two were looking at the pretty country," Sullivan said. "Rocky's manager was there feeling very good. The Commission boys were worried about your right hand."

"Let Rocky Stone worry about my right hand." Terry was just a little irritable now. Curly smiled. He liked the champion to be irritable before a fight.

"Somehow a rumor got around

Continued on page 104

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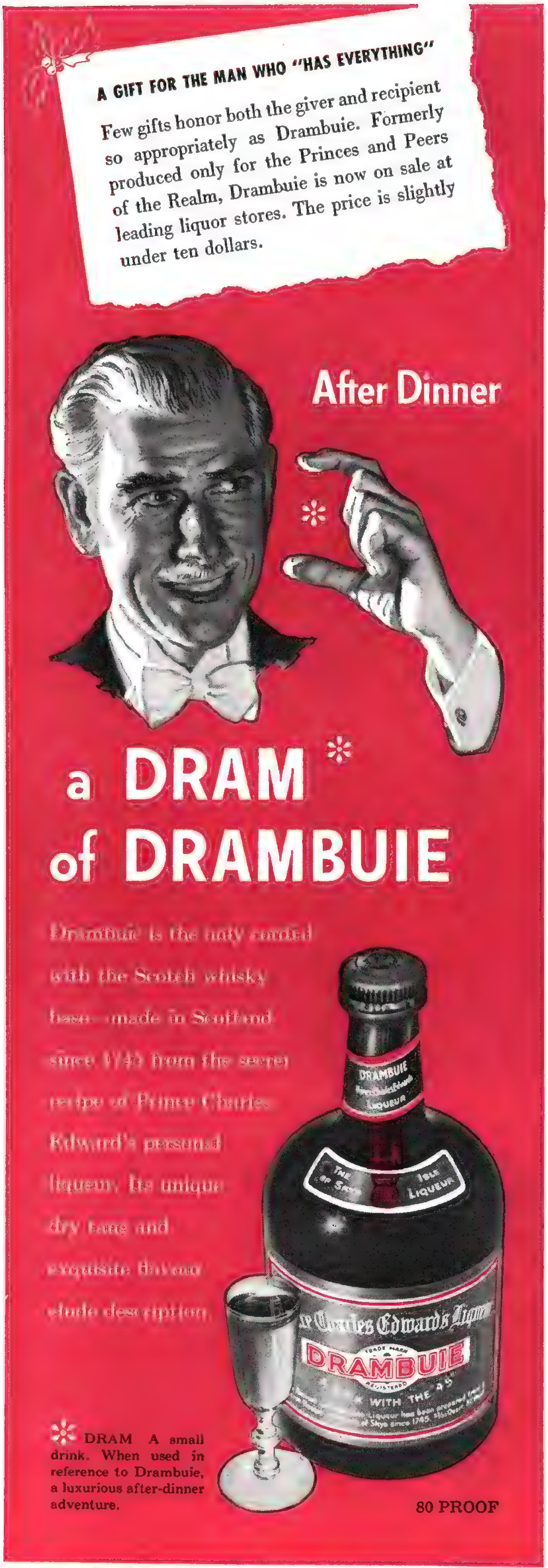
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A Glass of Orange Juice

that you'd hurt your hand against Lombardo last month," Chris went on. "I told the commissioners they were wrong. Waxie Faulkner, that fine character who manages Rocky Stone for the West Coast mob, looked very innocent as he said, 'You know Chris Sullivan wouldn't let a boy of his go into the ring with a bum hand.' "

"What about the referee?"

"No trouble about that. I had the Commission list. I told them any one of four men on that list would satisfy me."

Terry grunted. "I just want someone in there who can count up to ten."

"Waxie didn't protest too much. He seems to have a feeling that his boy could win with Margaret O'Brien as referee."

"I hope he's betting that way." Terry threw himself on the bed.

"The Commission was concerned about the betting that's going on. Seems that Rocky is now favorite at 8 to 5. A lot of rumors been going around that you're in bad shape. Those stories about you being hog-fat have brought out a lot of money from the mob."

"Curly had those shorts tied so tight I damn near choked," Terry said.

"I pulled the string tight," Curly said. "Pull 'em tight like that and it always looks like there is a little fat bulging over the top of them."

"I talked to Ollie an hour ago," Chris said to Terry. "She's fine. So is the kid. Now get some sleep."

Chris pulled the venetian blinds down, and a cool semidarkness filled the room. Terry, half asleep, was thinking of Ollie and young Terry, and that was good thinking. He'd never forget the night he'd met Olive. It was his first leave from the Great Lakes training center. She was Olive Farmer then—nineteen, pert, with soft-brown tumbling hair. Before his leave was over, they'd been married. Chris had taken care of her during those three long years he'd been at sea. Some men were awfully lucky, Terry thought. He had Ollie and the kid and Chris and Curly, and that was a good family. Then his conscious thoughts merged with his dreams and they were so untroubled and so pleasant that there was no room in them for the iron fists and clawing viciousness of Rocky Stone.

They arrived at the Mirador that night at 10:30 in a car that Sullivan had hired. It was typical of Sullivan that he had found a driver he had known for many years. During the twenty-four hours preceeding a fight, Chris trusted nobody but people he knew.

"Stick around," he told the driver. "We'll be out in about half an hour."

Word had got around that the middleweight champion of the world was to be guest of honor at the Mirador, and the large night club was packed. Terry, Sullivan, and Curly found a table waiting for them. The two Chicago sports writers were already there. Each had a girl with him. One was blonde, the other brunette. There was no other difference between them.

"Woody Brooks is quite a guy," Carlin said, introducing the girls. "Look what he had all lined up for us. A couple of dream girls from the show here and a couple of quarts of grape."

"Don't they sell anything to drink in Chicago?" the blonde asked Terry. "The way these two camels go at that champagne, you'd think it was the first time they ever tasted it."

"I can never resist free grape," Carlin said. "How about it, Chris?"

"I noticed a couple of writers from San Francisco at the bar," Sullivan said. "I'd like to buy them a drink. Curly and I will let you take care of Terry."

"I have to drink something, Chris," Terry said. "I'm chewing on cotton."

"Waiter," Chris said, "bring the champion a small orange juice. Be sure it's fresh. No ice in it. I'll be back in a few minutes."

After Chris and Curly left, Carlin leaned over the table. "How's the weight, Terry?"

Terry shrugged. "Chris may have to cut an arm off at that."

"You never let us down yet," Carlin said, and there was almost a question in his voice.

"That's right, Fred. I won't this time." He looked at Carlin steadily.

"That's good enough for me," Carlin said solemnly. "There's your orange juice, champ—the wine of the country. And there's Woody. He's spotted you."

The handsome band leader was smiling in the direction of Terry and waving him to come forward. He said a quick word to the band and it slipped into a loud chorus of *Chicago*.

"Our home-town song, Fred." Terry grinned. "You two better dance to that. Make them dance, kiddies. They're both good."

The two writers seemed reluctant to leave the drinks. Terry placed his hand over the glass of orange juice in front of him. The girls dragged Carlin and Brown to their feet. Then Terry threaded his way to the bandstand.

"I want to introduce a pal from my home town," Woody Brooks called into the microphone, and the music sank to a quiet rhythm. "Introducing Terry Hart, the middleweight champion of the world." The music swelled up, and the tightly packed crowd of dancers moved closer to the bandstand. Woody slapped Terry on the back. "You're on, champ, and remember this is being broadcast."

"It's always nice to listen to Woody Brooks and his band," Terry said into the microphone. Out of a corner of his eye, he saw Carlin and Brown on the floor. That was good, he reflected. In fact, he added mentally, that was necessary—necessary to the whole scheme. "Back in Chicago we think he's about the best there is. Well, he's done all right out here. I only hope I do as well tomorrow night. Thanks and good night."

Terry waved to the applause, threw a mock right-hand punch at Woody's well-upholstered stomach, and went back to the table. The two writers and their girls sat down.

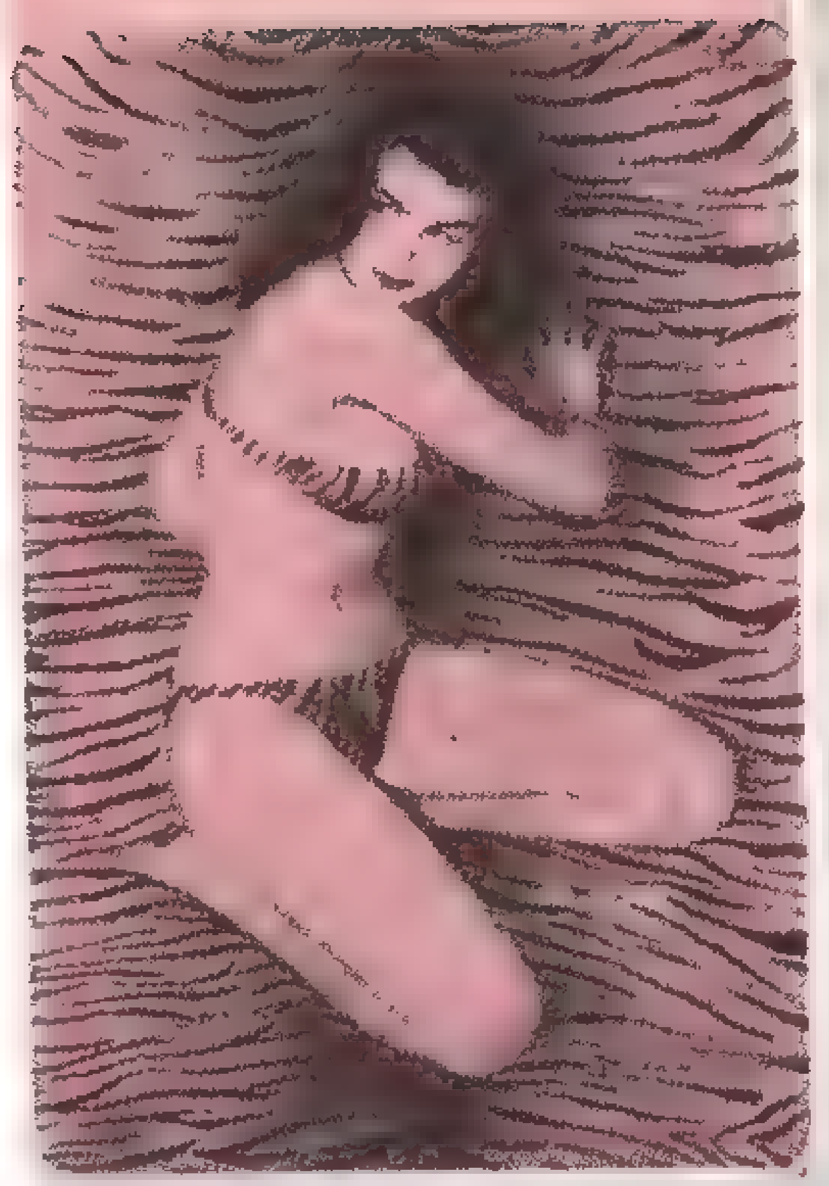
"That's thirsty work, dancing," Carlin panted, filling his glass.

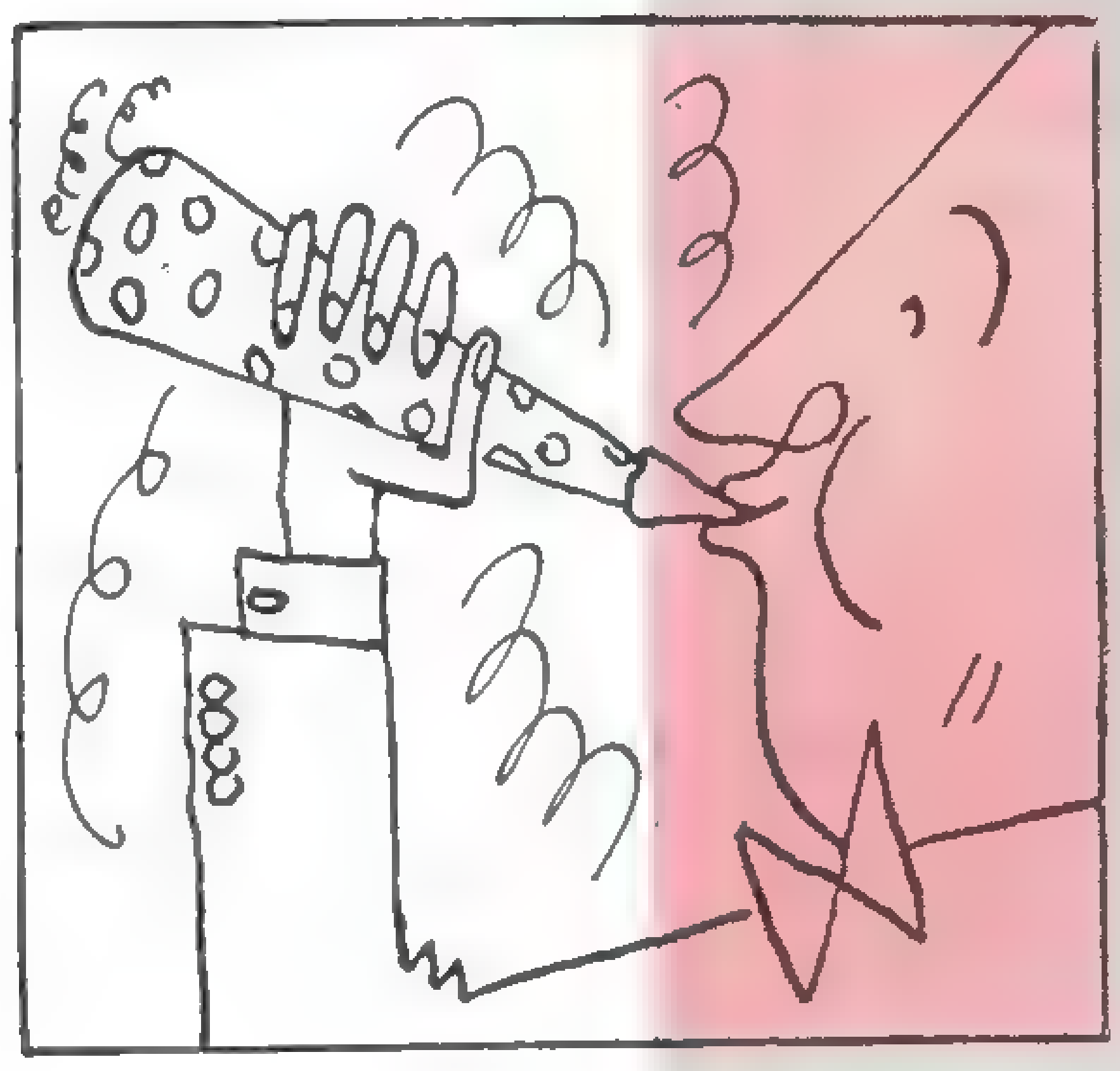
Terry said, "Here goes," and downed his glass of orange juice. "First drink all day," he said with a grimace. "Maybe that's why it tastes funny."

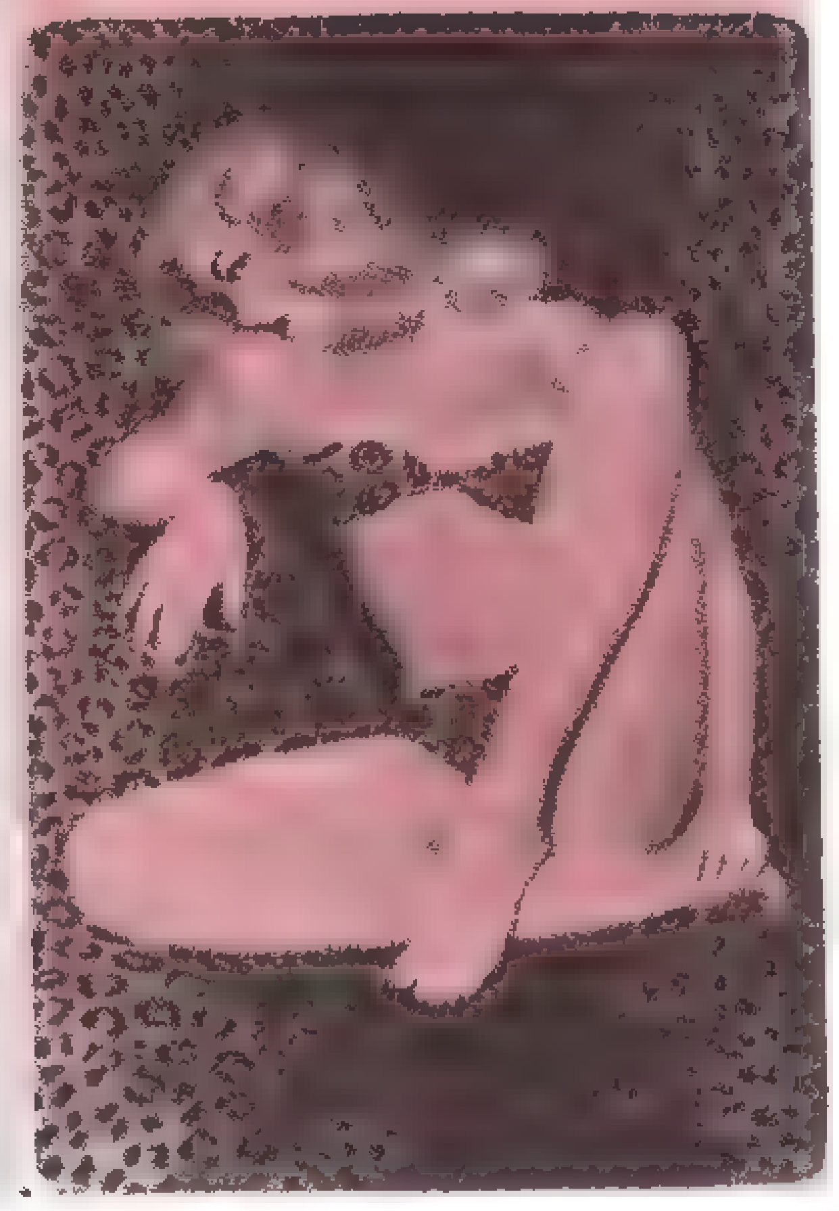
"Don't say that," the brunette

Continued on page 106

The New Year's Resolution It's A Pleasure to Keep!







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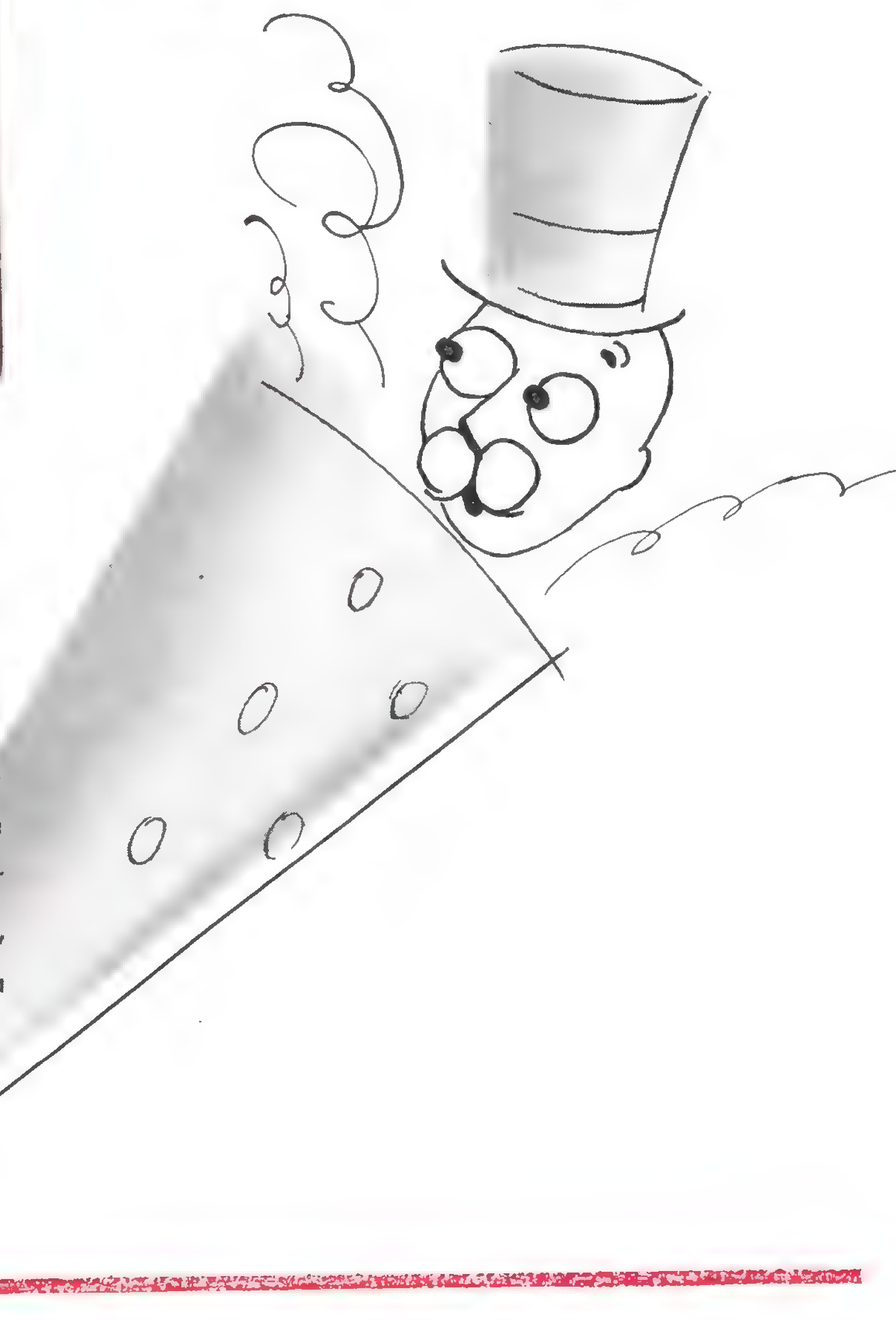

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said reproachfully. "We only have two things out here—orange juice and weather."

"Never had orange juice that tasted bitter before," Terry said slowly, and Carlin, hearing the concern in his voice, looked up sharply. He reached over and took the glass. There were still a few drops of the orange juice left at the bottom. Carlin drained the glass and made a wry face.

"Funny," he said curiously. "It *does* taste bitter."

"Oh, forget it." Terry looked at his watch. "I better pick up Chris and Curly and get going."

"I don't like it." A faint trace of worry appeared on Carlin's face. "You feel all right, Terry?"

"Sure . . . sure. Feel fine." The words came slowly, and Carlin and Brown looked at him intently. "Little tired . . . Did eight miles of road work today . . . Can still taste that bitter orange juice . . . Fred . . . maybe I better go . . . Feel . . ."

"Damn it, Terry, your face is white." Carlin stood up and his voice was sharp with anger. "Could someone have slipped . . . ?"

"I better go, Fred. Feel a little sick." Terry stood up, swaying slightly, and people at the next table looked at him curiously.

"Someone slipped a mickey into that orange juice," Carlin said angrily. "We were all gone from the table and someone . . . Brownie, get hold of Chris and Curly. I'll get Terry out of here."

Carlin grabbed Terry's right arm and led him through the crowded tables. "Hang on, Terry boy," he urged. "Don't fold now."

Two minutes later, Chris and Curly dashed into the men's lounge. Terry was being violently, chokingly sick.

"Someone slipped him a mickey finn," Carlin said.

Curly took charge. "I leave him with you two guys for ten minutes . . ." His voice trailed off. Joe Brown came in breathlessly with a middle-aged, intelligent-looking man in tow. "I found a doctor," he told Chris.

"Would you look at him, Doctor?" Chris asked anxiously. "I have no idea what's wrong."

The doctor nodded. "Sit him down . . . Can you hear me?"

Terry nodded sleepily.

"They slipped him some knockout drops," Carlin muttered. "He was fine until he drank that orange juice."

"That could be it," the doctor murmured. "Lean back, son . . . Could have been chloral hydrate . . ."

"I tell you it was a mickey finn," Carlin said angrily.

"That's chloral hydrate," the doctor said, bending over the chair. Terry's eyes were closed. The doctor pulled back the right eyelid. "Look at those pupils. Pin point. Could be morphine or paraldehyde, but he wouldn't have been so sick . . . Let's see the pulse."

The lounge was crowded now. Woody Brooks pushed his way through, his face tight with anger.

"Pulse a little slow." The doctor looked up then. "Haven't my bag with me," he said. "Best thing is to get him to a hospital."

"Doctor, I'm his trainer," Curly said. "I can treat this if I can get him home. Keep him warm . . . give him a little adrenalin to stimulate respiration and blood pressure. We have a doctor at the hotel. If the champ doesn't come out of it, he can give him what you call intravenous glucose solution."

The doctor's face showed his surprise. "You won't need me," he said. "No doctor could order more expert treatment. He seems to be over his sickness for the moment. He'll want to sleep for eight or nine hours."

"Will he be all right in the morning, Doctor?" Carlin asked.

"If he were a businessman, he'd be all right to go to his office," the doctor said. "He didn't get too big a dose."

"But he's a fighter," Carlin said.

"I know." The doctor looked uncertain. "This is bound to have a weakening effect on him. He certainly won't be at his best by tomorrow night."

"That's enough talk," Curly growled. "I want to get the champ between hot blankets. Is there a back way out of here?"

There was. Ten minutes later, the big car was speeding toward the hotel. Terry sat in the back between Chris and Curly.

"You can drive right to the patio behind our bungalow," Chris told the driver.

They got Terry into the bungalow. Wordlessly, Curly opened a bottle of carbonated water and half filled a glass. He handed it to Terry. There was a tin of bicarbonate of soda on the table by the bed. Terry measured out a spoonful and dropped it into the fizzing water. He stirred it and drank it.

"How you feel?" There was anxiety in Curly's voice.

"Pretty good." Terry smiled. "In ten minutes I'll feel very good. In half an hour I'll be asleep."

"You should of been an actor," Chris grumbled affectionately.

"I didn't have to act much."

"Now hit the sack, sailor, and I'll shut the phone off," Chris said. "They'll be here like wolves in the morning."

At nine in the morning, the telephone operator reported that there had been sixty-two phone calls during the night. At 9:15, the desk clerk reported that twelve members of the press were in the lobby. With them were Tex Mullens, two members of the Boxing Commission, and the commission doctor. Chris told them to send Mullens and the men from the commission in first. He received them in the patio. Mullens looked anxious.

"I'm sorry, Chris," he said simply. "I've had feelers out all night trying to locate the mob that pulled that one, but everyone has clammed up. I can't figure it at all."

"Easy to figure," one of the commission members said coldly. "Some gambler wanted to weaken the champion. I've already talked with the doctor who treated him last night, and he explained that they hadn't given Hart a dangerous dose; merely a weakening dose. How is he?"

"He just woke up," Chris said mournfully. "Did it get in the papers?" he asked.

"Did it get in the papers!" Mullens exploded. "It's front-page news in every paper on the West Coast. The place was full of sports writers last night. You can't hush up a thing like that."

"If he's not in good shape, the fight is off," a commission member said angrily to Mullens. "You're not going to charge the public thirty dollars to see a sick man fight."

"You can't do that to me!" Mullens cried. "I got a sure sell-out on my hands."

"What's all the excitement?" Terry had walked out unnoticed. He wore a white silk robe over his pajamas.

"Will you let our doctor examine you?" the commission member snapped.

Terry looked surprised. "Why not? Want to do it right here, Doctor?"

"This will do, all right." The doctor opened his black bag and took out stethoscope and blood-pressure gauge.

Curly appeared with a tray. "Try a cup of hot tea, champ," he growled, and Terry nodded. "He couldn't keep anything down all night," Curly said to the doctor.

"That's to be expected. Heart is good, Commissioner. Blood pressure . . . Let's see—one hundred and thirty. Fine . . . Now let's see your eyes. Well, the contraction is gone. See that pupil, Commissioner? Perfectly normal. What you call a mickey finn is nothing but chloral hydrate, which makes a man sick and which contracts the pupils of his eyes as morphine does. It's a temporary condition and it clears up fast." The doctor turned to the commissioners. "But there is no doubt that this has weakened the champion."

"So what?" Terry finished the hot tea. "Sure, I'm a little weak, but I'll have a steak later on and that'll fix me up."

"Now, Terry," Chris protested, "we can postpone . . ."

"Postpone nothing," Terry said grimly. "I'm mad, Chris. The only way I can get back at the guy who did this is to plant that Rocky Stone in his lap."

"You're crazy," Curly started to say, but Terry said curtly, "I'm still the champion, Curly, and champions don't fold up because they got a little bellyache. How about it, Doc? Will you okay me?"

"I don't like to," the doctor said, "but I have no choice."

"Okay." Terry turned to the door of the bungalow. "Now I'm going to get a little sleep. I'll be there for the weighing-in."

"Three o'clock," one of the commissioners said.

"Fine. Chris, I can't tell those sports writers anything new. You talk to them. Tell them I feel okay." He went inside, followed by Curly, who was shaking his head dubiously.

The offices of the commission were crowded when they went for the weighing-in. Terry nodded shortly to those who greeted him, but said little. He undressed silently, slipping on the purple trunks an assistant commissioner handed him. The scale was surrounded by officials and sports writers. Rocky Stone, stocky and heavy-muscled, stood there grinning confidently.

"Hello, champ," he said, and Terry smiled a little at the exultant note Rocky couldn't quite keep out of his voice.

"Hello, Rocky," Terry said, shaking hands. "After you."

Rocky stepped on the scales. "One hundred fifty-seven and a half," the commissioner said. Terry stepped up and an expectant hush fell over the room. There was a gasp when the official, in a voice that showed his amazement, said, "One hundred fifty-six even." Terry shook his head as though worried at the announcement and stepped down. He heard the buzz of comment in the room. He turned toward the locker where he had hung his clothes, without saying a word. He began to dress quickly. Fred Carlin walked over, his face a mask of worry.

"For God's sake, Terry," he said. "One fifty-six? Being sick last night took seven or eight pounds off you. You must be weak. This Stone is a bull. He'll murder you, Terry."

"The way you're worrying, a man would think you had a little bet down on me." Terry smiled.

"I have," Carlin said. "But it isn't that. In shape, this Stone's got no right to lace your gloves. But he can kill a weak man, even a good weak man."

"Double your bet, Fred," Terry said softly. "Tell Brownie the same thing. And stop worrying. I'll take care of Rocky."

Fred looked at him for a moment, and then the frown on his face relaxed. "I don't know what's going on, but you never let us down yet, kid."

An hour later, Terry was having his steak, his head of lettuce with lemon dressing, and his cup of tea. Sullivan was on the phone calling people in Chicago, New York, New Orleans. Every time he barked into the phone, "Five thousand on Hart to win by a kayo. Wire me confirmation," Curly blinked and swallowed hard. It was done, finally, and Sullivan sat down.

"It's like the stock market in 1929," he said. "After that weigh-in the price broke. A couple of the news-service boys wrote that you looked weak as a kitten. Every house in the country has that information. They've made Stone a two-to-one favorite."

"They're certainly selling me short," Terry said contentedly.

"No one thinks you can stop this boy. They're laying eight-to-one against that. In all, I got down forty thousand."

"Now," Curly said calmly, "all you got to do is knock him out."

"That's my department," Terry said grimly.

"Us betting forty thousand dollars," Curly said in awe. "Imagine that."

"It's only money, Curly." Terry laughed. "Shall we get going? We don't want to keep 22,000 nice people waiting."

There wasn't an empty seat in the ball park when Terry climbed through the ropes. Stone, looking confident and eager, danced across the ring to shake hands with Terry, and the crowd roared.

"Nice sporting gesture, Rocky," Terry said mockingly. "The crowd loves it. Now get back to your corner, and if you behave I'll let you stay two rounds."

The smile left Rocky's face and he began to splutter angrily. Terry turned his back on him. "They'll carry you out of here," Rocky snarled, but Waxie Faulkner threw an arm around him and led him back to his corner.

A tall man in grey flannels and shirt climbed into the ring. Chris nodded approvingly. Ben Cross

Continued on page 108

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SCOTCH with a HISTORY

was a good referee. He went to the center of the ring and waved the fighters out of their corners. A microphone had been lowered over the center of the ring so that the spectators, the radio listeners, and the television audience could hear Cross' instructions. The crowd fell silent.

"You men know the rules as well as I do," Cross said quietly. "Stick to them and I won't bother you. Any questions?"

"Just one," Terry said politely. "I'm not sure of the California rules on knockdowns. When I knock this amateur down, do I have to reach a neutral corner before the count starts?"

A roar of laughter went up from the crowd. Rocky, his face working with rage, took a step forward. Cross stepped in front of him.

"I'm sorry," Terry said contritely. "I didn't know the microphone was on."

"In case of a knockdown, go to the nearest neutral corner," Cross said, trying not to smile. "Now go to your corners and come out fighting."

Chris and Curly climbed out of the ring. They stood outside the ropes, saying nothing. Everything had been said a month before when they had watched the pictures of Rocky's last fight. They had planned their fight then. Terry slipped the robe from his shoulders and handed it over the ropes to Chris. The tenseness and anticipation of the crowd found their release in a mounting roar. Terry could hear the radio commentator sitting just below.

"The champion looks in magnificent shape. The sports writers have been telling us that he was in poor condition. The experts believed that his attack of illness last night weakened him considerably, and this was reflected in the betting. The champion is a two-to-one underdog, but he looks in great shape to me. The challenger, obviously angry, is . . . There's the bell and the fight is on!"

Rocky was halfway across the ring before Terry had moved two steps. Rocky threw everything he had into a vicious right-hand punch. Terry swayed away from it and jabbed Rocky lightly with his left. Rocky kept coming in, throwing punches from all angles. Terry did little but jab, retreat, and hold. He side-stepped; he swayed away from punches; and he rode his head with those he couldn't entirely evade. It looked as though the very fury of Rocky's attack would overwhelm him. The crowd was on its feet, shrieking encouragement to this black-haired, stocky, flailing puncher. Rocky never seemed to notice Terry's weak jabs. Terry looked worried, as though wondering how to formulate a defense against this windmill style of attack.

Terry never felt in the ring; he thought. He was thinking now as he retreated before the tremendous fury of Rocky's attack. He hadn't thrown a single right-hand punch yet. Everything was going as he, Chris, and Curly had planned it. If he could only evade these murderous punches until the opening came. Rocky swarmed over him, and Terry clinched.

"Fight, you phony champion! Fight!" Rocky spat the words out of a snarling mouth. The referee separated them. One minute gone. Rocky was full of confidence now. His punches had been missing by narrow margins. He never stopped throwing leather. He saw the worried look on Terry's face. He saw Terry's right hand drop tiredly, and the opening was too inviting to miss. Rocky, too filled with rage to realize that this was a spurious invitation, drew back his right hand, aiming it at Terry's chin.

Terry's own right hand moved with the speed and precision of a trip hammer. It landed on Rocky's jaw, and a look of unbelieving amazement spread over Rocky's face. He straightened up; and then the retreating, swaying, side-stepping, defensive fighter disappeared, and now it was Terry who was throwing punches—a left hook that sank into Rocky's stomach and bent him over; a short right uppercut to the jaw that straightened him up; and then a straight right-hand punch that traveled only eight inches. Terry had the cold, calm intelligence of a surgeon performing an operation that he has done many times before. Rocky swayed backward, his face now reflecting nothing but bewilderment. Terry feinted a left hook to the body and Rocky dropped his right hand to protect his stomach. That was all. It took Terry a split second to measure him, and his right exploded against the left side of Rocky's jaw. Terry had turned away even before Rocky reached the floor. He stood in a neutral corner, hardly hearing the almost hysterical sound made by 22,000 temporarily deranged spectators. He heard Cross pick up the count at four. Terry leaned on the ropes, breathing easily. Rocky tried to get up at six and Terry tossed him a quick mental compliment. The boy had plenty of heart. Rocky raised his head from the canvas, and then, as though the effort had been too much, his head dropped and he lay motionless.

"Nine . . . ten," Cross counted. Waxie Faulkner, his face white, climbed between the ropes. He bent over Rocky. "Can I help you, Waxie," Terry said mildly. The referee waved Terry away. "Okay, champ," he grinned. "I'll help him."

Waves of roaring swept down into the ring, breaking over Terry's head, and only *he* seemed calm. Curly threw a robe over his shoulders. Curly's right arm was around his neck and Terry noticed that Curly's lips were trembling. Chris was muttering, "Nice going, Terry . . . nice going, champ . . . Just like we planned it."

"The winnah . . . and still champion . . . Terry Hart . . . The time, two minutes and eight seconds of the first round." The announcer's voice seemed to stimulate the crowd to further roaring. The photographers had crowded into the ring now. Terry posed with Chris and Curly.

The referee shook hands with Terry. "You gave them the greatest single round since Dempsey and Firpo," he grinned. They were still working over Rocky. Terry walked over to shake Rocky's limp hand. "How is he?" Terry asked Faulkner.

"Broken jaw," the manager snapped.

"That figures," Terry said calmly. "He talks too much."

The sports writers invaded his

Continued on page 111

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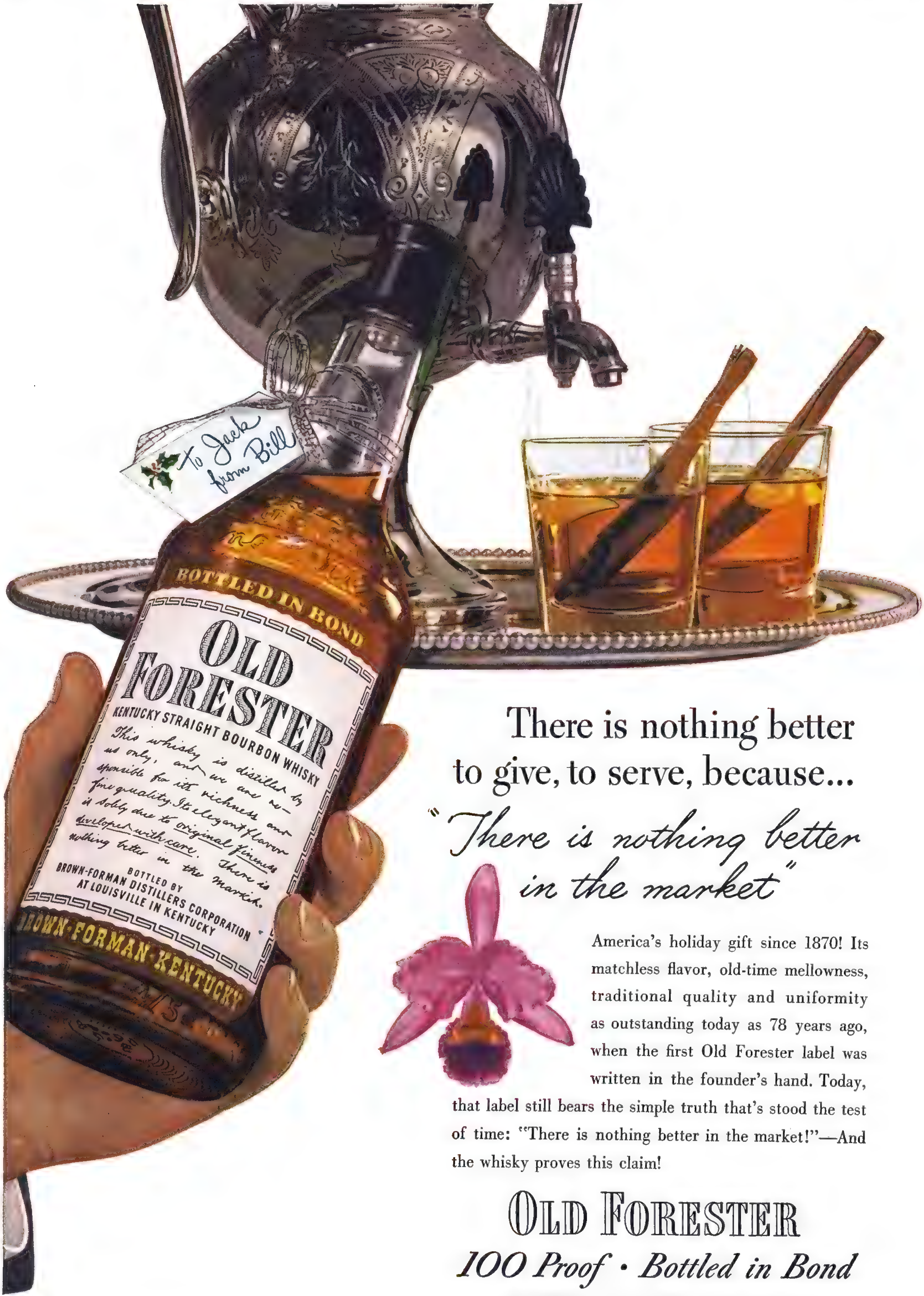
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION ... AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY dressing room. After he had showered, he lay on the table while Curly's skillful hands massaged him. His hands, which knew every muscle in Terry's body, were sending a message to them, telling them that their work was over for the time being and that they could relax. Automatically, Terry answered the questions the writers fired at him. This was an old story to him.

"What do you think of Rocky?" one of them asked.

"A good strong boy." Terry smiled. "Got a lot to learn, though. He shouldn't lead with his right hand like that. He shouldn't let you feint him out of position. But he'll learn."

"Did you feel weak?" one of them asked.

Terry picked his words cautiously. "No, but Chris sent me in to finish him fast if I could. They didn't think I could stay strong for more than five rounds."

"You took quite a chance going through with the fight?"

Terry nodded. "A champion has to take chances."

They drifted out as Terry dressed. Carlin and Brown came in as he was putting on his coat. They were beaming happily.

"Been waiting for you two," Terry grinned. "Come on out to the hotel with us. All set, Chris?"

An hour later, they were sitting in the bungalow and Chris was opening champagne. Carlin and Brown were two very happy men. They had both bet on Terry to win by a knockout.

"I don't know why we bet, Terry," Carlin said. "But somehow you didn't look weak to me at that weighing-in this afternoon."

"I was never in better shape, Fred, or I wouldn't have told you to string along with me."

"But you didn't look good last night when that doctor was going over you." Carlin shook his head. "I saw your eyes. I tell you, they were black pinpricks. Sure sign of chloral hydrate or morphine poisoning, the doctor said."

Terry nodded. "A pharmacist's mate learns a lot about drugs. You know we had some goldbrickers in the outfit, always looking for sick leave. They could fake damn near any sickness and it took a smart doctor to spot them. For instance," Terry added casually, "if they overstayed their leave by a few hours they'd stagger into the hospital saying they'd been slipped a mickey finn. The doctors would look at their eyes, and, sure enough, the pupils would be contracted."

"They couldn't fake that, could they?"

"Not exactly, Fred," Terry said. "But they could put two drops of a harmless drug called pilocarpine into each eye, and this had the same effect as chloral hydrate. Of course it only lasted perhaps half an hour; then the pupils of the eyes returned to normal."

Carlin thoughtfully filled his glass. "I suppose a man could fake the sickness part of it too. That is, if he happened to be—let's say, a pharmacist's mate who knew about drugs."

"Easily." Terry looked at Carlin out of innocent eyes. "He could make up a capsule of a drug called apomorphine. A weak dose; only about five milligrams. You could drop that capsule into a glass of beer . . ."

"Even into a glass of orange juice?" Carlin said and smiled.

"Yes," Terry said. "Even in a glass of orange juice. It would dissolve in a few seconds. Now, if anyone were to drink that glass of orange juice, he'd turn green within three minutes and he'd be violently sick. Anyone, even a doctor, might be excused for thinking he'd been slipped a nasty dose of chloral hydrate."

"This apomorphine wouldn't have any lasting effect?" Carlin was very interested.

"No," Terry said. "A man would be sick for perhaps five minutes. Well, then, if he took some bicarbonate of soda, why, he'd . . ."

"You should mix it with carbonated water," Curly broke in earnestly. "Just ordinary soda water."

"That's right," Terry said gravely. "Well, that would neutralize the effects of the drug. It wouldn't really weaken a man at all. Anyhow, that's how some of the boys in the Navy used to fool the doctors."

"Terry, that might make a good story," Carlin suggested casually.

"People are tired of war stories," Terry said. "Who would want to read about the little tricks a pharmacist's mate could pick up in the Navy?"

"Terry." Carlin began to chuckle. "Terry, you should have seen Tex Mullens' face when Rocky went down. You should have seen Waxie Faulkner's face. You should have seen—" Carlin's heavy body was shaking with laughter—"the wise guys . . . the smart bettors. They were all sitting right behind me. They had bet their shirts on Rocky. What a cleaning they took, Terry, what a cleaning!" Tears of laughter filled Carlin's eyes. He gasped, "Terry, they should have been in the Navy. They should have learned about drugs from a pharmacist's mate."

Terry got up. "That's right. Open another bottle, Chris. I'll even have a glass myself. Now I want to phone Ollie. She has to get up early tomorrow. She has a date to buy a drugstore. Freddie, I'm going to have the best damn drugstore in Chicago. And someday, when you want to write that story . . ."

"Someday when you're through fighting," Carlin said.

"That's right." Terry slapped him on the shoulder. "When you want to do that story, come to the drugstore and I'll show you what pilocarpine looks like. And, Freddie, I'll introduce you to apomorphine."

"Make your phone call, Terry," Chris gave him a gentle shove through the door leading to his bedroom. "Come on, gents, let's drink up. There's been too much talking tonight and not enough drinking."

"Too much talking?" Carlin leaned over the table. "I haven't heard a word. Have you, Brownie?"

Joe Brown looked up. "Me? I never listen to the stories these kids tell about their war experiences. Now, if you want to hear about a real war, let me tell you about a place called Belleau Wood."

Carlin started to raise his glass. He caught Curly's eye and smiled. He touched Curly's glass with his own.

"To you and Chris and to the champ," he said softly, and then raised the glass to his lips. "You're a great team." ⧺

Continued from page 37

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Book Briefs

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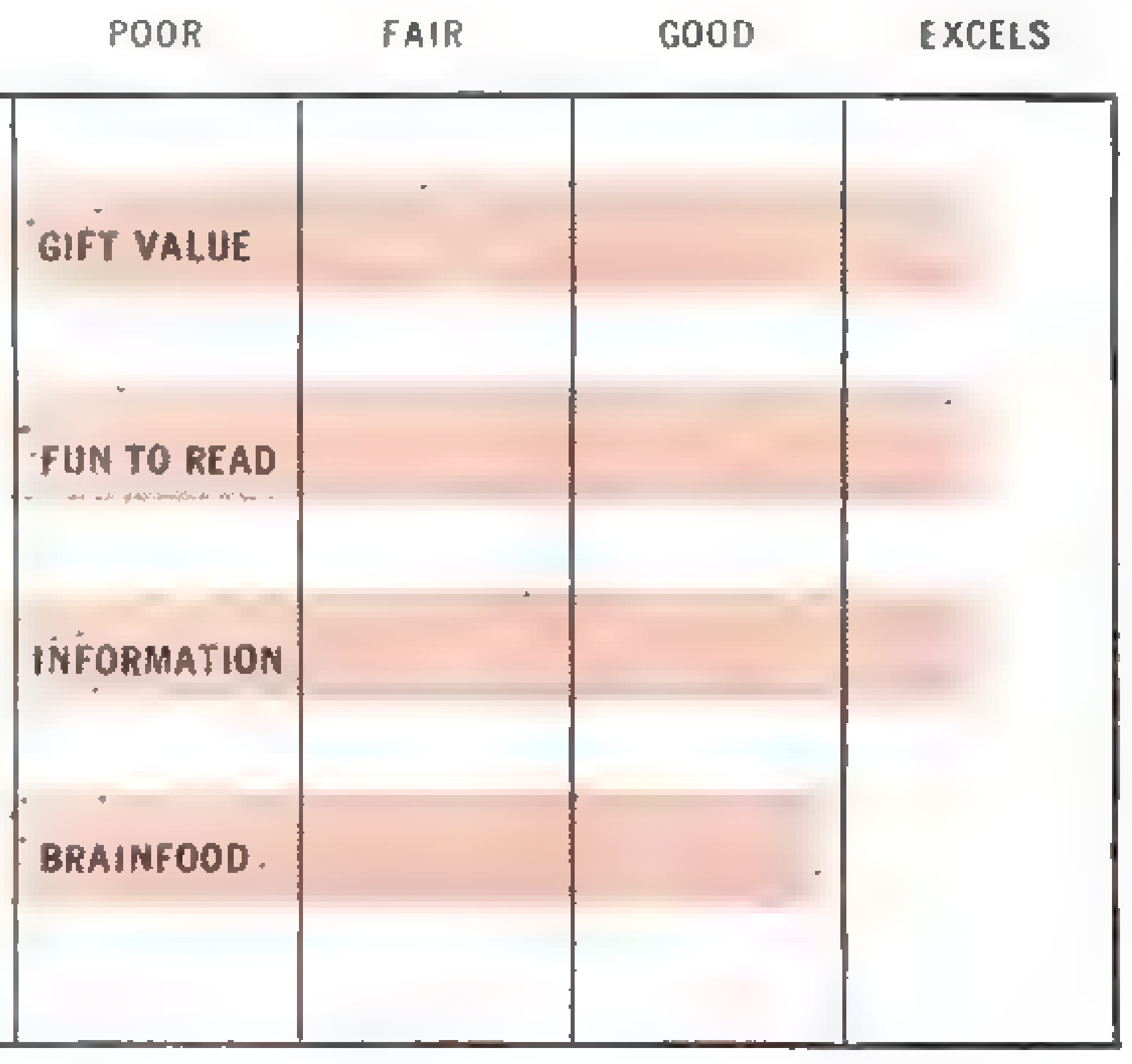
Horned Death

by John F. Burger
(Standard Publications, $6.50)

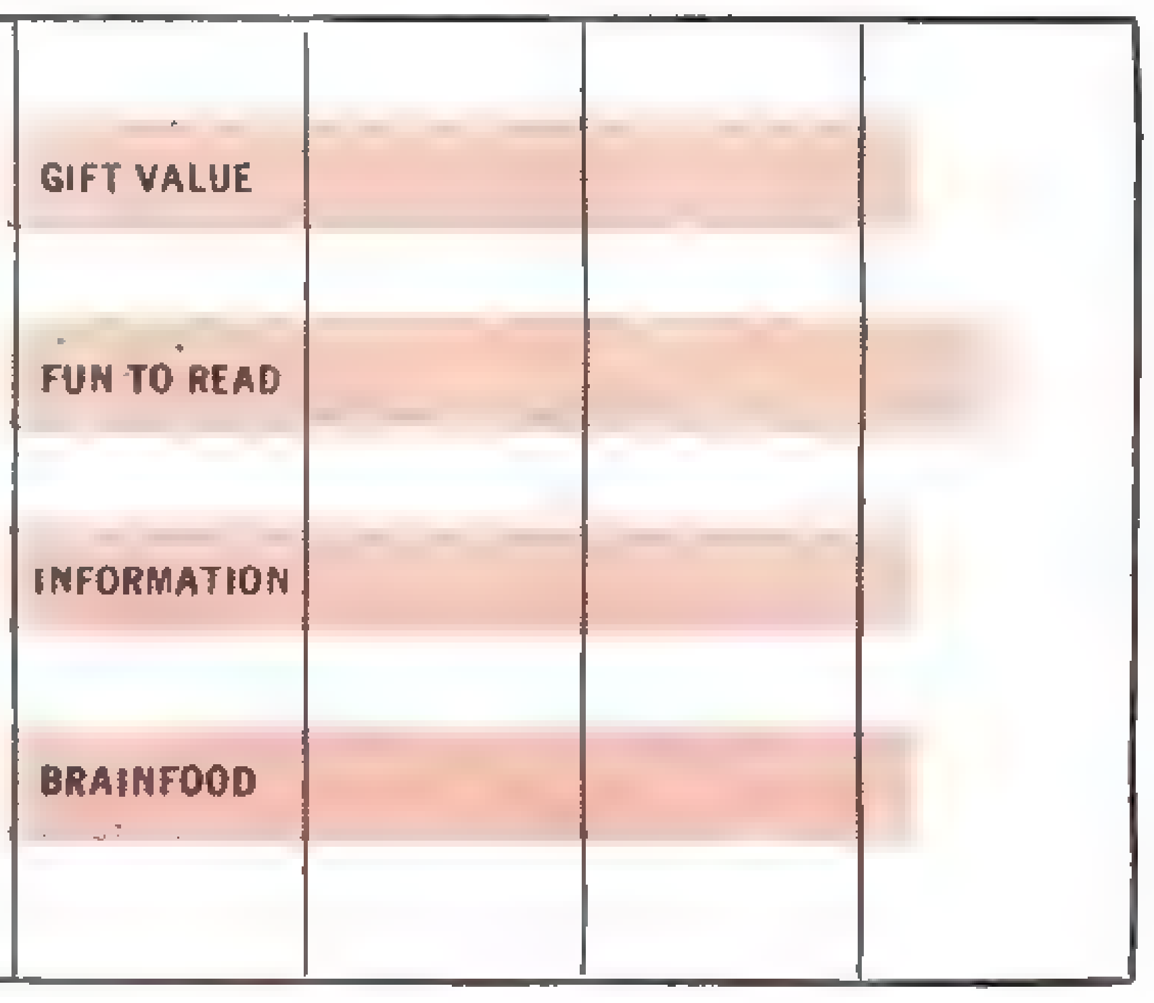
The African Cape buffalo has been described by most hunters as the most cunning and dangerous animal in the world. In this book there's plenty of anecdotal evidence to support that claim. Also accounts of lion, leopard and elephant hunts.



Whale Hunt

by Nelson Cole Haley
(Ives Washburn, $4.50)

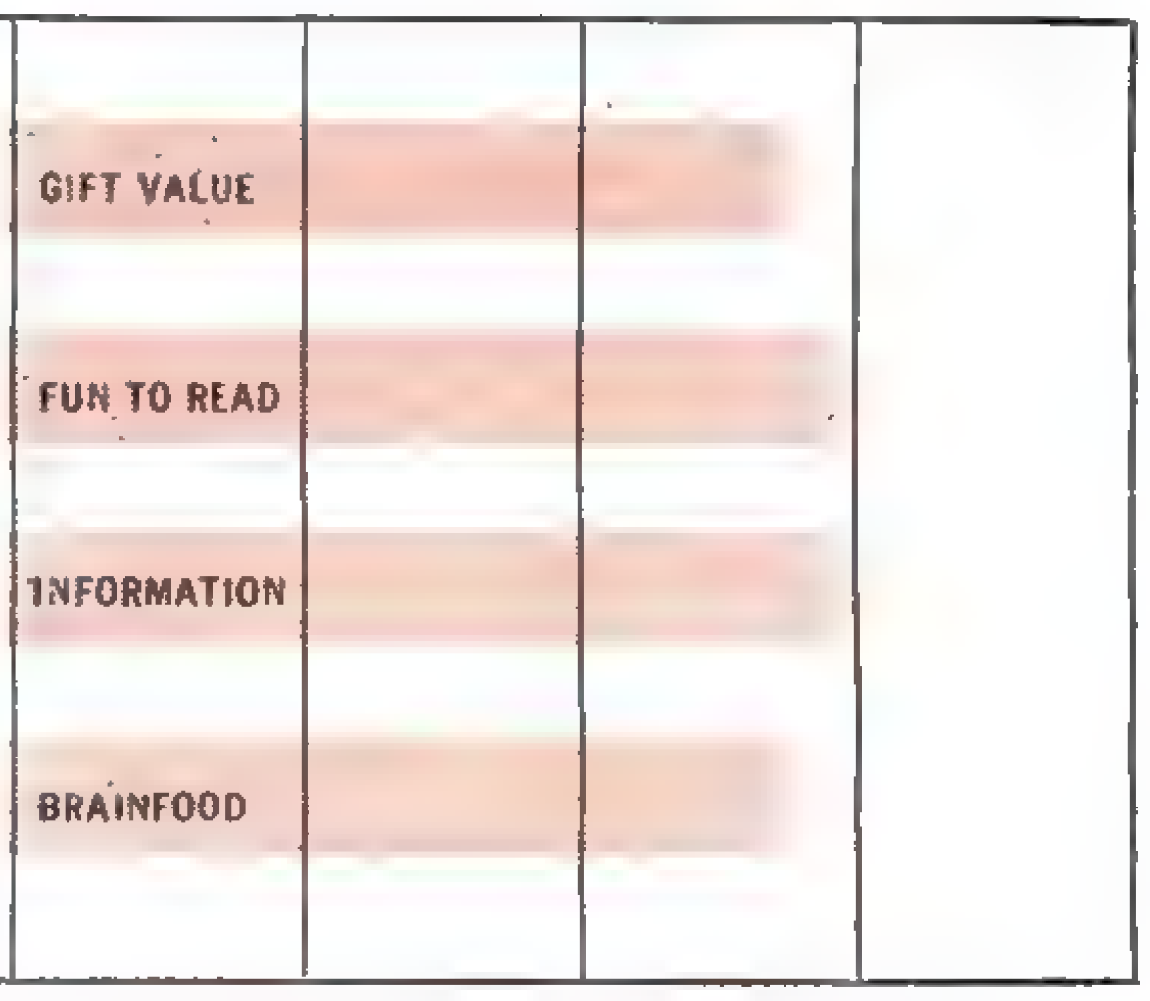
Authentic narrative of a voyage of Charles W. Morgan, a New Bedford whaler, as told by the harpooner. During the long trip (1849-53), the crew encountered not only whales but cannibal islands, giant squid, hurricanes, and countless lesser excitement.



Jungle Man

by Major P. J. Pretorius
(Dutton, $3.75)

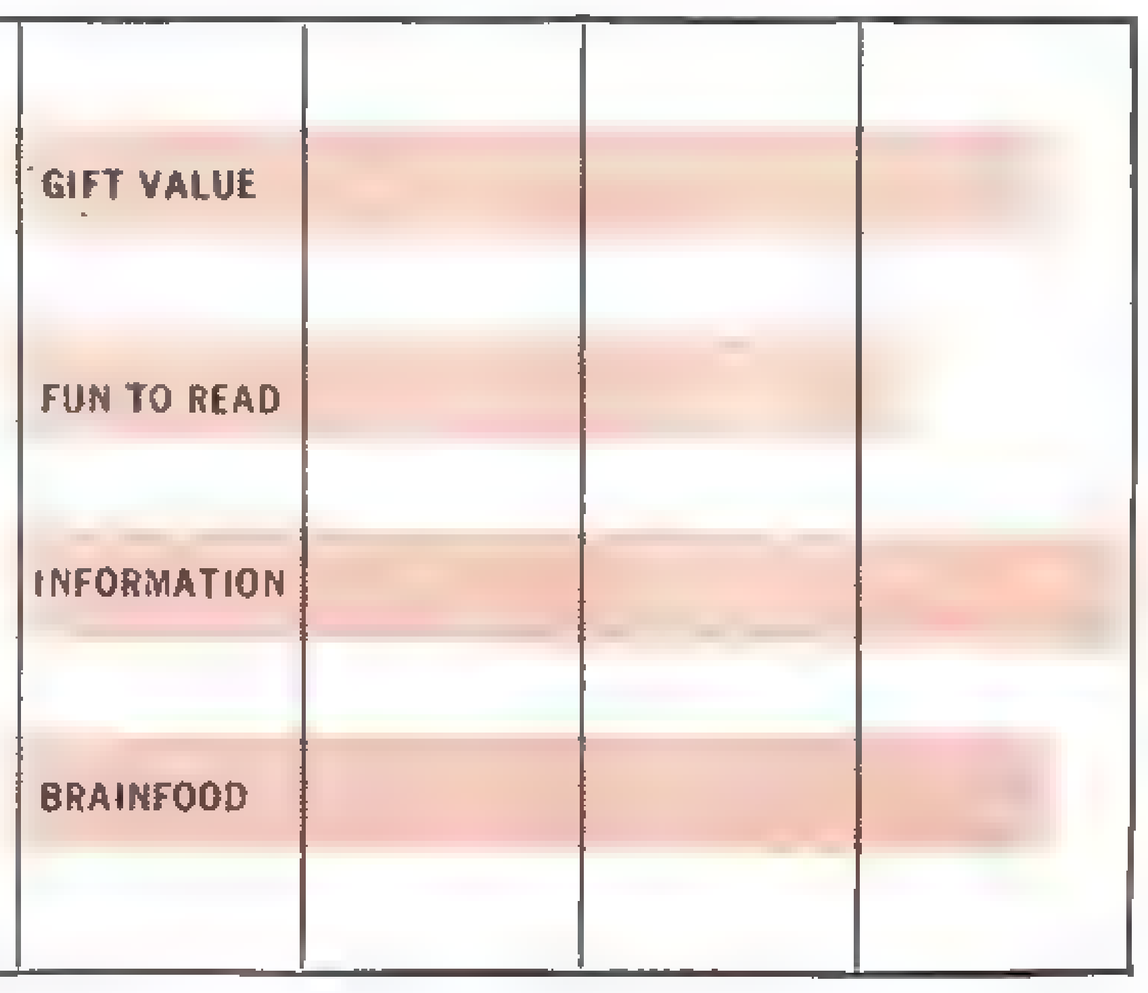
In his foreward, Field Marshal J. C. Smuts rightly calls this one of the most extraordinary and enthralling lifetimes of adventure ever recorded. Besides animal hunts, author tracked down a fugitive German battleship.



Great Adventures and Explorations

Edited by Vilhjalmur Stefansson
(Dial, $2.49)

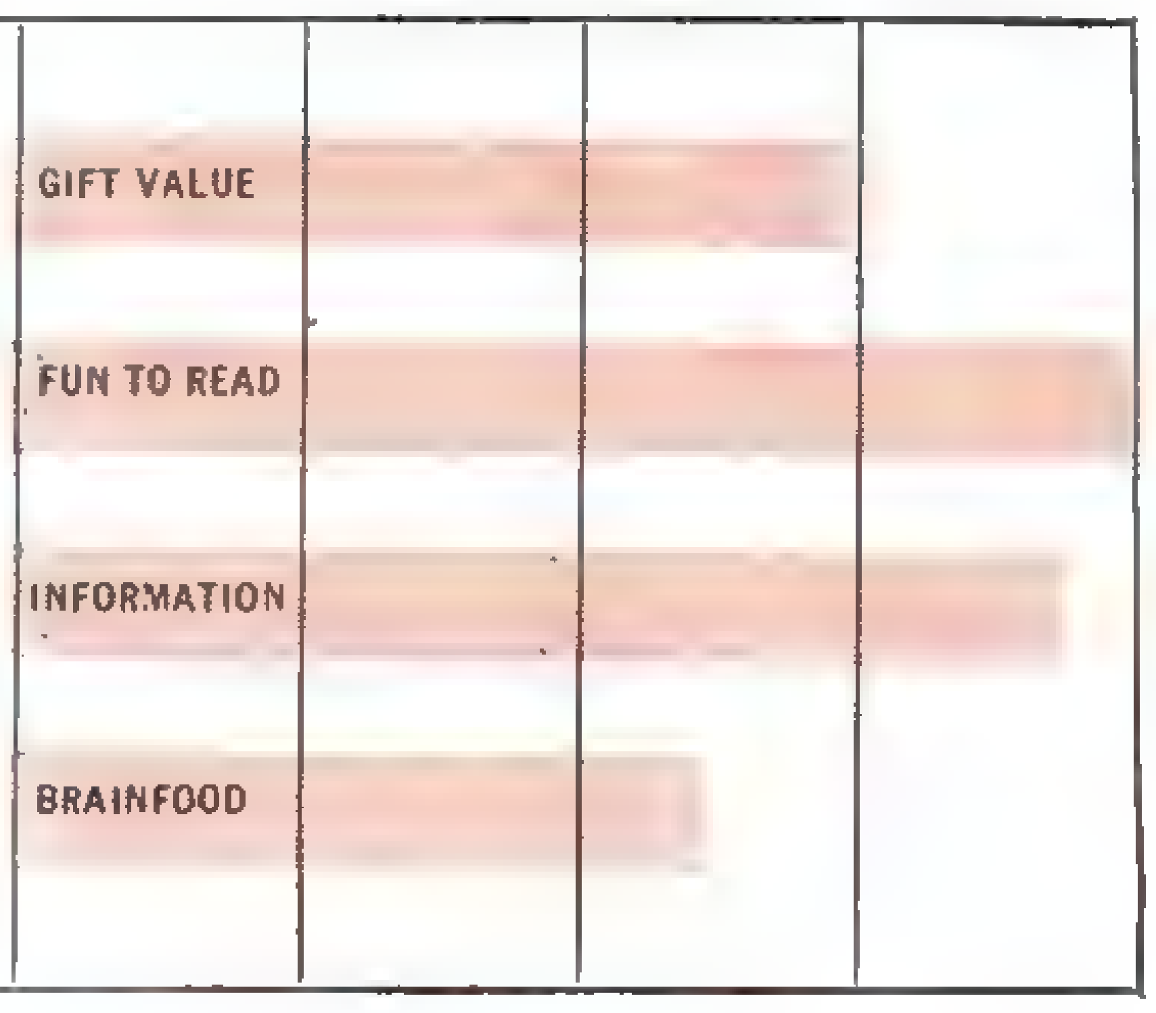
A fat (778 pages) anthology of the writings and diaries of scores of explorers, including accounts of every major discovery from 400 B. C. to the attainment of the South Pole. Handy as a reference book and, in a way, a sort of outline of history.



Man-Eaters of Kumaon

by Jim Corbett
(Oxford, $2.00)

Not too recent, but one of the most widely read adventure books ever published. Stories of tense hunts for man-eating tigers in India. Gory in spots, but full of fascinating information on the habits and temperaments of the big cats.



Sucker's Night Out

Continued from page 44

this sucker list and proclaimed the appearance of acts which would cost a fortune to hire. They made their grog in the bathtubs on the premises and called in the cop on the beat and started a friendship with a large bill, usually a C. It is now almost impossible to regard this setup as a profitable one, but it worked. They jammed the joint and gave the clowns a few obscure acts which performed to a three-piece band which was standard in the speak-easy period. If the people complained they were being bilked, they were threatened by strong-arm guys who milked them for what they would give up. By the time the suckers got around to dropping their letters to Police Headquarters or calling up the Prohibition people, the joint had folded. Naturally, the entertainers were not paid, cheap as they were, and many a musician had his skull opened when he tried to collect a tab for his concert. It was long before the union guaranteed their members would be paid when they worked. It was an audacious holdup, but it is a fact that people cherished it as a memory and to this day I have heard cynical Broadway guys talk about how they were taken by the speak-easies which used tough guys to shake them out of a cover charge and an immense bill for brutally raw moonshine and a slab of chicken on stale bread.

The average night club depends on casuals on New Year's Eve and there are only a few cafés in this country which can rely on steadies to fill them up on New Year's Eve. There is a hot joint every year in New York, but they perish swiftly when the act which attracts them goes on to another booking. The night-club business is based on nothing but the power of its attractions and that is why big nights are so important. Snow storms can demolish a night club with a big pay roll and a rainy week end will put them into the hands of receivers because so close is their margin of profit they must do business seven days a week when they are paying acts as high as $15,000 a cut. Coming up in the twenties was one of the greatest teams in the history of the show business. They were brand-new when they worked at the Dover Club and they hadn't stepped out into the big leagues. They were Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the best night-club act I've ever seen. In those days the midnight nobility was the underworld. They were heavy with money and they sat down close to the floor show. They were the biggest spenders, the biggest tippers, they were vulgar and cruel and they murdered for profit. They sold dope and they were pimps, but in those days they were powerful and controlled the night life in every city in the country. They liked Clayton, Jackson and Durante and on that New Year's Eve they came into the Dover, the hot joint of that winter. There were legitimate people there and among them were two of my old friends, Damon Runyon and Eddie Frayne, both now dead. Clayton, Jackson and Durante were working on a percentage and it looked as though they were going to have the biggest night of their lives. I remember Lou Clayton, who now manages Jimmy Durante, telling about it.

"We got a cover charge like you never heard," said the old soft-shoe dancer. "Wine . . . no one was buying anything but wine. Champagne . . . all I heard all night was the guys calling up for more wine. It was like a contest to see who could buy the most. You couldn't get another person in the joint if you tried . . . and everyone's drinking wine. It looked like we'd do more that night than we'd do in a month."

Frayne was the sports editor of the New York *American*. He had come to New York from San Francisco that week and Runyon told him not to make any plans for New Year's Eve.

"I'm taking you to the hottest joint in town," Damon told him.

Neither Frayne nor Runyon drank and they sat there and watched the joint heat up. There were hoodlums from every mob in the country and they appeared to be friendly. But among them was Jack Diamond, tubercular and depraved. I have heard them accuse him of murdering his sweetheart because she saw him commit a murder. He was uncivilized, demented with cocaine and this New Year's Eve he was drinking.

"I knew nothing about New York," Frayne told me later. "All of a sudden I see a guy throw a punch and another fellow go down. Women started to scream. In a minute the joint was crazy. Guys were whipping out pistols. People were hitting each other on the head with bottles. Damon grabbed me and said . . . 'let's go.' We started out of the place . . . and on the way we passed the coatroom. I pulled out my check, but Damon said the hell with it. We went downstairs. It was freezing, but we jumped in a cab and drove away. I looked back and people were running out of the place . . . no hats . . . no coats . . . just looking to get away. It was some New Year's Eve."

There isn't a faster guy with a dollar than Clayton. He is a generous man and has made a lot of money in show business. But that New Year's Eve tapped him out and to this day he recalls the calamity with regretful awe.

"All we wound up with were the tabs," Clayton mourns. "Our joint was broken up. We didn't take in a quarter. Not a check was paid. I've been in the café business most of my life. But that's the first New Year's Eve I was ever hooked up with a loser. It was bad enough . . . not making a cent . . . but the money we

Continued on page 114

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Sucker's Night Out

Continued from page 113

lost on top of it."

Runyon once said that it was the happiest New Year's Eve any one in the Dover Club ever spent as long as they lived. "We were lucky to get out with our lives," said the great short-story writer.

It is a night that goads even the most docile men into unnatural dissipation. They believe they are being bilked out of a good time unless they get staggering drunk. One of my recollections of a New Year's Eve concerns a fight manager. On this New Year's I came into a café and found him standing against the bar. I was slightly idiotic from drinking and my legs were shuddering. It was impossible for me to focus properly. But I was determined to go as far as I could and ordered up a cup of black coffee to postpone insensibility. My cowardice was comical in the opinion of my friend, and this surprised me because I knew him as a sober and industrious young man who pulled up after a short beer.

"How can you get drunk?" he asked, contemptuously.

"From drinking," I said as I lapped up the coffee.

Such a statement amazed him. He was furious with himself because of his capacity for brandy. It was impossible for him to get loaded and he felt out of contact with the people around him. Isolated by his sobriety, he figured himself to be an outcast, a somber and tragic figure among the merrymakers. I explained to him that on an ordinary evening I would have given up long ago and started for home, but this was New Year's Eve and I wanted to go the full distance. Such an attitude afflicts even the most conservative boozers and this is an adjective which I can't apply to myself when I am slapping myself silly with alcohol. My friend admonished himself for his sturdy nature and insisted that it was impossible for him to locate any joy on this last day of a profitable year. As he related it, being sober on New Year's Eve was scandalous—comparable to stealing change off the bar. His agony touched me and I abandoned the young lady I was squiring to go to his aid. I must plead guilty to being parsimonious in the first degree. It is seldom that I buy a drink out of turn and it has always been my philosophy that the best type of liquor is the free kind. But so terrible was the anguish of the sober young man that I promised I would buy him a load.

"Nothing touches me," he said, sadly. "I've been going all day."

"Give him a triple brandy," I said, and I did so realizing that such an order sold at three bucks a portion. I was as drunk as I ever get. The man behind the stick stacked the big drink in a water glass. My friend knocked it down the way it came, ignoring the chaser. He gulped and blinked his eyes and then smiled without humor.

"See," he said. "Nothing."

"Do it again," I commanded, although such philanthropy sobered me up where the black coffee failed. Down went the triple helping. It did not disturb him. "Make it five shots," I said. The potion was readied up and the gentleman pushed it down with one swallow.

"It is like water," he said.

The man had gobbled eleven punches of brandy in less than ten minutes and he did not seem to mind.

"More," he pleaded. "I'm going to drink up the joint."

But the last two words of that sentence were spoken as he fell backwards. He turned sallow before he lit and by the time I reached down to examine him he was the color of grass and his eyes had rolled up into his head. He lay there, amid the tumult, silent and alone, the uproar of the New Year unheard and beyond the reach of his senses. They called an ambulance and an intern with a stomach pump worked on him and the last I saw of him that night they were lugging him out of the joint on a stretcher. Since that night he has never had a drink tougher than tea. Nothing more serious came from his fearless demonstration than a divorce. It must not be regarded as a solemn matter because this is a guy who has been to the post at least five times. It seemed that his missus refused to accompany him to the emergency ward and lingered around the joint to throw confetti into the people's faces. The young man resented such cruelty and chastised her for her cold nature. But she insisted she was the one who had been abused.

"Did you want me to leave a joint after we paid ten bucks cover charge?" his sweet-tempered old woman shrieked. "Anyone who would ask his wife to go to a lousy old hospital on New Year's Eve don't love her."

She took the train to Reno as soon as she could shake the fare out of the old man. I asked him once why he had tried to drink all the brandy in town. "It was just New Year's Eve," he said, a happy man, four wives later.

But the New Year's Eve party

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that should have been the best turned out to be one of the most dismal I've ever attended. It was the one during the break-through and the Third Army press camp was in the Hotel De La Poste in the city of Esch, grand duchy of Luxembourg. We lived in splendor in that inn and the officer who did the housekeeping had a good connection and the correspondents threw in ten dollars apiece and the bar was stocked and the meal was special. Bastogne had been relieved and Tony McAuliffe, the one-star general, was our guest of honor. He was on his way back to Paris to make a radio broadcast and stopped off to have the first meal that didn't come out of a K-ration can. The head of the Esch underground was rounded up and it was explained to him that this was a night when the liberators were going to put it on. The officer who did the talking explained that he wanted the best girls in Luxembourg. The guy didn't understand English very well and the captain pressed the point.

"Good girls . . ." the captain said. "Good girls."

He winked and with his two hands described the standard shape of handsome women everywhere.

"I understand," the underground guy said. "Good...good..."

They dug up a band somewhere and Lucy Number One, the waitress, who was to stay with the Press Camp until it broke up in Germany, hired assistants to help her serve. The music was good, the food was fine and brief was the welcoming speech to the acting division commander of the 101st Airborne who had written "Nuts" when the Germans asked him to surrender after they had him surrounded and cut off. The ladies came early and by the standards of Luxembourg they were delightful. I know mine was a debutante because she had four gold teeth, which indicated she was from one of the first families of the duchy.

There was a commotion at the table where I sat in the big dining room when an ordnance officer came into the room with a blonde woman. The girls held a peevish conference and then the one I drew turned to me and explained they would have to go. I said it was still the old year, but she protested it would not be right if they stayed. I asked her why, but she was angrily shy about disclosing what had upset them. But after fifteen minutes of wrangling, they explained the blonde woman ran a brothel in the town and they resented her presence. It took a lot of explaining and we lied that the officer was a general and it would be an insult to the American Army if they left. It was some party. The girls danced well and drank little, but the officers and correspondents held up their end. As midnight approached, a military policeman came into the party and announced that the girls would have to go before midnight. There was a conference and it appeared that this would be fixed because the M.P. was guzzling a stein of whiskey as he gave his instructions. But even as he seemed to agree that this was a violation of all military protocol to be rude to ladies, I noticed that a group of elderly men and women had gathered in the hall outside of the dining room. They waited patiently and soon the girls were blowing us kisses and were on their way. It developed that these were the parents of the young ladies and they had come to get them. Some did stay until midnight. The lights went out and we sang *Auld Lang Syne* in the darkness and then the girls grabbed their coats and we were alone. The captain who made the deal was bawled out and he asked the underground guy who had recruited our companions what had happened. "You say these good girls," he said. "Each one of these is a very religious girl. I would not have anything to do with anyone who is not good. So all of these belong to a holy society. They go home because they have to be in church in the morning."

But the big disappointment was that the ordnance officer had sneaked out with his blonde and we could not find him. Some of us thought that his lady might have known some girls who realized what New Year's Eve means. But we never did find out what her business address was and we sat there and sang old songs until the musicians became too drunk to play.

I always blame a girl for getting me mixed up with the New Year's Eve boobs. If I am able to make my own decisions, I tell myself, I would spend this night in my hotel room with the radio going and a book to spell me. There was a time when I saved up to break myself in one big New Year's Eve spree and I believed that anyone who was sober on New Year's Eve should have his citizenship revoked. But now that I am an ex-rummy I still make the joints and already I've made a date with a dame and set up reservations in a couple of cabarets. The girl insisted that I go to a party in a friend's house. Naturally, I turned her down.

"New Year's comes once a year," I told her. "Let's have some laughs."

As the last midnight of '48 comes closer I know I'm right. I'll be pushed around and tapped out and I'll go home swearing that I'll never spend another New Year's Eve in a café. But I'll be up good and early to tell my friends what an awful time I had. It will be very difficult for me because most of the people I know are solid drinkers and they'll be able to lie more than I do.

But I always feel a little proud on New Year's Day that I was a sucker the night before. I wish I could afford it 365 times a year and make every night a New Year's Eve. ⧻

Continued from page 44

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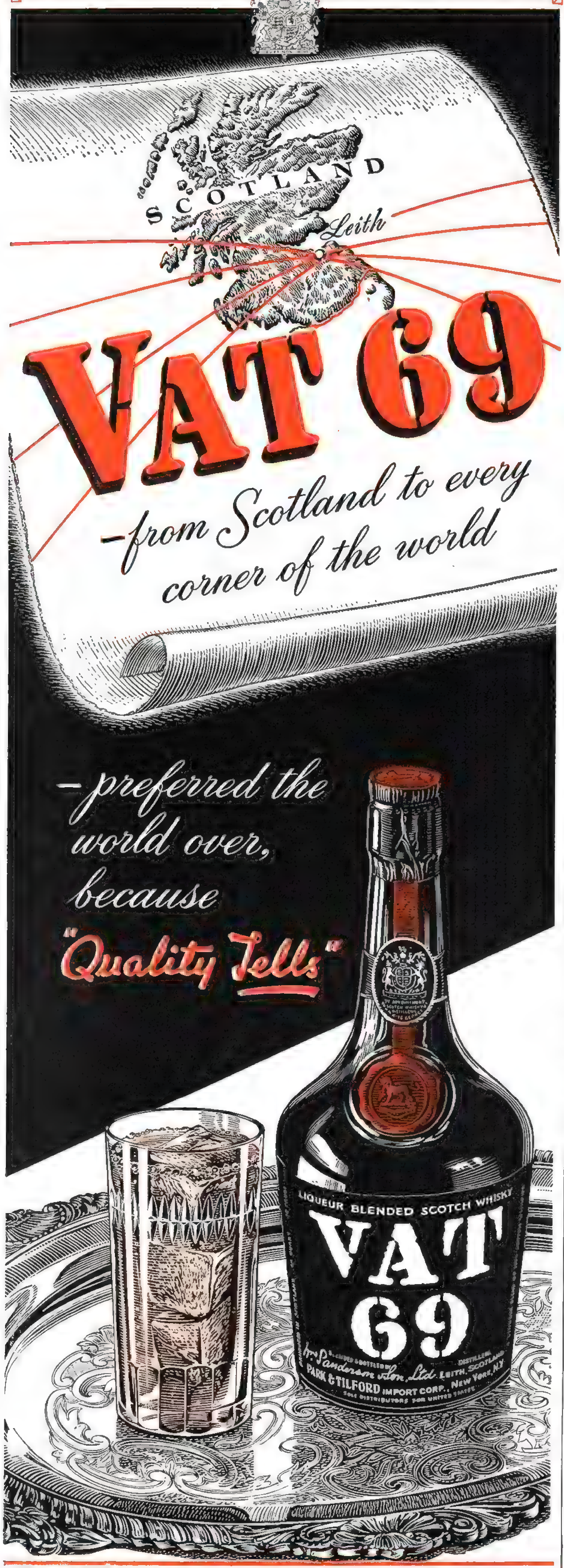
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The Fabulous Mr. Farrell

Continued from page 77

ly in court. The charge was murder, and the sentence was hanging. "They had no confidence in beardless youths in those days," Farrell recalls.

Deciding that law was dull anyhow, he struck out in 1902 for New York, with a brother, Ed. They formed a street-singing duet, in the manner of buskers of London, giving out with the popular ditties of the time wherever crowds gathered. Something about the job offended the ex-lawyer's dignity, so he severed connections with his brother and became a song plugger. From Coney Island to Brighton Beach—anywhere that bands appeared—Farrell went, singing old tunes gratis under an agreement with the band leader that, if there was an encore, he could sing whatever new tune he was plugging. His first success—*In the Good Old Summertime*—still endures.

Song plugging in those premicrophone days demanded bull-like lungs, and Farrell insists he was ideally equipped for the job. "My baritone voice by actual test could be heard clearly against a gale for two miles. With the wind in my favor, I have been heard seven miles away," he says.

Eventually, the bubbling young Chicagoan landed in the front office of the music-publishing house of Howley, Haviland, and Dresser as a supervisor of other song pluggers. He also wrote several songs himself, some of which, to use his own words, "sold plenty of copies." In addition, he sometimes sang in vaudeville.

It was during his New York days that Farrell played a minor role in politics. During the Hearst-McClellan campaign for the mayoralty, he agreed to write parodies for Tammany Hall. He would listen to an opposition speaker one night, and then rush home and compose a lyrical parody that was recited, with hilarious results, at a Tammany rally the next night. For his own diversion, he also worked as a stooge-heckler at these rallies.

A stooge-heckler's chief responsibility was to shout down all legitimate hecklers, and Farrell's seven-miles-with-the-wind voice was ideal equipment for the part. He worked with three other stooges. Arriving at the hall well in advance of the evening's speaker, they would take up strategic positions. When the speechmaking began, they waited for the first legitimate heckler to start harassing their man. Then, in prearranged order the stooges would rise and drown out the heckler with loud questions of their own.

This was the cue for the speaker to pause, lift his hands righteously to quiet the crowd, and declare with mock courage, "All right, I'll answer these hecklers before proceeding." Then, pointing to one of the stooges, he would ask: "You, what is your question?" When the question had been asked, the speaker would say, "Now, if I answer this gentleman's question, will you permit me to continue?" This appeal to the crowd's fair-mindedness always brought forth shouting, stomping, and whistling affirmation; and the speaker would, of course, answer the stooge's question with great glibness. Farrell still looks back with relish at this period of his life.

Around 1910, Farrell returned to the scene of his youthful frolics, Chicago. He quickly tied in with his good friend, Charles (The Old Roman) Comiskey, then struggling to build the fortunes of the Chicago White Sox baseball club. As Comiskey's unofficial press agent, Farrell presided over the high jinks that surrounded Comiskey and his followers.

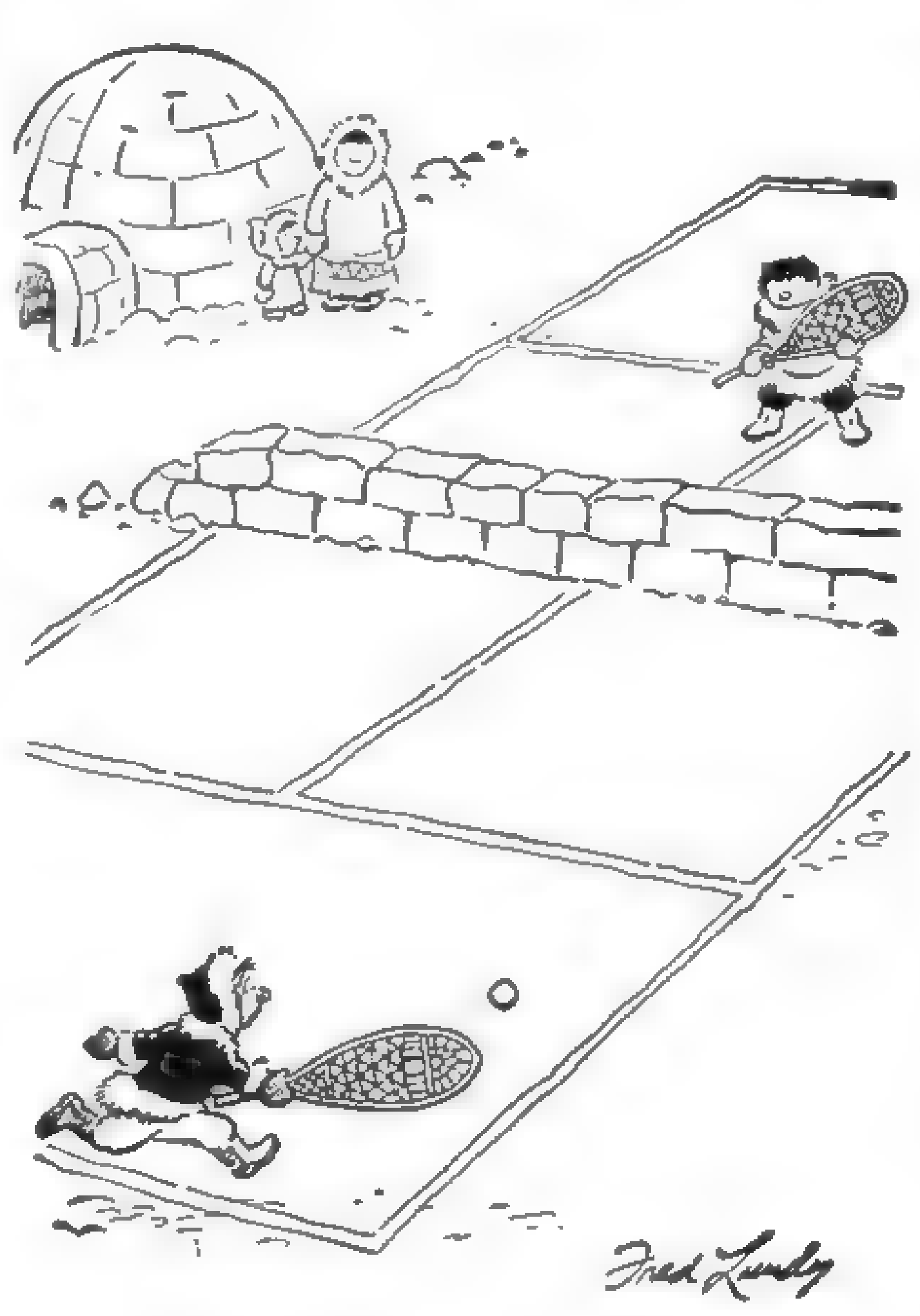
Each winter, Comiskey invited his faithful, festive cronies to a lodge at Eagle River, Wisconsin. The Old Roman and the late Ban Johnson, president of the American League in its formative years, were the hosts; Farrell, the court jester. Legend has it that guests could choose one of three sizable cottages in which to rough it, the cottages being graded by the liquid capacity of the inhabitants. This must remain legend, however, for Farrell denies it—though with a notable lack of vigor. It was during these refrigerated outings that the Woodland Bards were organized. Each guest, at Farrell's insistence, had to bring a self-composed poem as the price of admission. Since many of Comiskey's friends had neglected their early schooling, no immortal poets were discovered; but, to this day, the memory of those old festivities is kept fresh in Comiskey Park's Woodland Bards clubroom.

The Farrell-Comiskey alliance was nourished by Farrell's admiration for the Old Roman as a self-made baseball magnate. "He came up as a poorly paid ballplayer and in time owned every blade of grass in his own park," Farrell says, reverently. "Most ball clubs are stock companies, owned by men down to their last several millions. Comiskey was the works. Only Griffith of Washington can compare with him."

His association with Comiskey enabled Farrell to complete the world tour he had started as a boy. In 1913, Comiskey and John J. McGraw organized a troupe of major-league all-stars for a world junket, and Farrell went along as press agent. One episode of the trip almost broke Farrell's heart; he tells about it with the bereaved air of any press agent required to preside over the death of a wonderful coup. That he tells the story is no proof of its veracity, since all the tales of Farrell's early exploits have been overlaid with embroidery by himself and others. It's a good story and worth retelling.

When the troupe arrived in Cairo, Egypt, Farrell paid his respects to the then Khedive of

Egypt, Abbas II, and—as the story goes—persuaded his royal nibs to attend his first baseball game. After hearing Farrell catalogue the wonders of his troupe, which included such expensive baseball chattels as Tris Speaker, Mike Donlin, Buck Weaver, Fred Merkle, Sam Crawford, Tommy Daly, and German Schaefer, the Khedive agreed not only to appear in person, but to fetch along his eighteen wives. To the best of our knowledge, Abbas II had only one wife; but we repeat—it's a good story.



The Khedive brought the women to the game, but, because of an old Egyptian custom, he insisted upon sitting with his face to his spouses. Since he wanted his wives to see the game, that meant his back was to the playing field.

"Mr. Comiskey and McGraw and I tried to get him to turn around," says Farrell, without emotion now, "but custom was too strong and he refused, politely." Then, lowering his voice to convey the awful irony of what followed, Farrell goes on: "As a result of that ridiculous custom, Abbas II missed the only triple play ever made in Egypt. Picture it if you will—the *only* triple play in all the ancient glorious history of Egypt! And Abbas the Khedive missed it!"

It was on that tour that Farrell saw a big-time baseball star come to flower. The night before the troupe was scheduled to embark from San Francisco, Christy Mathewson—the "immortal Matty"—decided he was a contented landlubber and backed out. McGraw had to find another pitcher in a hurry.

"We had a kid named Faber along for the U. S. phase of our trip—a redheaded lad who was to have gone back to the chores on his Iowa farm when we reached San Francisco," Farrell says. "When Matty got fearful of the water, it gave the kid his chance. He turned out to be the big winner of the trip—and Urban 'Red' Faber became one of the game's greatest spitball pitchers."

Farrell's opinion of John McGraw, incidentally, runs counter to the myth that the New York Giants' manager was a hard, unsentimental man who placed winning a ball game above all other values. "It's nonsense," says Farrell. "McGraw liked to win, sure. But he was one of the most liberal men I ever knew in baseball. He personally took care of a dozen down-and-out ballplayers out of his own pocket. McGraw was a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year man in his prime; yet he died practically broke from his handouts. That's the man they said had no heart."

As Comiskey's amanuensis, Farrell attained the distinction (self-bestowed) of being the first man ever to wear creased pants in Comiskey Park. He gained another distinction, too: as a crony of the inimitable Ring Lardner, then a sports writer for the Chicago *Tribune*, he became perhaps the only ghost talker in history.

Lardner, a reticent man who hated any form of public speaking, was frequently forced to attend banquets in the line of duty. He would insist that Farrell accompany him. Thus, when Lardner was introduced at the festive board for a few remarks, it was Farrell who rose and solemnly announced himself as "Mr. Lardner's ghost talker." He would bend an ear to Lardner at his side while the latter feigned a conversation. Straightening up, Farrell would speak for several minutes before pausing and turning to Lardner again. The hilarious deception gave full play to Farrell's wit and did no damage to Lardner, one of the established humorists of his time.

Chicago in the early 1920's—lusty and gay despite, or because of, Prohibition—was the perfect backdrop for the colorful press agent, and the legends about him multiplied in that era. Most of them have been duly chronicled by the city's sports writers. When Farrell fell ill of pneumonia several summers ago, one newspaperman unwittingly embarrassed him in a prayerful review of his career. He revived such legends as these: Farrell claimed to have drunk a quart of spirits every day for twenty-eight years; he once ran through a hundred-thousand-dollar inheritance in one week; and he received at least one letter addressed: "Joe Farrell, c/o a saloon, Chgo."

Tales like those, doubtless inspired by bottled cheer, Farrell prefers to leave unconfirmed, on the very reasonable grounds that "We did a great many things when we were young and spirited. Besides, I may want to borrow money at my bank one of these days." Many of these fantastic stories, friends suspect, merely prove that the wise old press agent, who knows good copy when he sees it, has played the swashbuckler's role to the hilt.

He was thoroughly grounded in most sports when he settled down to hockey. Besides his baseball connections, he had from time to time taken on a few extra press-agenting chores. He ballyhooed Jim Jeffries when that West Coast giant launched a comeback campaign as the "white hope" against Jack Johnson, the heavyweight boxing champion. He also did a

Continued on page 118

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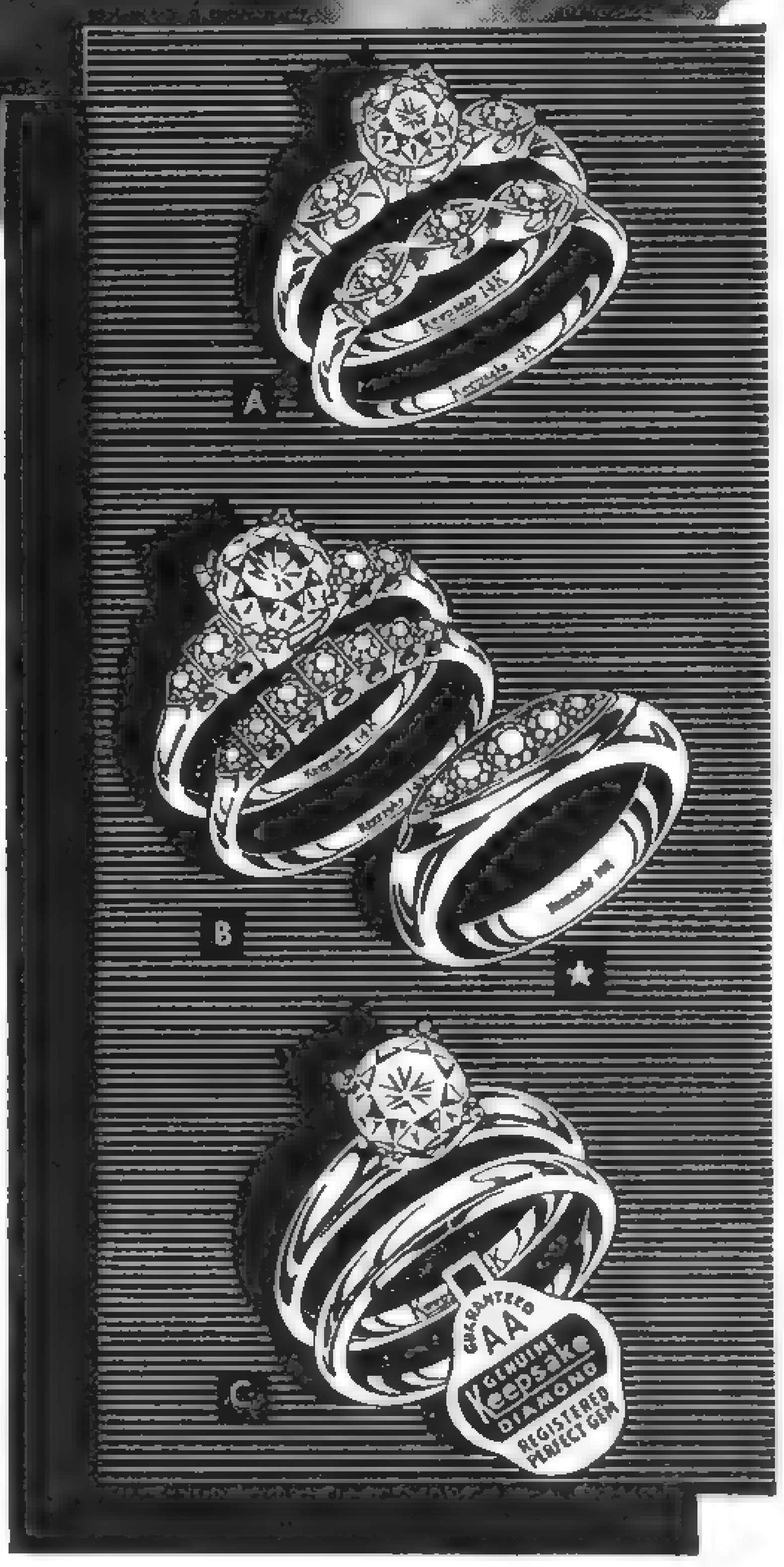

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The Fabulous Mr. Farrell

Continued from page 117

similar job for Kid McCoy, the middleweight with nine wives ("One at a time, of course," says Farrell). McCoy, Farrell contends, could whip Joe Louis or any of the present crop of heavyweights, despite a vast difference in weight. "McCoy had a punch that would shame the average prize fighter of today," he says.

In 1927, Tex Rickard, the famous sports promoter who had started hockey in New York, was anxious to extend the game into the hinterlands. He found an interested prospect in Chicago in the person of Major Frederic McLaughlin, a coffee magnate, sportsman, and socialite. Tex Rickard sold McLaughlin on the idea of buying the franchise of the Portland Rose Buds; and, to honor his war regiment, the major changed the name to the Black Hawks. Then he sent for Farrell and signed him on as press agent.

Farrell had never seen a hockey game, but after taking a look at one, he reported to McLaughlin that it was "a thrilling game that people will pay to see if we can get them into the arena and get them talking about it." And he started his publicity campaign.

Drawing from his piebald experiences as a lawyer, song plugger, actor, heckler, and press agent of ballplayers and boxers, Farrell first moved to interest McLaughlin's industrialist friends. "The idea was to hold assemblies in the large Chicago factories, explain the game, and then give the workers free tickets until the game caught on," says Farrell. Going from one large company to another, he spoke to assembled workers, described the game glowingly, announced that the company president had arranged to be the workers' host at the next game, and shouted: "Here are the tickets! Come and get them."

Audiences apparently suspected a gimmick, for few dashed forward for the free ducats. Moreover, they knew nothing about hockey. Farrell urged, exhorted, cajoled, beseeched them to accept. As a few came forward haltingly, he even made desperate jests to insure their coming. What was the use of giving away tickets if the people didn't come?

Though he often gave away more than three thousand tickets per game, less than half that number would show up. The Coliseum—ill-suited for hockey, but the only possible arena in town—could accommodate eight thousand or more fans, and the vacant seats would have discouraged a less persistent man.

The press, though willing to buy what Farrell was selling, helped very little with its public admission of ignorance. Sports writers evaded the main issue by writing impressions. One reporter, addressing an open letter to the sports editor, wrote: "Dear Joe: The Black Hawks won. They beat St. Pat's of Toronto, 4 to 1. But, Joe, how they won it, and why, is a story for tomorrow, but not for today." Another reporter came up with the intelligence that "the laziest job next to the foreman of an ice-cutting gang on the Panama Canal would seem to be the goalkeeper at a hockey match."

The confusion—or lack of it, at the turnstiles—failed to deter Farrell, who remained calmly and patiently at his chores. When the huge Chicago Stadium, the world's largest indoor arena used regularly for hockey, was completed in 1929, the Black Hawks moved in. With roughly seventeen thousand seats, the Stadium, Farrell feared, would give the appearance of a massive mausoleum unless more than three or four thousand seats could be filled. Again he turned to McLaughlin's wealthy connections ("I sure came to know a lot of millionaires in those days," he says, laughing). He prevailed on the major to make a Junior League benefit out of an early game and jammed the arena with the Gold Coast and North Shore crowd.

Concerned with the remainder of the schedule that winter, Farrell continued with missionary zeal to lure in the mezzanine and balcony trade. They'd be the real fans, he knew. It was at this point, many feel, that Farrell began to gild the legend of his past to gain wider attention in the papers for his Black Hawks.

In any event, the Black Hawks managed to get into the Stanley Cup finals against the Montreal Canadiens in the Winter of 1929-30, and Farrell made capital of what he called an "international rivalry for the world's championship."

The sports writers had by this time become thoroughly bewitched, and the town got excited and stayed that way. The fact that, just last year, Chicago's losing club broke attendance records in the league is one testimonial to how well Farrell succeeded. Another, and equally satisfying, tribute to his success was a gift Farrell received a few years ago—a large box of match packets bearing his name, with the word "No" prominently inscribed on each packet. Farrell had achieved a reputation among his friends as a man with only one word left in his vocabulary: "No." "No tickets left," is a decoded version. For a man who once set a record for giving away free tickets to a hockey game, that was delicious irony.

Three men who started with the Black Hawks in the team's lean days still have a hand in its operation. Bill Tobin, who managed the first team, is its owner and president; Johnny Gottselig, a veteran player for years, is general manager of the team and its farm system; and Farrell remains its public voice and conscience.

It's a good voice and a good conscience. And, at seventy-three, his spirit is as youthful as the spirit of the team he loves. ⧻

Continued from page 77

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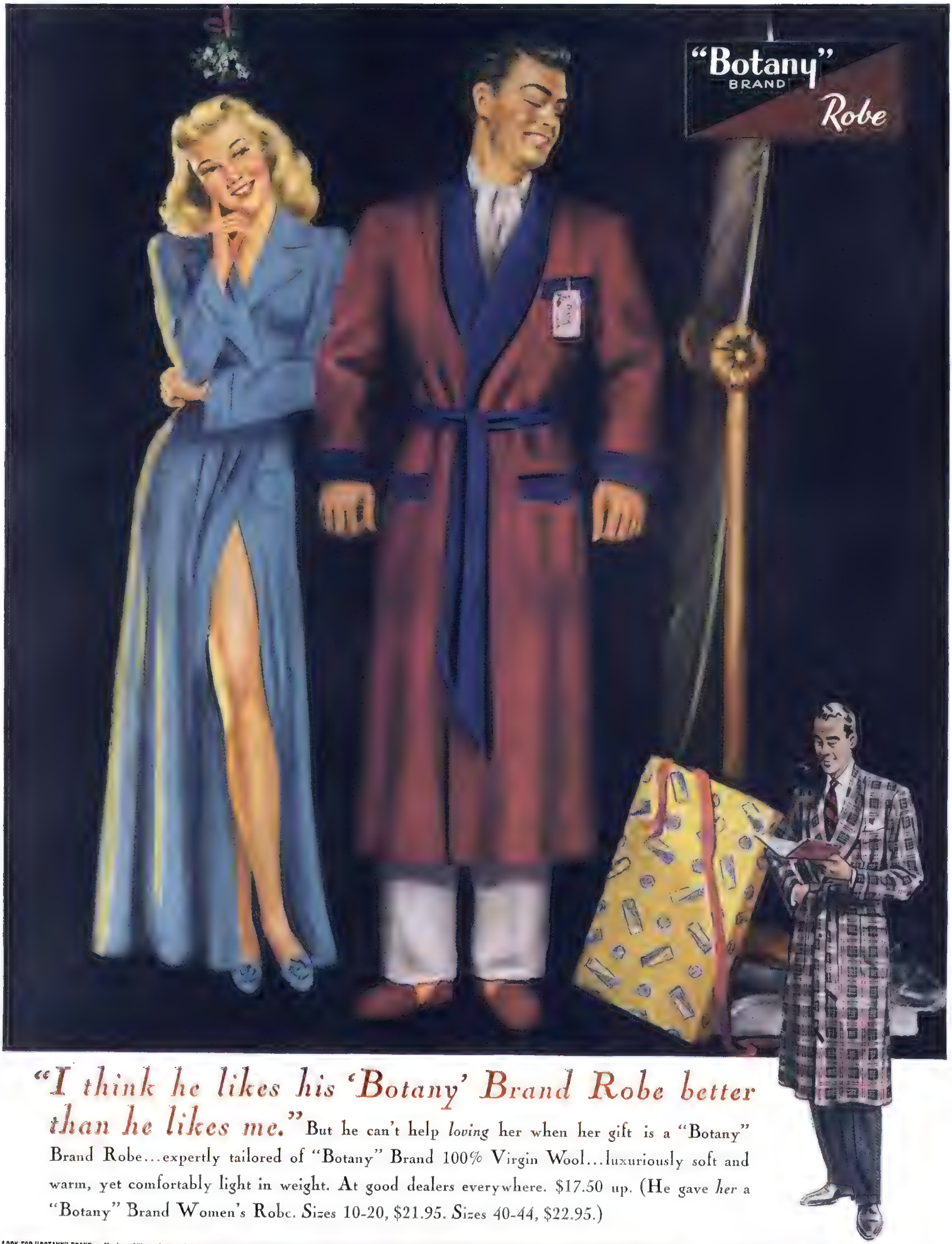

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Hell's Broke Loose in Dakota

Continued from page 41

greenery around windmills. There was a shabby air of festivity about the little railroad town. A lot of men were hoping against hope that they might pick up a few dollars from the horse trapper. The waiting cow crowd hung around the saloons, drinking beer when they wanted whiskey and being sparing with their tobacco because it cost money.

Then, dramatically, there was a yell and a hard-driving sound of hoofs, and into the town rode four men on four stout horses running abreast—a dramatic and encouraging sight. The horses scattered dogs and chickens; tethered horses swung their heads. The men laced their ponies to a stop—all but one, a big young fellow with Stetson hanging by the lanyard, whose buckskin went into a pitching exhibition. There was laughter from the other three and some cursing and spurring by the blond rider, and then the horse, shaking its bridle with a rain of lather, came to a stop.

Sam Randall stood staring at the blond bronc-stomper. He could not say why he was reminded of a man at the end of a long, fluted corridor of red earth, holding a running iron in his hands. But when he looked at the man's clean, wedgelike build, a strain of recollection stirred in him . . .

The men dismounted. One of them—an older man, built like a Percheron, deep-chested and tall, and with a vainglorious Buffalo Bill mustache sweeping dark cheeks—hooked his thumbs over his shell belt and looked about the slim, hungry-eyed crowd. "Which one of you's Ben Jardine?" he asked.

"Jardine's at the bank," said Shank, the saloonkeeper.

"I'm Mustang Cassiday," said the horseman. He began to pull off his gauntlets. His eyes, socketed deep, held glints of amusement. The ranchers were still gaping as if he were Santa Claus. "Who'll tell Jardine I'm here?"

A cowboy loped off to the bank to summon the rancher. Randall was a little puzzled about Cassiday's interest in the once great cowman. Cassiday entered the saloon and called out, "Bartender, set 'em up!" Randall watched Noah and the others rush the rail; he hung back, aware that all this was not helping their bargaining position, should any dickering ensue. Men dying of hunger are in no spot to haggle over the heel of the loaf or a center slice—especially with someone who has bought them drinks.

Beside Cassiday, a warped little rider turned to stare at Sam Randall. This man was redheaded, looking to be about forty, and with a face all bone and hard flesh. He reminded Sam of the kind of man his mother must have had in mind when she warned him against smoking.

"Not drinking, feller?"

Sam stirred. "Why not?" He joined the rest.

In a few minutes, Ben Jardine came lunging into the saloon. Ben was sixty and retained some rags of the grand manner. He had never looked like anything but a farmer to Randall, but had a way of shaking hands that seemed to bestow a favor; of frowning over another man's remark as though pressing out the last of its juice before responding. All the sham was off him today, though. He rushed up to shake Cassiday's hand and those of his companions: Pony Bob Hill, the blond youngster with the buckskin horse; Dick Gormey, the bony-faced one; and a silent Basque named Bandelier, a dour-eyed man as thin as a gallow's shadow.

Why, Randall wondered, had Jardine been singled out as a spokesman for the whole county? There were bigger men than he in Tie Siding. A little of the mustanger's bravado rubbed off on the rancher; a little strut came back to him. He stood at Cassiday's side, laughing too loudly at his jokes, once even paying for a round with money he desperately needed.

Cassiday got down to business. "I reckon you boys know what my deal is. What I want is contrac's with every man that's interested in something for nothing. Bronc checks will be mailed to a blocked account in your own bank. Your cuts come out of it before mine does. Forty per cent of the gross, and I've got these rannihans to pay out of my cut."

"What's the cannery pay you for mustangs?" Randall asked.

"Four dollar a head. In K.C."

"I got six for some last year."

Jardine's gaze found Randall sternly. Cassiday rolled a cigar between his hands, his eyes staring hostilely. "They're paying four this year. I've got a friend in a cannery."

"That sounds fair enough to me!" said Jardine heartily.

Cassiday lighted the cigar and dropped the match in the sawdust. He took a long, satisfying pull. "You ought to run around three-fifty, four hundred apiece."

Noah Cardwell exclaimed, "Jesus Nelly!"

"How do you work?" Randall asked.

Cassiday's eyes handled him carefully, sensing an obstacle. "I generally start at one end of a territory and work to the other. Send out a herd when I've got one. It's a funny thing—the ones with the poorest range gen'ally come out ahead. The broncs drift back there to the brakes . . . Where's your ranch, brother?"

"Back in the brakes."

Cassiday let a smile touch his mouth, a secret sort of smile just for Randall. "I could almos gar'ntee you five hundred dollars."

Ben Jardine struck the bar with his fist. "I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm all for it."

Others began declaring themselves, but Noah Cardwell hesitated, glancing at Sam for confirmation. His hesitation caught several others, who waited for Sam to speak his mind. Sam finished his whiskey and set the glass down.

"I reckon it ain't for me," he said.

Dick Gormey, Bandelier, and Pony Bob Hill stared at him as though he could be crowded into line by the mere force of their displeasure. But the big, mustached bronc trapper who ramrodded them said pleasantly, "That's too bad. I like a whole range when I trap, so's there ain't any trouble about boundaries. What's wrong with my deal?"

"Couple of things. Too much money, for one."

Jardine's displeasure burst

Continued on page 122

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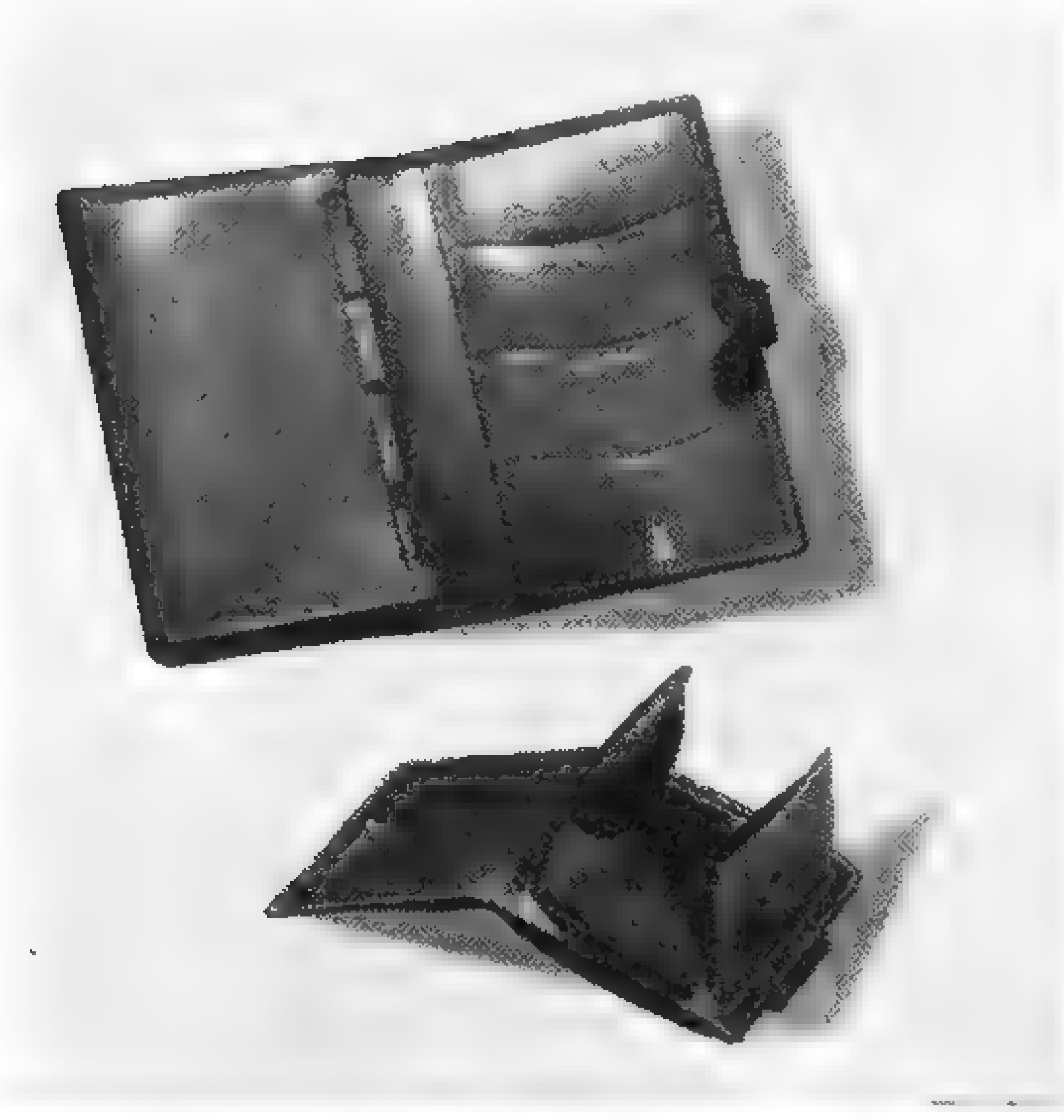

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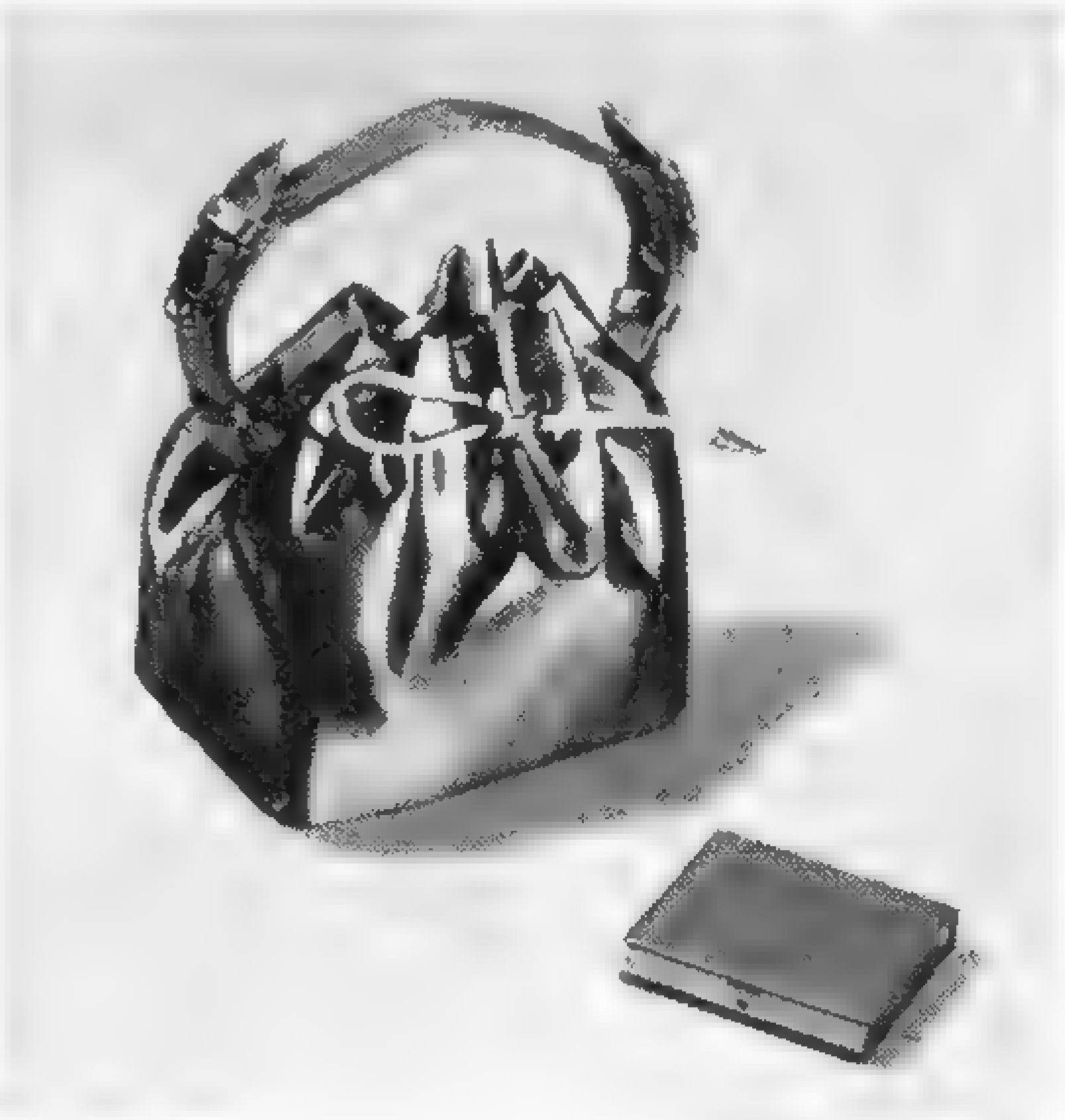

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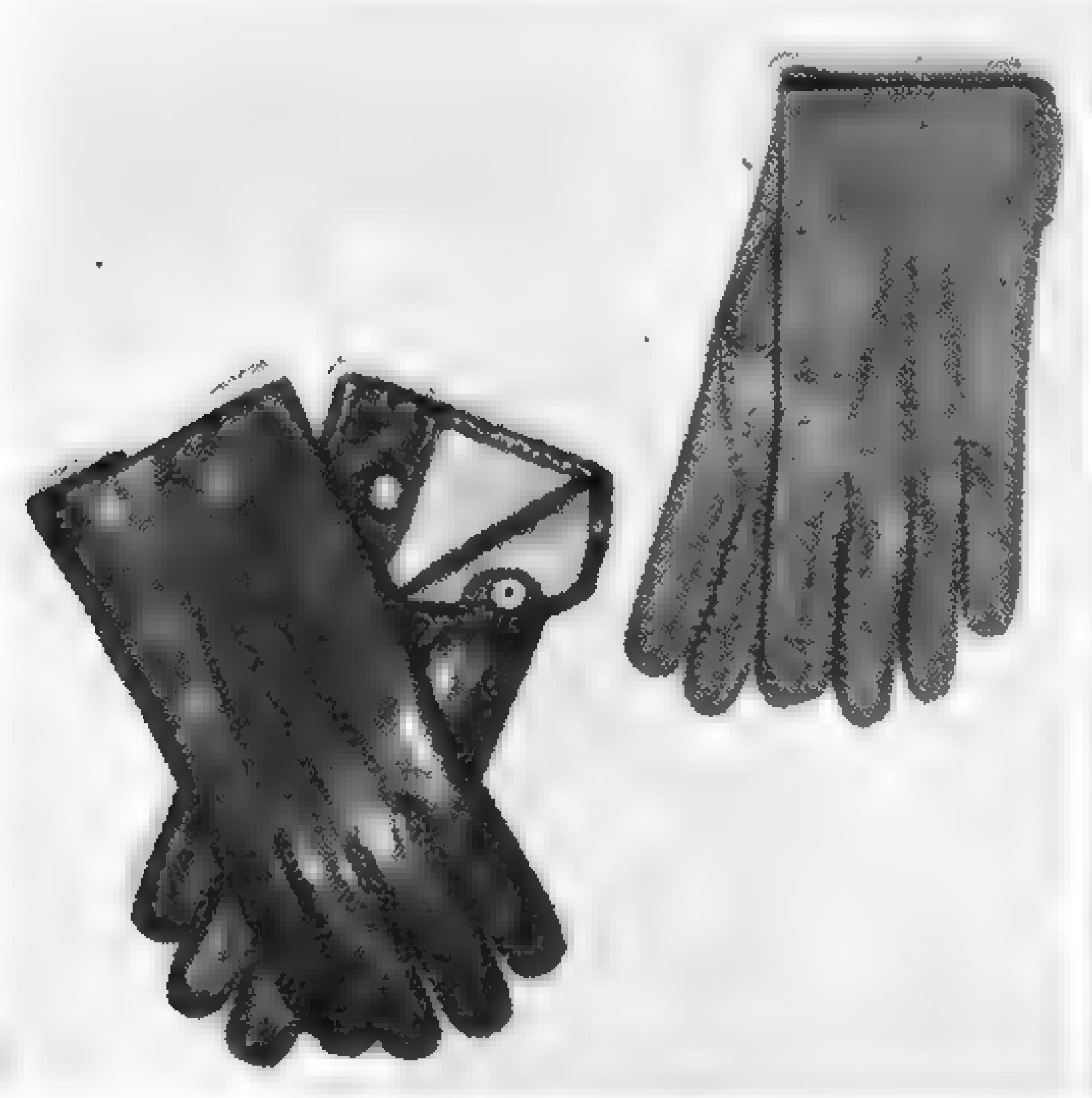

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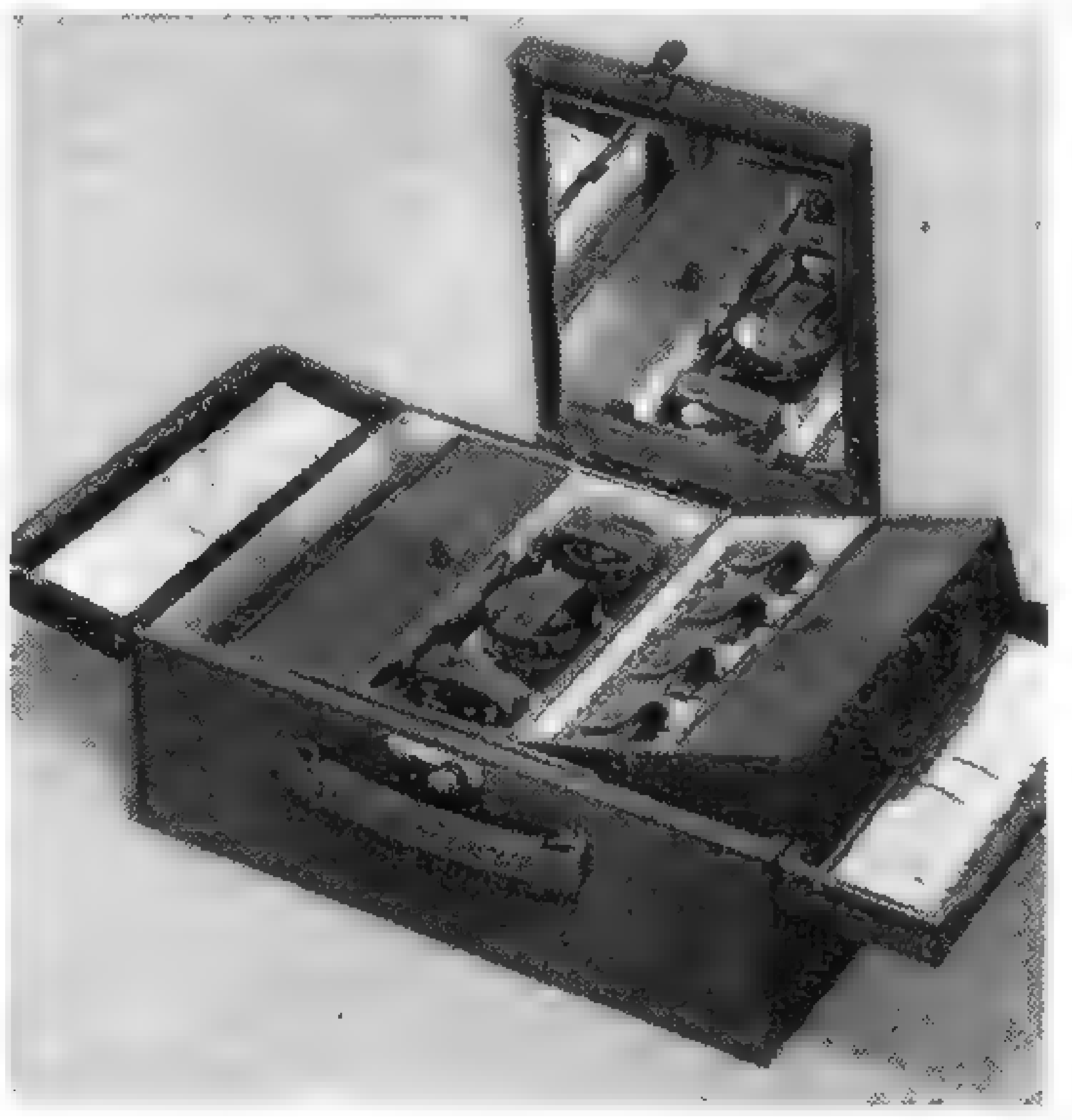

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loose. "Sam, for God's sake! This is the best thing that's happened to us for years."

"How do you know it's the best? You pick up a little every year on canners, don't you? Do you want that to end? For that price, Cassiday's going to have to trap them all. Sure, they're a headache. They breed no-good foals on our mares and eat too much grass. But those things are offset by what we make on them. Look on them as a crop. You don't cut down all your trees because you're getting a good price for your apples, do you?"

Noah scratched his head. Old Moss Belden grunted as though something important had been said. Cassiday came in quickly. "Look what you can do with that four hundred! Herd stock! Shoes for the kids and some dress material for the old woman. Eatin'-tobacco till you choke on it."

He slapped a gold piece on the bar and straightened. "I've offered you men a good thing. You've got five minutes to make up your minds, or Mustang Cassiday rides out of Tie Siding to some place where fellers like to make a dollar for nothing."

He went outside, his men following. So it was Sam Randall against the crowd, again. But Sam was not in a contentious frame of mind. When Jardine put the full weight of his anger into a curse, Sam only shook his head. "I could be wrong," he said. "But I'll do my own mustanging."

"Are you *for* anything, or just against everything?" Jardine demanded.

"I'm just a man afraid of trying anything fancy. I've seen the worst and know I can sweat it out till things improve."

He walked from the saloon. From across the street at his wagon, he watched the others drift out and engage in conversation with Cassiday. Then they all walked toward the bank. All but Noah. He came across to Sam.

"Damn you and your preachments! I ain't got much savvy of my own, but I think I know it when I hear it. I shore could have used that three-fifty, Sam . . ."

Sam laughed. "Maybe you and I'll be ahead yet. Maybe by fall we'll be the only ones who haven't been rustled blind."

Later, he was loading some credit-bought items into the wagon when Kate Jardine came from a store. Randall had an odd impression about Kate: that hard times had tempered her, rid her of most of the foolishness of the days when she had had women to make her gowns and hats and every young buck in town was proposing to her; but that her pride would not quite let her admit she was glad to be plain folks.

She gave him her hand. "So good to see you, Sam! Aren't you going along with the others?"

"Made other arrangements," Sam said. Looking at her, he thought that she was like springtime in gingham; poverty had forced her to some incredible things, but she did some incredible things in the acceptance of them. She was thoroughbred built, light and clean-limbed, with fresh skin and dark hair.

She studied Sam. "I take it you don't think Cassiday is a step in the right direction."

"It's anybody's guess."

"But you guess not."

"I guess there's something wrong with slaughtering all the mustangs in a county in one season. And I don't trust that gang much farther than I could kick a steer."

Kate hesitated. "Father investigated Cassiday last winter, after he wrote. He trusts him enough that he's going to lease our place to him for a year. Father and I are moving back to town."

Sam stared.

"Why not?" Kate insisted. "Cassiday needs a holding ground, and he'll pay well. We'll be ahead, any way you look at it."

Anger stirred in Sam. "You know what you'll have left, don't you? Dirt and rock and lawsuits! He'll move in three times the number of steers the land can support, fatten them, and move them off after the land goes to hell."

"He's a horse trapper, Sam, not a feeder. And things can't be much worse."

"What'll your father do?"

"I don't know. He's had some talks with Will Hoggatt."

In Randall's mind, Jardine slipped a peg. Backroom deals with Banker Hoggatt . . .

Kate read his displeasure. "It's a poor argument, Sam, that only tears the other fellow's to pieces."

"Maybe I'm a chronic ag'inner," he said, ironically. "What I need, maybe, is a wife with better sense than I've got. I'll have a long way to go to find one, though, now that the girl I had in mind is moving back to town."

She laughed. "If you played your cards right, you could move in, too." She went on toward the bank.

Randall waited for the two o'clock mail train before leaving. It was well that he did, for there was a letter for him. It was from Bill Tofte, an old rodeo side-kick. The last Sam had heard, Tofte had been working in a packing house in Kansas City. He read the letter once, and then again. The second time, a cymbal crashed in his head, and he was on his feet. This was—well, it could be!—the first shaft of light through the storm clouds!

"Prices have been creeping up every day for the last month," Tofte wrote. "I'm betting they keep on. I and a fellow here bought a feed lot a while back. Got all kinds of feed, but need steers. No cash. I picked up two good shorthorn bulls a year ago at a sacrifice. Now, if you can send me five hundred steers on credit, Sam, I'll ship these bulls as down payment and pay the rest when I sell. Telegraph me if you will do it."

He found Noah in the saloon and read him the letter. "Pardner, this is it! Beef's started up!"

"It's went up before."

"It hasn't gone up thirty days straight before."

Noah flicked a fly out of the foam of his beer. "It'll clean us out if Tofte's rigging you. But another year and I'll be cleaned out anyhow. Shore, I'll buy a bull! When you want the steers?"

"We can have the cars in a week. We'll start cutting on your place tomorrow."

Outside, Randall tasted the afternoon air. It had the old flavor again. The breeze whispered through the sage beyond the town buildings and whirled the sheet-metal blades of the windmills.

He walked up to the bank. The news was too good to keep. He went up the outside stairway to Lawyer McMurtrie's office, strode down the hall, and stopped outside an open door through which tobacco smoke and conversation came generously. He glanced in. There was an air of consummation about the scene.

McMurtrie, big and florid, leaned back in his swivel chair. Men stood about smoking and chewing, and Cassiday was yarning. When Cassiday saw Randall, he got up from the window where he sat and said humorlessly: "Fellers, here's the sexton come to pass out cards ag'in. Anybody like to be fitted for a shroud?"

Sam Randall smiled and moved into the doorway. He said to big Ben Jardine, "You wanted to know what I was for. I've just found out. I'm for going out on a limb right to the last twig, on the strength of a rise in beef. Bill Tofte writes that beef's gone up every day for a month. Noah and I are sending him five hundred steers, on the cuff. That doesn't need to influence you fellows. But before you do anything your common sense tells you is foolish, why don't you try to hang on till fall?"

"Anything foolish about picking up cannery checks for nothing?" Cassiday demanded.

Randall considered a moment; and because he was ready to risk Cassiday's displeasure to get across to the others what he felt, he said, "That side of it's all to the good. But if steers are going to be worth something again, it would be foolish to take the chance of losing many."

Pony Bob Hill, the blond, buckskin-shirted youngster, suddenly came toward him. Hill had the eye of a bad bronc, reckless and headlong. "Want to lay that on the line?" he snapped.

Mustang Cassiday said, "Now, hold it, Bob!"

"I can't say it much plainer," Randall told the bronc stomper.

Hill smashed at his jaw with a long, reaching jab. It caught Sam on the ear and half-turned him, driving him back to the wall. Hill lunged in.

Something joyous awoke in Sam Randall. Violence was a cleansing fire for a man who had scrounged and figured too long. He had been counted a scrapper himself, once, and, if he were no longer quite so fast nor so reckless, he was stronger and wiser. He permitted Hill to smash two blows to his shoulders, but after that his right came out in a neat uppercut that stretched the mustanger onto his toes. Sam cuffed him heavily in the face with the back of his hand. Pony Bob stumbled back, came up against the desk, and rocked forward again.

The youngster was big-boned and hard. His arms were long and the fists at the end of them had an explosive power. All he lacked was caution. He drove one to Sam's belly by sheer force of crowding, and Sam felt it clear to his liver. It shook him. Hill saw the pallor in the rancher's face and assumed that it was time for the kill. He grunted as his right shoulder rolled and the long haymaker went out. But Randall was not there to receive it. Randall tilted his head, the fist passed him, and Pony Bob Hill came up against him.

Sam Randall gave the mustanger two short blows to the belly, his shoulders behind them. As Hill fell aside, Sam rushed him. Hill's head cracked back. A short but vicious overhand punch smashed into his chin. Hill groaned in his throat and put his hands out for support. Randall let him go to his knees and then slump onto his belly—not out, but paralyzed.

Ben Jardine sounded like a revival preacher exhorting a sinner. "By George, I used to think you had judgment, Randall, if nothing else. Now I see you've lost even that. If you'd turned up a deal like this yourself, you'd crow like a cock. But because they came unannounced, because you couldn't be their tinhorn prophet, you think they're cattle thieves and schemers!"

Randall's iron lay between Noah Cardwell's, on the north, and Jardine's on the south. The railroad crossed Jardine's ranch near his southern boundary, twelve miles from the Lazy H. Several ranchers had gone in together on a loading chute and pens a few years back. There had been no discussion of trespass rights, but Randall thought about this point several times during the beef roundup. Either Jardine or Cassiday could raise a howl over his taking a herd across the Bradded L.

The cars were supposed to be on hand by the twenty-third of June. By the twenty-first, Noah and Sam had built their herds and trailed them along toward the railroad. Noah, who would accompany the herd to Kansas City as train-rep, had a telescope bag of city clothes along with him. They bedded the day herd snugly that night between two grassy buttes. Randall heard moaning across the prairie the distant notes of a freight. Their stock cars were waiting on Jardine's siding.

They pointed the steers south again and got them winding slowly through the draws and buttes toward the railroad, following the shore of the badlands. Out there, Mustang Cassiday's gang would be doing their work. Noah and Sam came down through a long, twisting coulee, both men riding drag with bandanas over their noses and mouths. Suddenly, the stinging crack of a rifle reached them and Randall could almost feel the blunting of the point of the herd. A tremor came down the herd. Steers began to pile into the rumps of animals stalling ahead of them.

Sam put his pony up a shelving bank and scrambled to the top. Two more shots split the hot noonday. A hundred yards ahead, two riders sat their horses at the edge of the coulee and poured slow fire from their saddle guns into the shallow canyon.

Randall recognized the warped frame of Dick Gormey and the lank, dark form of the Basque, Bandelier. Something went off in his head like a gunshot. He found the stock of his carbine and swung down. He took a moment to settle his boots in the earth, aligned the sights on the shoulder of Gormey's horse and took up trigger slack in a single, slow squeeze.

The gun set him back with its hard, slamming recoil.

Gormey was on the ground, wriggling from under his fallen

Continued on page 124

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pony. The Basque pivoted to face Randall, and Sam stood there with a new shell under the firing pin and the Henry at his shoulder. Bandelier let his gun slip back into the boot. He brought his hands shoulder-high and waited while Sam started toward them, afoot.

Gormey was standing over his horse, raging tightly. The pony lay shuddering, raising its head spasmodically from the ground and letting it fall. Gormey could not put his anger into words. He kept saying, "You damned . . . you Goddamned . . ." until Randall reached out and slapped him across the cheekbone with the barrel of the carbine. The gun sight slashed Gormey's cheek, bringing a slow worm of blood from it.

Sam said, "It's too bad you weren't the one wearing the saddle, Gormey."

Gormey wiped the blood from his face and stared at his hand. "You crossed a boundary five miles back, cowboy!"

Noah Cardwell had ridden up, his face the color of ash, his eyes all pupil. "Anybody tell you this was a county cattle trail, Gormey?"

"What makes a trail public—you wanting to use it?"

"Four of us have been using this trail for years. If Jardine forgot to tell you, you know now."

Bandelier spoke out of that frozen brown face of his, his accent a curious hybrid French. "Caz'day say, nobody cross we don' deal with."

"Is that what he says? I say Cassiday owes me for five steers and a day's work to round up the cattle you've spilled all over hell's half-acre."

Gormey's was a face for hating. His eyes were yellow agates. He said, "I picked you for a troublemaker the first day I laid eyes on you, Randall. Maybe you know how to raise cattle. I don't know and I don't give a damn. But you've got no license to try to crowd everybody else into your mold. You as good as told us to keep off your range. It's a square shake, ain't it, if Mustang tells you the same? Take your damned cows on across—but don't bring no more."

Randall said, "I'll bring another herd in the fall, maybe before then. And I'll have Ben Jardine tied to the back of the lead steer, if I have to. I'll collect from Cassiday for those cows."

They spent most of the following day teasing their cattle out of a hundred pockets where they had taken refuge. Finally, they came onto the flats where the steel rails of the Milwaukee & St. Paul skidded by, hot and fluid under the sun. Noah was already half-dressed in his town clothes for the trip in the caboose.

They rounded Armory Butte. The pens and chute were before them. But there was no line of empty cattle cars. Only a little covey of blackbirds in the corral and the chute . . .

Noah's voice had an edge. "Thought you said the cars was waiting!"

"I heard them drop them two days ago. I know every bleat that Milwaukee teakettle makes."

Randall rode down to the pens. There was manure aplenty in the pens. His first thought was that Cassiday had beaten him down here with a herd of mustangs and purloined his cars. But the sign spoke of steers, not horses.

Sam rode back, puzzled. "All I know is we've got to set it out here till we get more cars. I'll ride up to town."

The freight agent in Tie Siding said, "Reckon I'll get flimsies on it sooner or later, Sam, since you ordered at this office. But there was twenty cars! I seen them pass."

"Order twenty more. And have that hogger blow ten long blasts when he brings them. We'll have to range the herd farther out." On afterthought, he said: "Maybe you can talk him into giving me the high sign every time he leaves any cars at our siding. I'd like to get a line on who borrowed mine."

It was ten days before they got the next string of empties.

A few days later, they got delivery on the bulls. Sam specified delivery in town; he wanted Tie Siding to see what a real shorthorn bull looked like. He and Noah curried and watered them at the station before driving them out. They let the bulls amble up the main street—grand, short-legged animals with breadth of loin and richness of coat. Ranchers turned to stare at them and to ask questions. Old Moss Belden wanted to know how much the bulls weighed.

"About twenty-five per cent more than what you're used to," Sam said. "And they eat the same amount of grass."

Moss cleared his throat, his eyes hungry. "Can we talk about service for my cows, some time?"

Sam smiled. "Any time. All I want is the pick of the litter."

Someone called his name. He saw Kate on the walk, a parasol over her shoulder to cut the heat of the July sun. Sam let Noah take both bulls. Kate gave him her hand; she looked cool and fresh in a green summer dress that brought out the rich tones of her skin. Randall tried to be casual with her, but he failed. All he could think was: *Without a woman, the finest ranch in the world would be a goat pasture.* And she was still the woman for him.

"Are those the bulls that are going to revolutionize Dakota ranching?" she asked.

"They're going to be the great-granddaddies of the best cattle in Dakota . . . What do you hear from the mustang country?"

"I suppose they're keeping busy." He found a trace of worry in her eyes. Suddenly she said, "Sam, I stopped you because I wanted to explain something. You knew Dad's been investing in—in notes and trust deeds?"

Something in Randall slowed down. He took a long, clear look ahead. He said, "He's been investing in *my* note at the bank—is that what you wanted to explain?"

"He was angry when he bought it, Sam! At first he said he was just going to use it to make you squirm. The bank said you'd missed a payment and they were carrying you as long as you could pay interest. But then—Oh, we've all been foolish! You've laughed at everything anyone else thought would make a few dollars. And we've said you wouldn't know a good thing if you saw it."

Sam asked drily, "When am I supposed to squirm?"

"He's used all the money he got

for the lease to buy up notes, for interest," Kate said. "Now he can't make payments on some of his own obligations because the ones he bought have been slow. He'd counted on people paying on time, but no one has, and . . . Sam," she said earnestly, "if they won't carry him—if he has to close anyone out—don't make it be you!"

Emotion surged darkly into Randall. A lot of answers came into his head, but he checked them. He said shortly, "That's Ben's decision, not mine. Talk to him about it."

Now there was urgency and focus, where there had been relief and pride. He had thought Jardine above knife-in-the-back tactics. But Jardine was, after all, a scared and desperate man. He wired Bill Tofte to get the rest of that payment through the first moment he could.

In the meantime, Randall was too busy to worry. He proceeded as if he intended to stay in business. He and Noah contrived a wellrig and sank wells at several spots. They bought junk and fashioned windmills. They pampered those bulls like children.

Now and then the far, lingering cry of a locomotive would reach the ranch house at the foot of Fort Butte, and Sam would look up and begin to count. But it was never the prolonged signal that meant cattle cars had been kicked onto the siding. Either Cassiday was not shipping out many broncs, or Sam's eardrums were thickening.

On a blazing August day, Jardine rode out. Randall was setting out salt lick. The rancher wore better clothes than he had worn the last time Sam had seen him. But his sideburns wanted trimming and his jaws were salty with day-old beard. He looked like a man who had been sitting up late with a worry.

Randall let Jardine start it, giving him no help with his tongue nor with his eyes.

"Sam, I've got to talk to you."

"I thought *I* was the one who was supposed to ask you for a talk."

"I'm not trying to crowd anyone. But . . ."

"So you let yourself be suckered into taking too many notes off the bank's hands." Randall grinned.

Jardine frowned. "Kate told me how it would look to buy up notes, but . . . Well, I'm making it as easy on everyone as possible. All I want is the money to keep out of trouble myself. If you can pay the interest on yours, I'll carry you on the rest till fall." Then he cleared his throat. "I thought I might be getting some of those cannery checks by now. I guess Cassiday's having slow going."

Sam knew that the seed of doubt he had planted months ago had sprouted. "Tell you what, Ben," he said. "Why don't we ride over to his camp and see how many broncs he's rounded up?"

Jardine seized on it. "That's an idea! He ought to be someplace around Horsehead Coulee."

Sam saddled his appaloosa traveler. They cut across the upper corner of Jardine's land into the badlands. The gouged mud hills were hot and dry. A man needed to know the water holes before he entered them. A heavy sickness of decay invaded the air. They came upon the carcasses of four horses lying bloated on the sand, their legs thrusting grotesquely from the swollen barrels. The two men held bandanas over their noses as they passed.

Sam said, "I thought the idea was to capture them and let the canneries do the slaughtering."

They discovered a well-marked path pointing northeast. In about a half-hour, the crowded draw opened into a shallow with a huddle of salt cedars fringing a spring. A dozen mustangs were penned in a corral. Another corral was empty, holding only a cold branding fire with irons crisscrossed. The mustangers' camp was by the spring; it consisted of a couple of canvas lean-to's, a scatter of gear, and a talus of tin cans beyond the cook fire. The mustangers were out, their saddles gone. Randall and Jardine sat down to smoke. About an hour before sundown, two riders came in sight. They were Pony Bob Hill and Mustang Cassiday. Cassiday reined in when he saw them; his hand fell to the stock of his saddle gun. He said something to Hill and came on at a rack.

Badlands suns had roasted his hands and face a mahogany brown and had bleached his mustache until it was the color of new rope. He gave them each a hard handshake and squatted on his heels. There was some howdying and civilizing; then the bronc trapper said, "Figgered to see you out here directly, Jardine. It's plumb scandalous the way I've let you down."

"I was beginning to look for some of those cannery checks."

"Well, keep right on lookin', because they'll be on the way. This is a ripstaver of a trappin' range! A backdoor to every trap! But we're getting them curried out of the brakes, and I look for a good roundup yet."

"You sent out a pretty good herd last month, I hear," Sam remarked.

Hill's drawling glance came to him. "Where'd you hear that?"

"Somebody got twenty stock cars I'd spoken for. I figured it must be you."

Cassiday laughed. "Jardine, this feller ought to be a storyteller . . . Ever think that it might be somebody south of here?"

"No."

For an instant they regarded each other measuringly. Cassiday retained his hard grin, but his eyes were cautious. Then Sam heard Jardine saying tartly, "Cassiday, I want to see some action or it's all off. I could use the land myself. I can't see why you needed the range anyhow."

"You can't pen horses in a hole like this for long. And I thought I might take in a few feeders if things looked right. But with beef going up, it ain't a time to buy."

"All right. But I'm prepared to pay back the unused portion of your lease money next month unless you can show me some action. And I'll make my beef roundup as usual."

"If you want to see some action," Cassiday drawled, "just try to put me off the land before my lease expires. I won't be crowded by any note-buying cowman that's got himself in a corner."

Jardine looked startled. His

Continued on page 126

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next emotion, Randall knew, would be anger. He moved to clock it. Jardine was not equipped for trouble. Sam got up. "He's got you, Ben. I told you to think about it before you signed. Now you'll have to stay with it." He walked to his pony. Jardine came along.

During the next few days, Randall began to see gangs of cowpunchers on roundup for Jardine, for Moss Belden, and for Noah Cardwell, swinging along in a tawniness of dust. Out on the flats, the roundup was quick and thorough, but where the land crumpled against the red bluffs of the badlands, cattle hid in a thousand blind pockets where rope and iron had to pry them loose. Then the reports began to come out of the canyons: Belden was off two hundred! Jardine ran four hundred short!

He and Noah finished their work one hot evening. The tally was on the nose. But Randall sat long over the supper table, thinking of a dozen small, scared men wondering what to do next. They would have the normal reaction of the wronged: Rifles would come out and cleaning rods begin to flash . . . Then they would think: *How can we prove that Cassiday did it? What if we lynch him and the cattle come back? Suppose they were just scared into the brakes by the mustanging?*

So they would put the rifles away and try to figure out where they could pare here and trim there to get by. A little help from the bank, a lot of help from the Lord . . .

Something pried into Randall's consciousness. The hot night air vibrated to a freight signal. Across Jardine's range the westbound was hammering, early lamps swinging in the caboose, the big diamond stack belching clouds of sparks. But something was out of key. Randall suddenly had it. The siding blast had stretched—five, six, seven . . . ten!

Stock cars! And no herds on the trail that Sam knew of! He thought of saddling and riding down tonight. But nothing would be doing until the eastbound came through tomorrow morning.

It was still murky when Sam heard horses chopping briskly into the yard. In the gloom of the cabin, he pulled on pants and boots. Seven horsemen were waiting for him. Ben Jardine sat his horse in the center of the crowd, cradling a Winchester in his hands. The ruddy dawn was on his pouched, grey face. He shouted over the trample of horses: "A wise one, Sam—but maybe not wise enough!"

Sam said, "So I got your cattle, now!"

Moss Belden cracked, "There ought to be a reason why a man that's only shipping a hundred head orders thirty cars!"

Sam's gaze found Noah, his hands lashed to the horn of his saddle. A profane screech came from Noah's throat. "We lead the damned nags to water, Sam, but will they drink? No! They lay for us. They've got it figgered, now, where we ordered thirty cars to load out their damned strays!"

Jardine was pulling a paper from an envelope. "That's not the part that took the figgering. The figgering came when we tried to see where you could use that many cars, after sending most of your stuff early. Here's the order you left at the station the other night. The agent says you shoved it under the door after he'd closed."

"Do you know my handwriting?" Sam asked.

"Not that I recollect. But the agent . . ."

"Jardine," Sam said, "I don't know why I dirty my hands on you. If you want to follow us to the railroad and watch us load your cattle, come along. But don't open your mouth again or I'll close it for good."

The eastbound was due around midmorning. They had hardly entered Jardine's range when Sam Randall heard it shunting in. The freight was an hour ahead of schedule. Randall did not believe he needed for vindication the sight of Cassiday's outfit loading cattle into the cars. But the thing between him and Mustang Cassiday had gone beyond the theoretical and entered the personal. It was cow-stealing brought to its ultimate efficiency. Clean out a range with the owners' blessing! Load them into cars like church-going cattlemen and ride the hell on out! Pick up the packer's check in K. C. and hit Texas next time!

Ahead, dancing in heat waves, rose Armory Butte.

Faintly, Randall heard a whistle, a crash of couplings. Then he rounded the butte and saw the railroad, the chutes and pens, below him. The last dozen steers were being herded up a chute into a car. Mustang Cassiday stood behind Gormey and the Basque, prodding steers up the slatted incline with sharpened sticks. In the other pen, Pony Bob Hill was leading the last of four saddled horses into the final car of the string. The rust-red caboose sat alone on the main line, ready to be picked up after the locomotive had pulled the cattle cars from the siding.

Jardine snorted like a horse. "Kate was right! She said it couldn't be you. But that order, Sam . . ." He had the Winchester in his hands, and bitterly rubbed the slick walnut stock. "The Bible's got it all down plain. 'Which have eyes and see not.' Or maybe it's the blind leading the blind. But this blind man's got one more place to lead the rest, and that's right down yonder."

He waited for the rest to come up. Moss Belden scratched his moth-eaten chin beard. "They don't look much like mustangs, do they?" he said.

"No, but Cassiday's going to ride them to hell's hottest coke heap if he raises a hand to us!" Jardine rode his horse down the slope.

Sam's notion was to keep the caboose between them and the pens, so that they might come close without being seen. When they were still three hundred yards from the tracks, Pony Bob Hill shouted. A gun cracked, and a slug pocked the ground ahead of them.

Now it was a race for the caboose—Cassiday, Gormey, and Bandelier deserting the steers to run for the shelter of the car. They fired as they came, panicky shots designed to slow men unused to being fired at. Sam slipped out of the saddle. They could not beat the mustangers to the car, but perhaps they could keep them from entering it. Some of the others saw what he was doing and reined up just ahead of him. Sam had the rear platform of the caboose under his sights, trying to hold his breathing as the browned gun barrel wavered. He heard the hard, jangling pound of boots, then a splintering of glass. He kept waiting for the form of Mustang Cassiday to lunge up on the platform.

The first time he knew he had been wrong was when a rifle crashed at a window of the car. He felt a gritty shower of pebbles and heard the blasting concussion of the copper-jacketed slug against the ground. Cassiday had broken a window on the offside and climbed into the caboose . . .

Another gun opened in the cupola. Suddenly, Jardine's men were forgetting about attack and thinking of defense. The prairie was flat and inhospitable, the hot ground sprinkled with tumbleweed and purplish-grey sage. Sam hunched in a wallow half the depth of a horse trough. Moss Belden, Noah, and the others crawled through the brush trying to find shelter, while Cassiday shouted at his men and kept a stinging fire lashing the brush. Randall, pulling a bead on the blond head of Pony Bob Hill, at the top of the cupola, caught a flash of movement at his left. A shock poured through him as he saw that Ben Jardine was still riding, bearing past the car on some wild-eyed mission only he understood.

Pony Bob rose higher on the hidden ladder and swung his rifle after Jardine. The gun flashed, but in the same instant Sam let his shot go. Jardine's horse stumbled and fell. Jardine rolled and came up, and finally staggered onto the tracks. Hill fell back, clutched a moment at a handhold, and dropped from sight.

Splinters began to feather the edges of the windows, but the hidden mustangers moved about, taking a shot here, lying low, taking their next shot from another point. Belden, huddled near Sam, gasped and came up on his hands and knees. For an instant the dark face of Mustang Cassiday was at a window; the recoil of the shot set him back. But Moss Belden was out of this and any future fights. The bullet had entered his shoulder and traveled down through his body to tear out his side.

Sam was sickened. He pumped off three shots with no design behind them. When he stopped to reload, he saw Ben Jardine crawling down the tracks toward the caboose. He was dragging a couple of tumbleweeds. Randall expected to see him collapse with a hatful of slugs in him; then he realized that Ben was shielded from the caboose, unless someone crawled up to take Hill's place.

A long interval of staccato bursts and echoing lags brought the sweat out on the cattlemen. Cassiday was a man as rich in guts as he was poor in ethics. Cooped up in a flimsy wooden box, he was coming close to making an advantage of a bad spot.

There was a flare under the caboose; a light veil of smoke drifted away on the breeze. Jardine had crawled under the car and set fire to the brush. He was reaching out to snatch tufts of sage from the right-of-way and pile them onto the greasy red flames. Then he pulled his Colt and emptied the cylinder into the floorboards over his head.

The men in the caboose showed briefly behind the windows. Randall commenced systematically chopping at the sill of a window. Presently, a few wisps of smoke drifted through the shattered windows. The drifting fumes thickened and became yellowish ropes. Ben Jardine backed up the tracks away from the caboose.

Sam loaded and waited. This was the last branding, the final tally of the roundup Mustang Cassiday had started last spring. The question was whether he would let the law do the job, or face it here. Sam Randall, who understood outlaw psychology, knew the decision Cassiday would make.

For a while the smoke thickened. Sam wondered how the men inside were able to endure it. Then, suddenly, he recalled the window on the other side of the car! He lunged to his feet and ran toward the caboose.

It was his second wrong guess. Bandelier, the Basque, stepped quickly onto the platform. He snapped his rifle to his shoulder. Sam sprawled. Bandelier's shot came, a shattering roar. The bullet gouged Sam's boot and drove pain through his leg like a running iron. He steadied himself; the outlaw was big and bluff and disdainful above him. Sam pulled the trigger.

Bandelier took a backward step and collided with Dick Gormey. Gormey flung him off. Bandelier fell headlong down the steps. Gormey leaped across him and began to sprint for the horsecar. Up the tracks, Ben Jardine took a snap shot that brought Gormey down.

So now it was Mustang Cassiday. He came onto the platform with a Colt in each hand, jumped down the steps, and walked up the slope into the sage spiked with hot rifle barrels. He was grinning. He called, "Mud in your eyes, boys." Raising both guns, he fired two shots that were a gesture more than a threat. Then he jerked, took another stride forward, and sagged onto the sand. The sun was high and hot; he lay shadowless on the earth. The bawling of the cattle was steady.

Sam Randall rode the night passenger train into Tie Siding. Moss Belden had his seat, too, but it was the last ride for him. A few months ago, some men would have said that Belden was the lucky one: he had got out of an intolerable situation with respect and a certain amount of glory. Tonight, he got a lot more sympathy than he might have last spring.

At last, men knew that they had been through the worst the cow country could throw at them. They had come through a trifle threadbare, but they fancied they could see the sun behind the horizon. They were ready to quit dreaming and go back to work.

Sam Randall, limping up the street toward the Jardine house, was just beginning to dream—to dream of a ranch near town, and a cattle herd ranchers would travel fifty miles to look at, and a girl who would make the struggle still ahead of him seem worth-while. #

Continued from page 41

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and if asked what *he* wants for Christmas . . . he'd make the same request that he hears hundreds of times daily—Christmas after Christmas—"I'd like to receive a year's subscription to Esquire."

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But, you must hurry, for Christmas is drawing near, and you'll want your friends to receive before Christmas the sparkling Esquire Girl Christmas Card announcing your gift, which we'll send with your name hand-penned as donor.

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ESQUIRE BUILDING • CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

Let's Cook It on the Piano

Continued from page 62

erate it by herself. That meant it must not weigh more than fifty pounds—less, if possible.

They locked themselves up in their workshop over the week ends, experimenting, and all this *mysterioso* business was very puzzling to their friends who had not been over for barbeque in a long time. The Dietrich guys were working on something very secret (Tom Swift and His Photo Telephone), but in two weeks the first one was done and finished. It contained a meat spit and a motor and one night they had the unveiling for the same old gang. It was crude, but the little twilight breezes didn't bother them, for the Dietrichs set the machine inside on the piano. Everybody agreed that the leg of lamb was like nothing they had ever tasted before; and the next night they roasted two chickens and these were wonderful too, and three of their guests said they wanted a machine just like it. Pleased that their toy was successful, the Dietrichs said they would build some more—and they did, and with each new machine there were improvements. It began to look like a slick professional job that had been made by a craftsman who enjoyed what he was doing.

One morning one of their friends, for whom they had built a machine, came to them and said that the night before he had had a barbeque party and at the party was an experienced merchandising man who wondered why they didn't try to do something commercially about the toy. He had suggested that they build one and take it to one of the more exclusive Los Angeles stores. Until now the Dietrichs had never considered making barbeques for sale, but this aroused their curiosity.

IDAHO
CHICAGO
SOUTH DAKOTA BLUES
UNITED STATES
ATLAS

"How about Caruthersville?"

They made one and took it to the store, which sold it immediately and asked for a few more. Then the man who had bought the original machine from the big Los Angeles store telephoned the Dietrichs to ask could he please have delivery on thirty-five additional rotisseries for special Christmas presents?

"Rotisserie? What rotisserie?" Ralph Dietrich said, thinking the gentleman had the wrong number.

The gentleman explained that what he wanted was the barbeque, the roasting unit, thirty-five more of them. Could he get them?

"I'll have to let you know," Ralph said, slightly dazed.

He had a meeting at once with Frank. A minor crisis had been precipitated; this thing was not a toy any longer and they simply couldn't build thirty-five machines as a hobby—it was a full-time job. And each had a job in which he was very happy: Ralph was a motion-picture producer and Frank was in the oil-well supply business. What should they do?

They decided to make the machines, and straightway they went to work. Production was slow and tedious; all the machines had to be handmade, but they had to have a finished, expert look. They had to please the eye as well as serve a utilitarian purpose. The thirty-five machines were finished and delivered, though, and the Dietrichs named them the Town and Country All Electric Barbeque Rotisserie. Then they began work on other machines for display purposes and soon these were in the more exclusive stores of the United States.

Paul Mantz, the celebrated pilot, bought one and immediately ordered another for his luxury charter plane. This had to be a special job because of the electrical limitations peculiar to airplanes. Special rod machines are now being made on order for boats and yachts and trailers—and even a variation of the Town and Country itself is in the process of being designed, a smaller unit, without the rotisserie. This smaller machine will be fine for flat cuts of meat, which can be suspended from the top and cooked on both sides at the same time. The Dietrichs think they have solved the problem of this—though it's an even trickier problem than the original. There must be enough heat to sear the meat without causing smoke, and this entails the ingenious use of roasting elements that still will use no more than the ordinary house current.

The Dietrich plant in Culver City is humming these days and it is a full-time job (and more) for both of them. They seem very happy. Packing cases show extravagant labels and markings: London, France, South America, even South Africa. In a small enclosure back of the plant an experimental rotisserie turns almost constantly. Fragrant and tempting cooking smells mingle with the smells of oil and machinery; and, as these guys say, "The one great blessing about the barbeque business is that you can always eat your own experiments."

The boys in their shop, and in the other shops in the neighborhood, like that idea too. #

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Don't be Vague... say Haig & Haig

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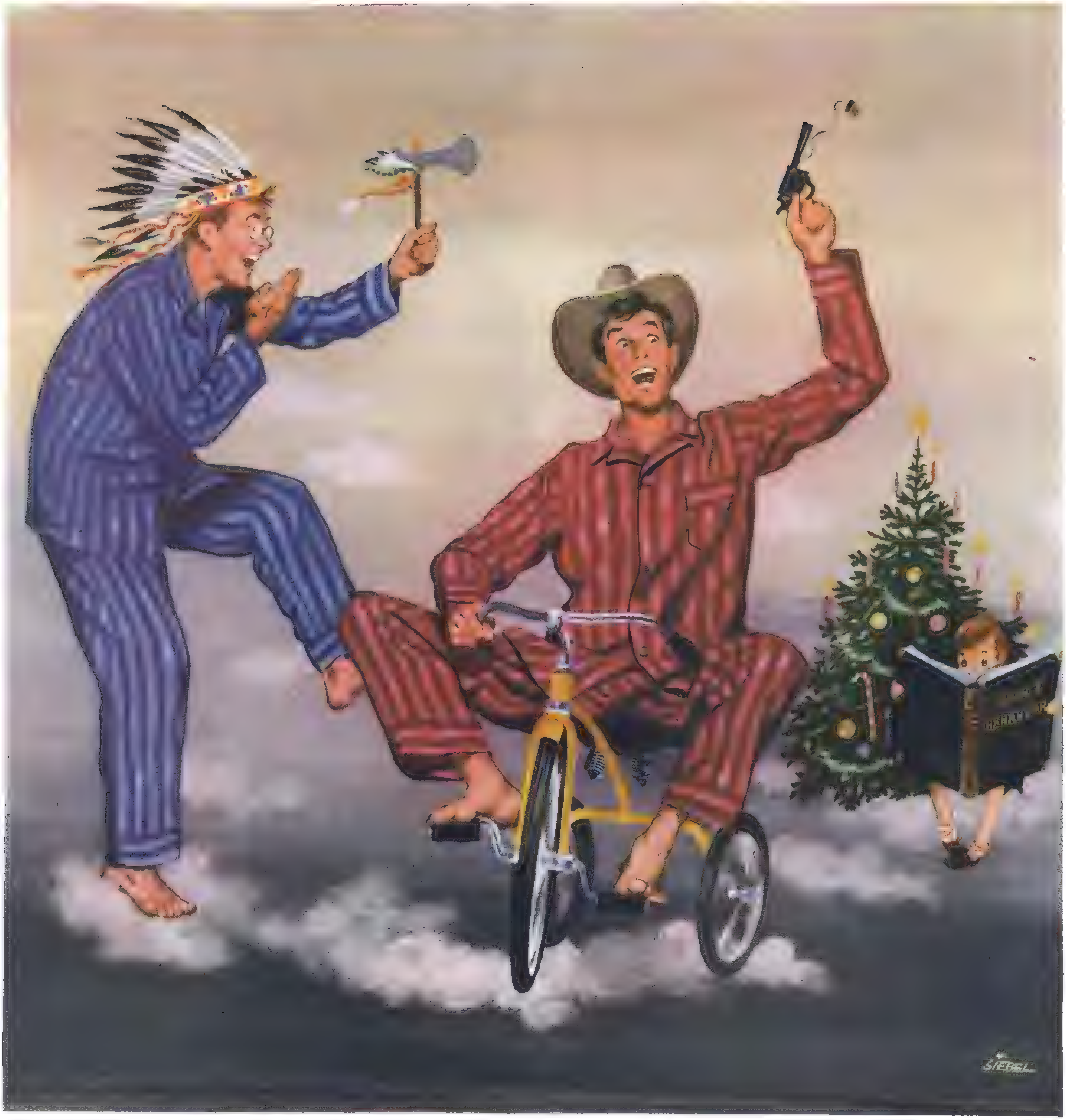

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We Were Just Having Fun

Continued from page 35

brandy. Then Edie got busy on the telephone again in the bedroom, and presently she came out and said that her father had just told her there was a bottle of Scotch behind the Encyclopedia Britannica in the bookshelves. I thought she was making this up, but they insisted I must look and much to my surprise there was a bottle of Scotch right behind the volume *Mushr-Ozon*. I had no idea it was there before because I am much too busy with my housework to look things up in the Britannica, although I always try to keep the books dusted in the living room.

So my children opened this bottle and insisted I must have a little drink and they must have a sip each for themselves. Theirs was really only a sip because my daughter Pat said I measured it out like out of an eye dropper. Mine was just a small drink. I poured it myself. I would say there was about a tablespoonful. There was ice in the glass and soda water because my children insisted it had to be a regular highball, but I am quite sure it was only a heaping tablespoonful.

So then my children insisted I must get all dressed up and my son walked to the florist's and bought me a beautiful orchid. It was just as big and lovely as the orchid he had already bought to give to his girl whom he was taking to a New Year's Eve party. I was very deeply touched. My son Henry is a fine, good boy.

So then, about seven p.m., my husband came home from the office. He is usually much earlier because he is an executive, but on New Year's Eve they have a party at the office for all the employees and, of course, he was there being an executive.

My husband said it was a wonderful party and I guess it must have been because he laughed happily telling us the amusing things that had happened like kissing the pretty stenographers and harmless jokes of that nature, and he was in a perfectly wonderful mood from the very moment he got home until about three a.m. when he became indisposed and went to sleep. He was gay, happy and gentle and not, as the plaintiff, Emmett Xavier Carter, said in his affidavit, which I have just read again, "surly, truculent, abusive and violent." It is just too ridiculous for words. He was in a wonderful mood.

Anyway, I told my husband how dear the children had been and showed him the orchid my son Henry had bought for me and my husband was even more deeply touched than me because he broke down completely and cried. I was really amazed and touched because my husband is not usually emotional or demonstrative like that. So then my children insisted that we, meaning me and my husband, must drink a toast to each other before my husband took a shower and got dressed. I explained to my husband that I had already had two little drinks and he told me that he might have had one or two at this party at the office, but that he could not remember for certain. He explained that being an executive he was sort of host to the others and naturally he would drink to their health and so forth. Anyway, he thought it was a good idea for us to have another little drink, meaning me and him, so we had one. I would say it was about a tablespoonful.

So then my son Henry helped his father to get dressed in his tux and one of the girls phoned for a cab and my husband and I set out for New Year's Eve at exactly six minutes past eight. I am positive of the time because the little clock in the hall stopped at this exact time when it fell over as we were leaving, and it has remained at this time ever since. I did not see it fall, I only heard the crash. It is a miniature grandfather's clock about twelve inches in height, very beautifully made. It keeps accurate time and was given to us as a wedding present, more years ago than I like to think about. My husband said his hat was hanging over a corner of the clock and that is how it fell when he was getting his hat. My husband told me what had happened in the taxi and he was very sweet, and very upset. He brought the clock along to show me the case was not damaged—only the crystal and the hands sort of bent and probably the works, because it would not tick. I told my husband he should have left the clock at home, but he seemed to want to have it with him and he kept on saying how sorry he was and that he would buy me fifty clocks to make up for it. He was so upset that he actually cried again, but I cheered him up and by the time we got to the Purple Slipper he was once more laughing and full of jokes. I mention all this just to show what a wonderful mood he was in and nothing even resembling all those adjectives to be found in the plaintiff's affidavit, which is a pack of wicked lies.

So anyway we had a wonderful ringside table at the Purple Slipper and I was really very proud of my husband that he was able to get it so late on New Year's Eve. He told me he got it because he is an executive with a fine concern and has plenty of drag and I was really very proud of him. Not just because he got a reservation on New Year's Eve, of course. I was proud because he is a wonderful man and still very good-looking. Some people might think that a man with very little hair is no longer good-looking, but I agree with my children that their father is good-looking even though practically bald.

My husband ordered drinks for us directly we sat down. I told him I did not think we needed any because of the little drinks

Continued on page 132

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We Were Just Having Fun

Continued from page 131

we had already had at home. However, my husband explained that in a place like the Purple Slipper on New Year's Eve the highballs were practically pure ginger ale and no liquor at all hardly. He said it was just a genteel racket and that nobody ever kicked because on New Year's Eve people just want to have fun without really getting drunk. And I must say I could only taste ginger ale in ours, so I am sure he was right. I never did taste any liquor in any of the drinks we had.

There was a floor show which was very enjoyable. My husband has always been very partial to pretty girls and these were very pretty, and the one my husband pinched was very polite and gracious when he apologized like I made him. She stopped at our table to admire the miniature clock which my husband insisted had to be on our table, and that is when he pinched her.

After the floor show we danced. My husband is usually a pretty fair dancer, but he was not in very good form on this occasion. He said the music was too slow for him, and after he had caused a little upset at one of the tables by almost falling over it, I suggested that we should not try to dance any more and my husband said okay and went back to try and fix the clock. He was most upset when he could not get it to strike the chimes, but I pointed out to him that he would just have to get it to tick again and I finally got him to quit tinkering with it.

So we just sat and listened to the music and we put on those paper hats, and my husband held my hand with one hand and threw paper serpentines at all the pretty girls with the other hand and it was all very silly and noisy, but we were just having fun. And my husband told me I was prettier than any girl there, which of course was ridiculous, but I still liked hearing him say it. He also told me that when he was kissing all the young pretty stenographers at the office party he would much rather have been kissing me, and that when he pinched that girl in the floor show it was really meant for me. And we both laughed and he leaned over the table and kissed me in public and people at other tables watched us and laughed and even clapped their hands and we did not mind at all.

And then the New Year came in and they lowered the lights and a pretty girl with very few clothes on stepped out of a cellophane egg with a spotlight on her and they played *Auld Lang Syne* and my husband, who has a fine baritone voice, sang louder than anyone and kept on singing after everyone else had stopped.

It was shortly after this that the plaintiff, Emmett Xavier Carter, came over to our table. I had seen the plaintiff once or twice during the evening. He was at another table and several times he had smiled at us and I had smiled at him like you do on New Year's Eve when everybody is having fun. He came to our table and asked my husband to stop singing *Auld Lang Syne*. He said the people he was with had elected him a committee of one to ask my husband to cut it out. He said it depressed his friends and depressed him. My husband said it was one of his favorite tunes and that he would sing it as long as he liked. He said this might be for several hours yet. He was kidding, of course, because anyone could have told him his voice would not hold out much longer.

But he was very friendly, meaning my husband, and he invited the plaintiff to have a drink with us. This invitation the plaintiff declined in a very rude and unfriendly fashion. I can remember his exact words and I will state them. The plaintiff said, "Look, grandpa—you're tighter than a tick right now. Take the young lady home and take your silly clock home and go to bed."

My husband very properly resented the plaintiff's attitude. He said to the plaintiff, "The young lady happens to be my wife, you silly so-and-so." Since I am giving this affidavit under oath, I should state that my husband did not actually use the words "so-and-so." He used a phrase which I cannot bring myself to use even in an affidavit and which I very much dislike hearing anyone use, even my husband, but I could not really blame him because the plaintiff's manner and bearing were so rude and unfriendly.

The plaintiff then made a definite threat. The plaintiff said to my husband: "If you were twenty years younger and not absolutely stinko I would sock you right in the puss."

Again my husband very properly resented the plaintiff's remark. My husband is rather touchy about being very nearly bald, and while he does not mind being teased about it by me and by our children, or at least never seems to mind very much, he does resent it from strangers like the plaintiff.

I did not want any trouble and I immediately advised my husband to ignore the plaintiff entirely. My husband took my advice and started to sing *Auld Lang Syne* again louder than ever. Furthermore, in order to show that he bore the plaintiff no ill-will for his boorish behavior he said to the plaintiff, "Sing with me—if you know how to sing—you silly-looking so-and-so."

During this unpleasant incident, my husband was clasping the clock with both hands so that it would not be damaged any further. I then said to the plaintiff, "Please go away. We are just having fun. Please don't annoy us."

The plaintiff would not take

this friendly, well-meant advice. The plaintiff said to me, "Cutie-pie—take the old so-and-so home and get him to bed."

Now my husband is still extremely jealous and he very properly resented this stranger's familiarity. I resented it too, of course, but I realized the plaintiff was disgustingly drunk, and I did not wish to make any sort of scene. Some people cannot celebrate New Year's Eve without becoming intoxicated. Others prefer to remain sober and just have fun. I suppose it is a matter of a person's breeding and of good taste. I see by the plaintiff's affidavit that he describes himself as a broker. I venture to say that if he were an executive in a fine concern, like my husband is, he would not have behaved as he did.

My husband, infuriated by the plaintiff's familiarity, said to the plaintiff, "No silly so-and-so can call my wife 'cutie-pie' and get away with it." He went on to tell the plaintiff that I was a fine wife and a fine mother who had raised three fine children. He drew the plaintiff's attention to the orchid my son Henry had given to me and he showed the plaintiff the damaged clock which he was still holding, meaning my husband. During all this, my husband was so deeply affected and properly indignant at the plaintiff's manner that he broke down again. He was unable to sing and he cried. The plaintiff then made a number of very rude and uncalled-for remarks about the clock, which my husband very properly resented. He explained, or attempted to explain, to the plaintiff the circumstances under which the clock had been given to us so many years ago, and when the plaintiff continued his derisive and horrible remarks my husband raised the clock slightly and seemed to sort of try and wave the plaintiff away from our table. The plaintiff still remained at our table and appears to have leaned forward, striking his left temple against said clock and causing the little scratch referred to in the plaintiff's affidavit as "deep laceration and surrounding contusion." I never read such nonsense in my life. It hardly bled at all. There was some blood on the tablecloth, but this came from the plaintiff's nose, which he must have hit when he fell drunkenly across the table.

My husband said the following after this unfortunate accident and these are his exact words. My husband said, "The clock struck one." My husband's attitude was not, as the plaintiff states in his so-called affidavit, "surly, truculent, abusive and violent." As a matter of strict fact, my husband was smiling at the plaintiff as he said it. He was in a perfectly good mood and he laughed very pleasantly. Then my husband turned to me and said, "Did you get that, Laura? I said, 'The clock struck one,' " and he laughed again to show there was no ill feeling. I mention this to show that he was in a wonderful mood and perfectly sober. I mean he knew exactly what he was saying and doing. My husband has always had a fine sense of humor.

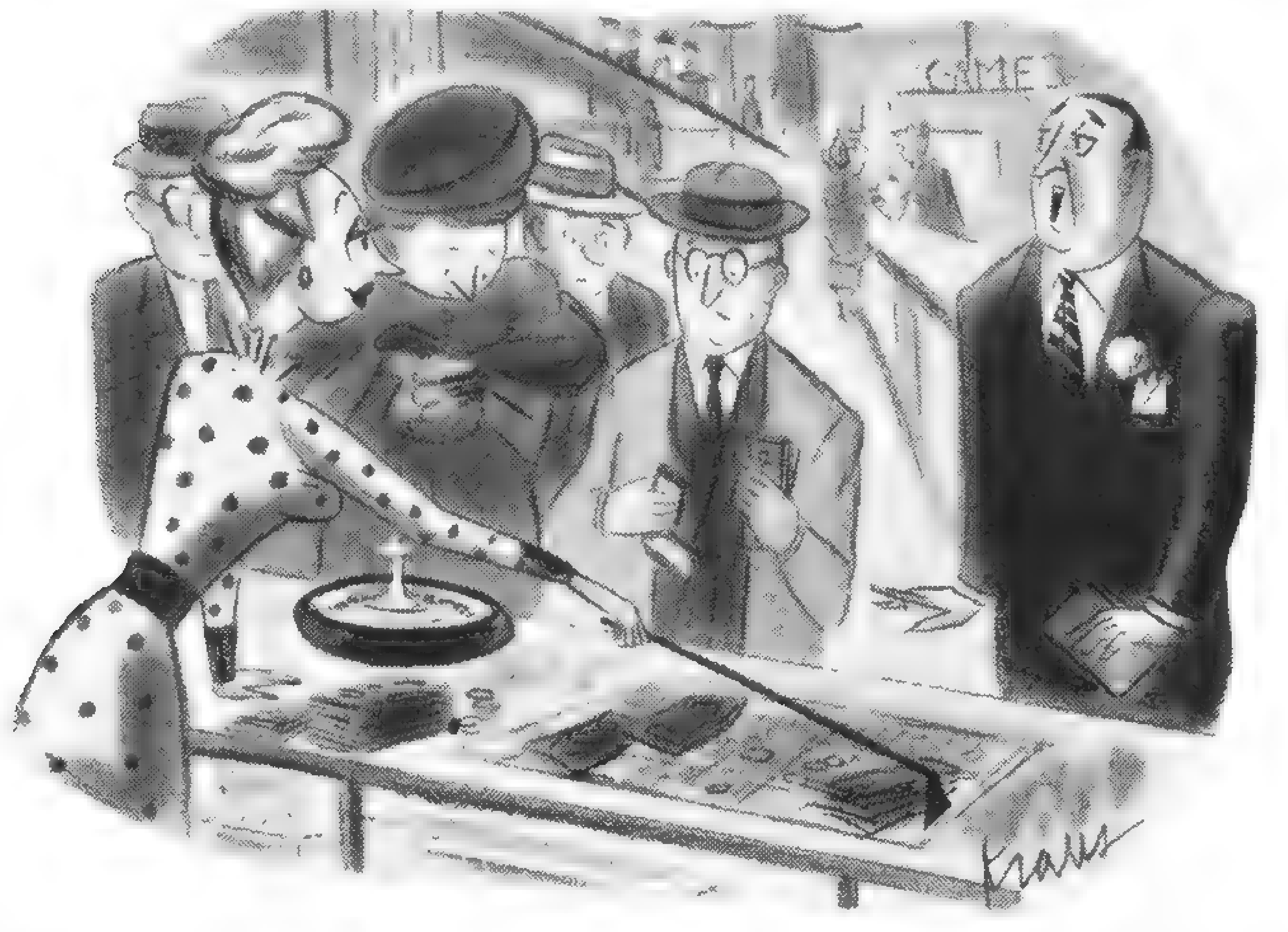
It was at this stage that the plaintiff threw the remains of a steak sandwich still on its plate at my husband, and in defense of my husband, who had fallen off of his chair, I struck the plaintiff across the shoulders with said clock. The plaintiff claims that he was struck on the head, but I did not aim at the head. I also deny emphatically that I said "Strike two!" as the plaintiff alleges. I was too excited and indignant to say anything.

I do not remember exactly what happened after the waiters all came and interfered and so I will not say anything under oath. I know that shortly afterwards my husband was indisposed and fell asleep, as I have already said. I think this was in the taxi going home, but I cannot be sure.

I hope that my husband will be well enough tomorrow to make his affidavit and I know that he will bear out all that I have said. We were both perfectly sober and we were just having fun and I think the whole thing is an outrage. We were just having fun.

Signed:
Laura Mae Windermore #

Continued from page 35



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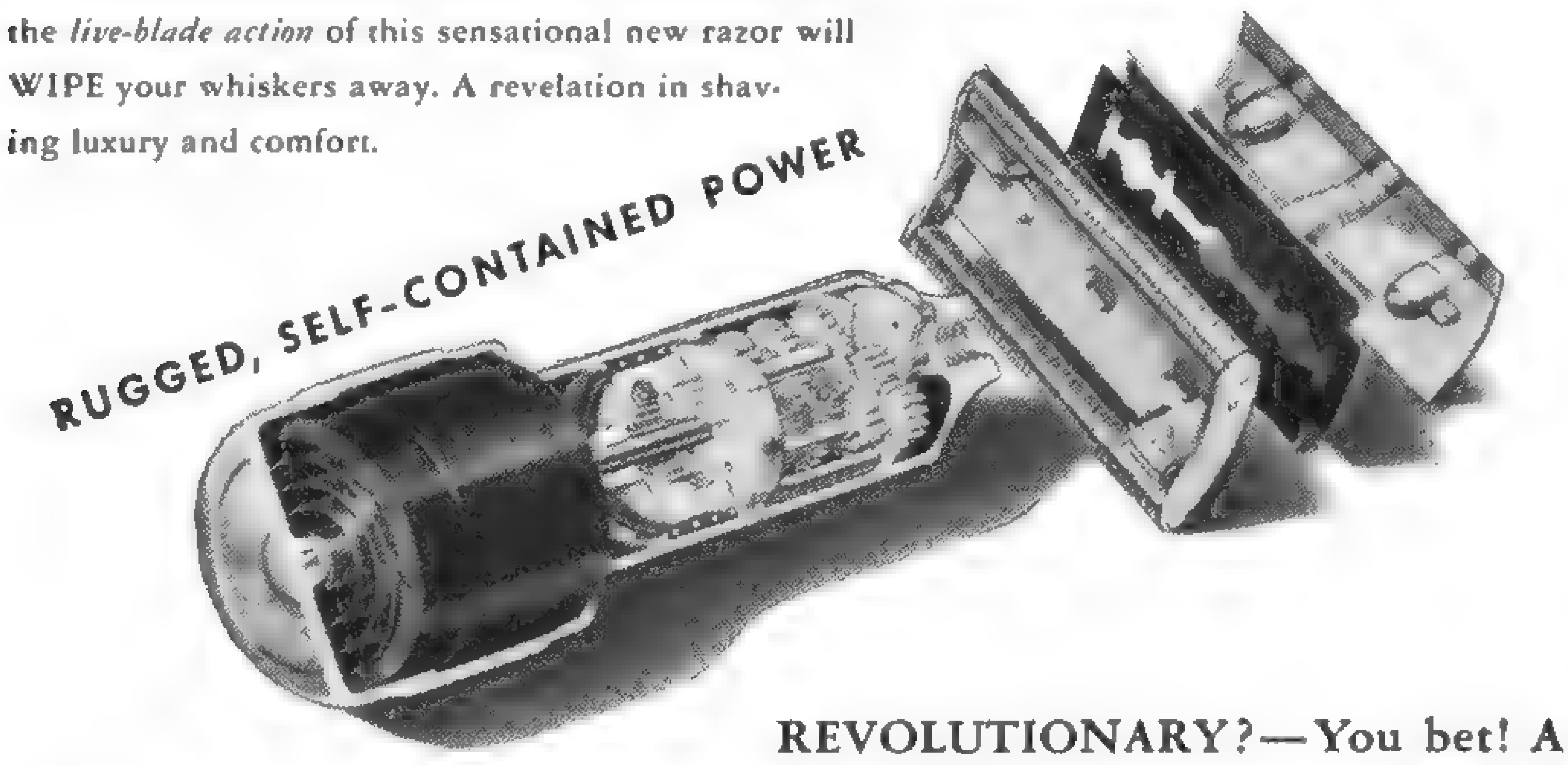

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That Young Al Jolson

Continued from page 39

ing the show and fleeing to Florida. One Sunday in December, 1923, Jolson's aide-de-camp, a crusty character nicknamed Eppy, telephoned the Shuberts to say that Jolson had just suffered a severe attack of laryngitis and they must cancel a month of *Bombo*. Lest the Shuberts try to head him off, Eppy stated that Jolson had already departed for Florida. Jake Shubert entrained for Miami Beach, arrived on Monday morning, found Jolson sitting in his beach cabaña sunning himself. He had an impressive white silk scarf knotted around his neck to accent his air of invalidism. Shubert said, "How you feeling, Jolie?"

Jolson reached for a pad and a pencil, to carry out his claim of being unable to use his voice. "Not so good," he scribbled.

"How's the voice?" asked Shubert.

"Terrible," wrote Jolson. "How are things in New York?"

"Oh," said Shubert, "not too exciting. By the way, Cantor had his biggest week yet in *Kid Boots*—grossed $45,000."

Jolson jumped up and hurled the pad and pencil to the sand. "That's a damn lie," he shouted. "When is the next train to New York? No, we got to catch a plane." He was in town by Monday night and didn't miss a performance of *Bombo*!

The sexagenarian Jolson looks a trim, healthy forty. He is five-feet-seven-inches high and weighs 155 pounds. He carries himself with a jaunty air. Invariably he is sunburned all over. People who have known the venerable vocalist for years credit his extraordinary condition to the fact that he has always been fanatical about healthy living. Until recently he never smoked, and he has never imbibed anything stronger than beer. He sleeps at least eight hours every day, usually retiring before midnight after he has put away a huge plate of ice cream. He is up at eight a.m., and after breakfast walks three or four miles. He has given up golf and boxing, which used to be his other athletic diversions.

Jolson's fourth wife is Erle Galbraith, a tall, breath-takingly glamorous girl whom he met at an Army base in Arkansas while he was on the road for USO and she was an X-ray technician at the hospital. He fell in love with her as soon as he laid eyes on her. They were married a year later. He telephones her constantly when he is away from home. In 1948 they adopted a three-months-old boy, whom they named Asa. Jolson is not in any way disturbed by the disparity in their ages. Not long ago the couple was motoring from Palm Springs to Los Angeles and stopped at a gas station. As the attendant filled up the tank, he remarked, "Mister, that's a mighty pretty daughter you got there."

Al grinned and replied, "I'm too old to have a daughter—that's my wife!"

He claims to be fifty-nine though there is a general impression that he is somewhat older. Groucho Marx once put it this way: "Jolson is old enough to be his own father."

A check of newspaper clippings dealing with Jolson, many dating back to 1900, leads me to believe that the mammy singer uttered his first pleas to his maternal parent in 1884. He was originally named Asa Yoelson. He was born in a three-room log cabin with an earthen floor in Srednick, Russia, the youngest of four children. His father was a poor traveling cantor, who journeyed about small towns singing the religious chants at Jewish holy days.

In 1889, Morris Yoelson emigrated to this country alone, and five years later he brought over the family, which settled in Washington, D. C. Yoelson was appointed cantor of a large synagogue. His deepest ambition was that his youngest son should become a great cantor. He gave Asa singing lessons from the age of five. To teach the boy the art of opening his mouth wider and letting the sound well out, he nudged a large matchstick between the upper and lower jaws of Asa and forced him to sing for an hour in this awkward position. The depth and sadness of Al Jolson's singing has its roots in the emotionalism of the cantorial tradition of song.

When Asa was ten his mother died. He had been extremely attached to her and after her death became what would today be called a juvenile delinquent. He played truant to go to vaudeville shows. He bummed around on the streets with a gang of what his father called "loafers." (The "loafers" included a skinny Negro lad with magic in his feet who grew up to become Bill Robinson, greatest of all tap dancers.) To raise money for theatre admissions, Asa sold newspapers, peddled watermelon and sang in the streets, for pennies, the lachrymose ballads of that era.

His father, a sternly religious man, could not understand his son who had become Americanized overnight. Asa took to running away from home. He stole rides on freight trains. He was a drummer boy with a Pennsylvania regiment during the Spanish-American War, but never saw fighting. He then ran off with a circus as an after-concert singer for five dollars a month. The circus stranded him in Baltimore and he stayed in a school there for six months until his father traced him and brought him back. But by now the boy was determined to be a vaudeville actor. For a year he toured with various burlesque troupes and then came to New York to try his luck. He could get few singing jobs and was reduced to cadging food from free-lunch counters in saloons and sleeping in empty wagons parked in stables, on park benches, on the docks. Finally he caught cold and developed tuberculosis. It was a while before he was cured and could go on with his vaudeville ambitions.

In 1903, he, his brother Harry, and Joe Palmer did a singing-and-comedy vaudeville act, billed as Jolson, Palmer and Jolson. Harry played a doctor, Al a bellboy and Palmer a sick man in a wheelchair. The act got $90 a week—for all three! Subsequently the act played the Brooklyn Theatre and James Francis Dooley, a blackface monologist, told Al he would make a much funnier bellboy if he put on burnt cork. "Blackface goes perfectly with that Southern accent of yours," he explained. For the next twenty-five years Jolson was never seen on a stage in white face. When the act broke up he played in the Midwest and West Coast for five years. It was in San Francisco that he began to develop his intimate style of singing, his way of enfolding an audience to his bosom as if it were a single giant human being. Around this time he also began acting out every song he baritoned as if the words and the melody had just occurred to him and were a genuine expression of his feelings.

In 1908 he came to New York as a star in the greatest show of them all, Lew Dockstader's Minstrels. J. J. Shubert was impressed by Jolson's overpowering display of energy on a stage and he booked him for *La Belle Paree*, a musical comedy which opened at the Winter Garden in 1911. The show ran long and Jolson didn't enter until 12:20 a.m. All the drama critics had left, and Jolson wasn't mentioned in the reviews next day. He was heartsick and wanted to quit the show, but Shubert talked him into remaining. Within a month he was the talk of the town. From then until 1926, when he retired from the stage, he could boast an unbroken series of smash hits. His shows ran for one, two, three years and then did another two years on the road. Usually there was nobody of importance in the cast besides Jolson. Generally the plots were tedious and the music dull. Many times, Jolson dismissed the entire cast in the middle of the performance and just sang songs and told funny incidents to the audience. He was the greatest stage attraction of that era.

Jolson still is the greatest song popularizer of them all. It was said that in his heyday he could "make" any tune just by singing it once at a Sunday evening concert in the Winter Garden. In 1919 two youngsters, a pianist and a lyric writer, dashed off a dithyramb extolling the virtues of the South. The song was published and "plugged" for six months, but failed to catch on. Then the lyricist, Irving Caeser, pleaded with Jolson to sing it. Jolson did. The tune, *Swanee*, became a nation-wide hit. The composer went on from this, his first hit, to become our finest writer of popular melodies. He was the late George Gershwin.

When Jolson sings he lives the song—with facial expression, twists of his body, impassioned gestures of his outflung hands. When he sings *Sonny Boy* he makes you feel the genuine emotion existing between father and son. When he explains that he would walk a million miles for one of the smiles of his mammy the chances are that he could even bring tears to the eyes of Philip Wylie, America's leading foe of momism. Sometimes he gets down on one knee. This mannerism, I can now reveal for the first time, actually was prompted by a prosaic accident. One night in 1913, when he was singing in *Honeymoon Express*, his left foot hurt. An ingrown toenail had been bothering him for several days and the pain was now unbearable. So he knelt down to get the pressure off his toe. The trick was so effective that he adopted it permanently.

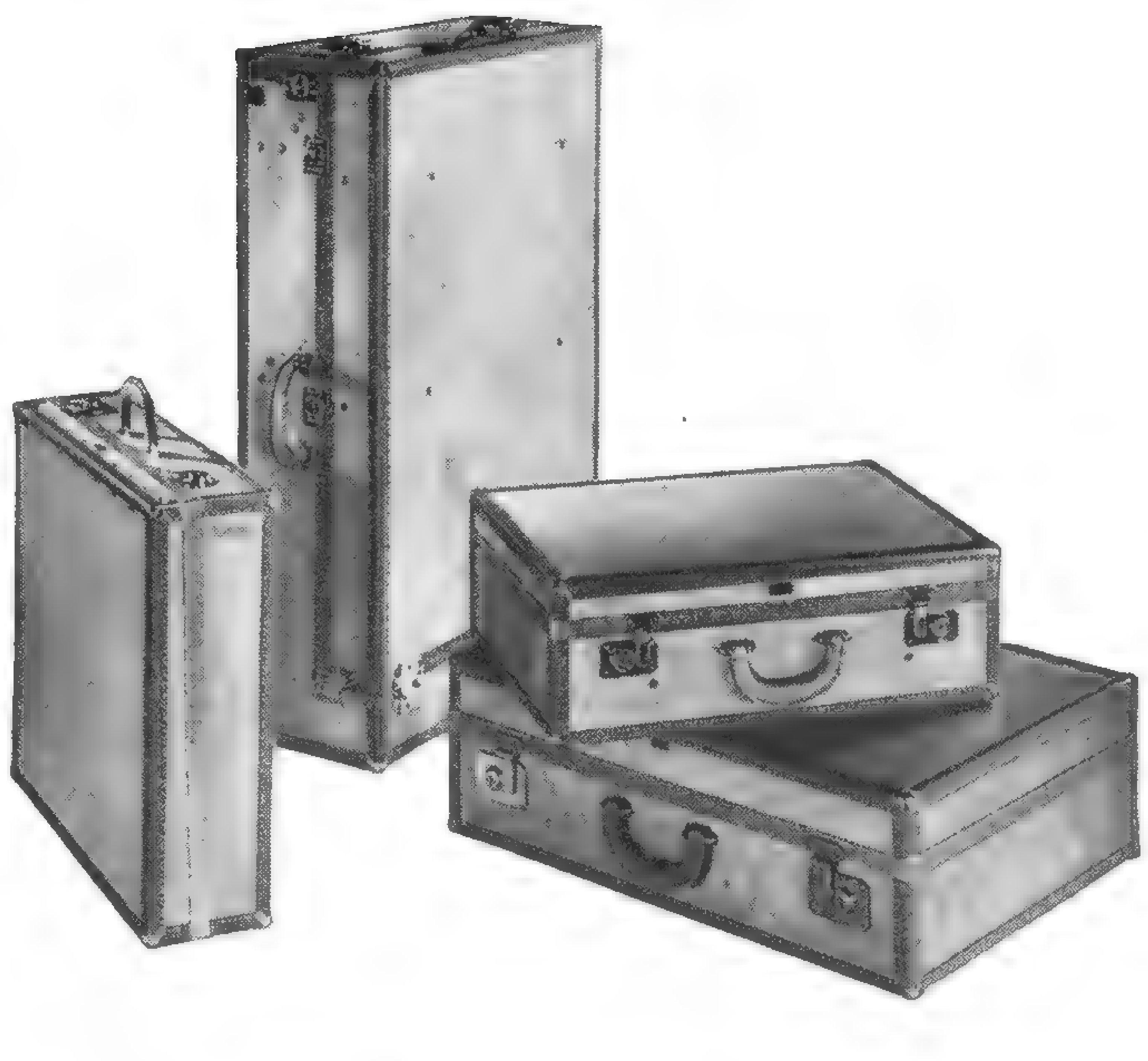
After thirty years of success, other men might have been satisfied to remain in retirement, but obscurity annoyed Al Jolson. It bothered him when he strode into a New York restaurant like Lindy's and nobody clustered around him or when he swaggered on the sands at Miami Beach and was ignored. When he married Erle Galbraith the urge to get back into the limelight was even stronger. It burned him up that she had never seen him strut on a stage during his great days. "Tell Erle," he'd say to friends, "how great I used to be." He tried unsuccessfully to star in a radio program. Advertising agencies said that he was washed up, old-fashioned, forgotten. In Hollywood, meanwhile, columnist Sidney Skolsky had for years been trying to peddle an idea for a musical film based on Jolson's life. Finally, Columbia Pictures took him up. The movie has been so successful that they are now in the process of filming a sequel to it, with the tentative title of *Jolson Sings Again*.

The only uncomfortable aspect to Jolson in this adventure in living his life as a star all over again, is that millions who have seen *The Jolson Story* are under the mistaken impression that Jolson is—physically—identical with Larry Parks. I was with Jolson one night when he tried to walk into the stage entrance of the Warner Theatre in Atlantic City, where he was headlining a show. The doorman stopped him.

"I'm Al Jolson," Jolson told him.

"You ain't Al Jolson," said the doorman. "Don't try to kid me. Why, you don't look like Al Jolson!"

When he was introduced to the daughter of one of his friends, she said, with the serene bluntness of youth, "Gee, Mr. Jolson, you're much better-looking on the screen!" #



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The Copeland Caper

Continued from page 69

know she was coming here?" I asked.

"Friday afternoon. She called and told me her husband was out of town. He'd left that morning, but she said she'd be tied up until Sunday evening with people she couldn't put off. She got here Sunday about eight o'clock."

"She usually give you notice?"

"Yeah. Always called the day before. She didn't want to walk in on any company I might have. She was careful."

"She told me," I said. "You think her husband knew about you?"

"I don't say it's impossible," he said, "but I doubt it."

"Was she playing with anyone else?"

"A dame like her? Yes. But I don't know who and I never cared."

"You know Big Pete Gowans?" I asked.

"I've heard of him. Why?"

"Was it him?"

"Pete is big and this guy was big. Outside of that I can't say. It was sort of dark."

"Did Helena usually wear her rocks when she came here?"

"She dressed like she was going out to something important—you know, so the servants wouldn't get ideas."

"Stay all night?" I asked.

"No."

"Drive herself?"

"Yeah, and parked her car in my garage in the back."

"What time did the guy break in?" I asked.

"About one-thirty," he said. "Anything else?"

"Not now," I said. "Maybe later."

"I can hardly wait."

"But you will," I told him. "Any sudden moves on your part would look bad."

He didn't get up and he didn't say anything, and I found the door by myself and went out. Back at the hotel, I called Penny.

"Well," she said, "you can come over, but I haven't any news."

"Did you locate Pete?" I asked.

"I'll tell you when you get here."

I went right over.

"Drink?" she asked.

"First, what about Pete?"

"I got in touch with him just before you called. I was going to call you, but you beat me to it. Anyway, he wants to know what the deal is."

"Doesn't he know?" I asked.

"He says not."

"Then he isn't the guy I'm looking for."

"Well," she hedged, "he wants to know what you're offering."

"For what?"

"Why do you have to be so smart? Just tell me the price, and if it's right maybe Pete can help you."

The pearls were insured for a hundred and fifty grand. I figured the best a fence would go was about forty. "We'll offer forty-five grand," I said.

"All right. I'll tell Pete."

"The sooner the better," I told her. "There's a time limit on this."

"It won't be tonight, I'm sure. Pete's got something on for tonight."

I could have stayed with Penny, for a while at least, but I decided against it. I ate and turned in early. I didn't sleep too well, because I was worried about the case. I didn't like any part of it and I didn't like the idea of Pete having the loot four days after the robbery, unless he was having fence trouble; and that didn't seem likely. About eighty per cent of the heist jobs pulled that way, where the guy knew what he was after and just when he could pick it up, were set up by a fence, or at least some arrangement for disposal was made beforehand.

The morning paper made me feel psychic. There was a short article in the second section, and all it said was that Pete Manchetti, alias Big Pete Gowans, had been found shot to death in a ditch out on Soto Street. The local cops figured it was gang activity. There was no mention of jewelry being found on the body. I called Penny.

She said she was alone, that the cops had hauled her down to identify the body, and that she had an alibi that was airtight and I could come up and see her. I went.

She wasn't too upset. "It was Big Pete all right," she told me.

"What was the deal he had on last night?" I asked.

"He didn't say."

"You're not holding out because you plan to collect?" I asked.

"I'm not that dumb. Pete didn't tell me."

"You got my offer to him?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"He said he was thinking it over and he'd let me know in the morning sometime. That's all, honest."

"And you don't know where he was going?"

"No. Luckily, I went out with a girl friend, so I've got an alibi."

I left Penny's and gave the homicide branch a backdoor visit. I didn't get much. The cops weren't too excited about Pete. They hadn't found anything interesting in his rooms and they were coasting on the deal.

From Homicide I went over to Arnold's apartment on Sunset. He'd taken a powder. The manager didn't know anything or wouldn't admit anything, and it was easy to see how Mrs. Copeland could have come and gone without comment. I went out to see her.

"Your boy friend took a powder," I said.

"He's gone?"

"Yeah. So I guess that puts the arm on him."

"What do you mean?"

"A guy named Pete Gowans lifted your rocks," I explained. "Last night he was knocked off."

"But what has Gowan's murder

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to do with Arnold?" she asked.

"He probably set the job up," I said. "I made Pete an offer, and I guess he held out for a bigger share from Arnold on the strength of it. Arnold knocked him off."

"You're sure?"

"No, but it fits."

"And what about the pearls?"

"Arnold probably has them. If we pick him up we'll get them. If we don't they'll turn up through a fence sooner or later."

Mary Gibson

"Dress them in their best—I'm springing them on Mr. Van Elpin tonight"

"But . . ."

"Yeah. It's going to have to come out. Everything."

She was thoughtful for a minute. I waited and I knew what was going on in her mind. "What time was Pete killed?" she asked.

"Before midnight."

"Then Arnold didn't do it. He was with me until after one this morning."

"Where?" I asked.

"Why . . . we drove to Santa Barbara."

"No good," I said. "You're lying."

"I'm telling just what I'll tell to the police."

"What good will that do?" I asked. "It'll all come out."

"No it won't. It will be kept quiet. I'll see to that."

"If you cover for Arnold," I told her, "the pearls are gone. We'll have to wait until he drops them to a fence. It may take a long time."

"I'll find some way to take care of that. What have you told the police?"

"Nothing yet," I said.

"What are you going to tell them?"

"The truth, I guess."

She walked to the desk and dialed long distance. I waited while she gave the Agency's New York number. I didn't like it, but I couldn't do anything about it. It took a half-hour for her to get the Old Man. We didn't say anything to each other during the wait. When she got through to the Old Man, she explained the setup, including her alibi for Arnold. Then she listened for a minute and handed me the receiver with a triumphant look. I was burned plenty.

"Drop the case and come back to New York," the Old Man said.

"How about the police?" I asked.

"They can get along without your help."

"I figure I ought to tell them what I have."

"You don't have anything. I'm telling you to come back."

"You can go to hell," I said.

"You're going to the police?"

"I'm going to do whatever I think I ought to."

"You're fired. I'm calling the Los Angeles police right now."

"All right."

"I'm not telling them anything except that you're no longer with the Agency."

"Drop dead," I told him and hung up. I didn't say anything to Helena Copeland as I walked out. I knew I would have a hard time with the cops if the Old Man called them. They didn't like me much anyway, and it was only the Old Man's influence that got me by in their town.

I spent the afternoon in the hotel over a bottle of rye. I shouldn't have worried about the case, but I did. I worried because I knew I ought to go to the cops regardless of what the Old Man did, and I would have gone but for the fact that I wasn't satisfied with the way things had worked out. Not that I don't go for an easy open-and-shut as quick as the next guy, but this one bothered me. It was *too* pat.

The lower the level in the rye bottle, the more I didn't like the case. Something was wrong. But the more I thought the more I couldn't figure it any other way. Finally, though, the afternoon paper gave me a hint. Two wires and a long-distance call to New York settled it; and that night at six-thirty I was riding a "Connie" to the big town. I got in the following morning and checked into my hotel. There, I pecked out a report; and then, after a quick shave and shower, I went up to see the Old Man. He didn't want to see me, but I pushed past his secretary and into his office. He glared at me.

"If you think you're going to suck around and get your job back," he said, "you're wasting my time. Yours too, I suppose, but that isn't very valuable."

"Stop being so damn cute," I said. "I'm just turning in my official report on the case."

"Leave it with Mary to be filed."

"You'd better read it."

I threw the folded papers onto his desk. He looked at me for a few seconds and then picked up the report and read it. I waited. He went through it fast, and then he looked at me again.

"Can you prove this?" he asked.

"Most of it. I haven't bothered to check everything. I'm not working for you any more."

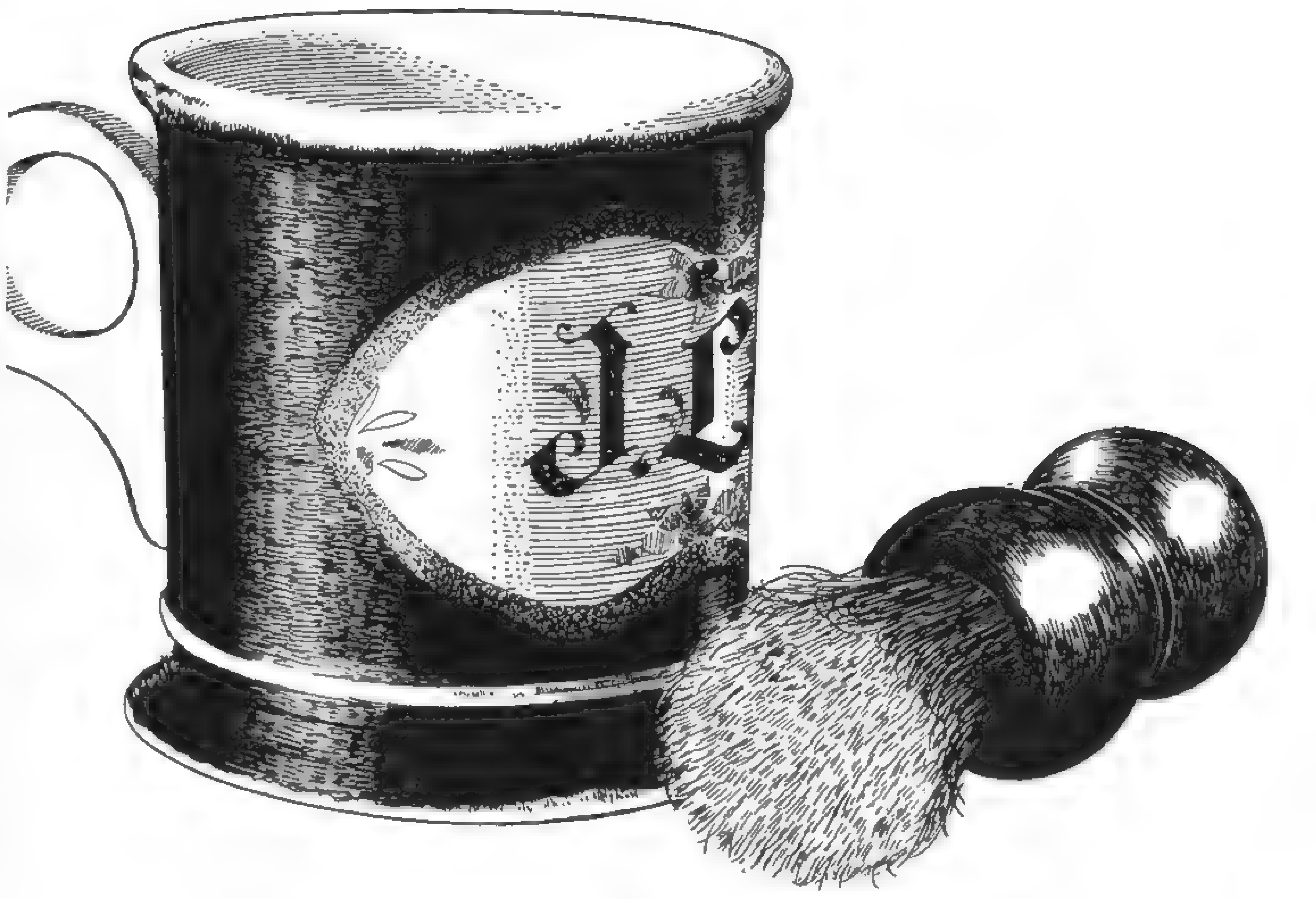
"What have you done about it?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"What do you intend to do?"

"Ever since I've been with you," I said, "you've put the Agency before everything—everybody's

Continued on page 138



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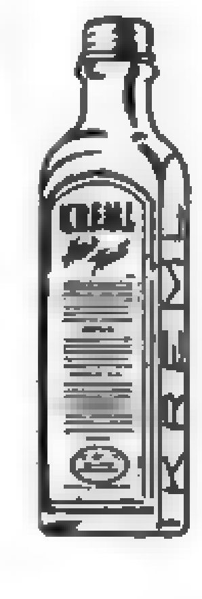


The Copeland Caper

Continued from page 137

feelings, everybody's well-being, everybody's reputation. I don't think you'll change now. No matter how good friends the Copelands are."

"You want me to take your word on it?"

"No. You know damned well I'll prove everything in that report. Get your hat."

He sat behind his desk, thinking it over, and then he got up, slowly, and took his hat from the rack just inside the door. "You're still fired," he told me. I didn't say anything then, and I didn't talk going down in the elevator or while the cab took us to the Wiltman Hotel. He stood slightly behind me while I asked for the room number, and he followed me into the elevator and then out and down the hall on the tenth floor. He was still behind me when George Copeland opened the door to my knock.

Copeland stared at me and then saw the Old Man. We were invited in. Copeland shook hands with the Old Man and turned to me. I think he suspected what was coming.

"Have a nice trip?" I asked.

"Trip?"

"To Los Angeles," I said.

"There . . . Is this some kind of a joke?" He turned to the Old Man. The Old Man shrugged and Copeland turned back to me. "Just what is this all about?" he asked.

"Big Pete's murder," I said.

"Big Pete?"

"Not good enough," I said. "Mind if I look around?"

"Now look here," he protested, "enough is enough. I demand that you leave this room."

I shook my head and started for the closet door. Copeland made a break for it and my fist caught him just behind the ear. Behind me I heard the Old Man sigh. Copeland fell on his face and then started to get up. I raised my fist again, but the Old Man stopped me. "I don't think you'd better," he said. "This will stop him." In the Old Man's hand there was a slim automatic. Copeland sat still, staring at us. I went on to the closet.

He must have figured he was as safe as Government bonds because everything was in the first bag I opened—the necklace, the rest of the loot, and the gun he'd used on Pete.

We wound it up then; the Old Man kept him covered until the cops got there and took him away. I went back to the office with the Old Man; we didn't talk on the way. Inside, he lit a cigar and looked at me.

"All right," I said. "It had to be the husband or the boy friend. I mean one of the two had to do the finger work. Arnold wouldn't have taken a powder if he'd killed Big Pete; he would have had an alibi and he would have played it outright on the spot. He was an ex-con and knew the smart way."

"What put you onto Copeland?" the Old Man asked.

"I read a little piece in the paper about a meeting of creditors being postponed because of Mr. Copeland's sudden illness. It told me two things—that he might have been away from New York and that he might not be in a very good financial spot."

"Go on."

"When I read that (it was news, I guess, because the outcome of the meeting was supposed to affect certain stocks that Copeland was interested in), I wired for information about Copeland. He didn't spend the time in his hotel, and if he was ill he didn't have a doctor. Also, he was in bad financial shape. Then I phoned San Francisco—that's where Copeland lived before he married Helena—and I found out he had signed a release on Helena's dough when they were married. So it added up. He needed dough, so he got Big Pete to do the heist job, gave him all the dope, and had it pulled while he himself was alibied by being in New York. But I got in an offer to Big Pete that I knew was higher than Copeland's split would be, and Big Pete tried to bid Copeland up. Copeland flew out to L. A., inventing illness to account for not attending the meeting, and knocked Pete off. I don't know whether Big Pete had the stuff on him or whether Copeland got it from his rooms, but it was one way or the other. Arnold took a powder and that was unlucky for Copeland because—"

"Wasn't Arnold with Helena?"

"No. If he had been, he would have stuck. She just figured it would keep everything under cover if she alibied him. Anyway Arnold—"

"I know, you explained that. You're sure Copeland knew Helena was cheating?"

"Yes," I said. "But it didn't do him any good to know it. He couldn't get anything out of her that way. He might have taken her kids, but that was no bargain. He wouldn't have been able to support them anyway, and, like you pointed out, the scandal wouldn't have done him any good."

The Old Man smoked over it for a while. "Helena didn't think Copeland knew about her . . . indiscretions."

"He wasn't blind," I said. "And one look at that dame would tell you all about her needs. How well did you know her?"

"I'm an old man. Forget about my firing you."

"Sure, but I'm going out to L. A. again. I need a rest."

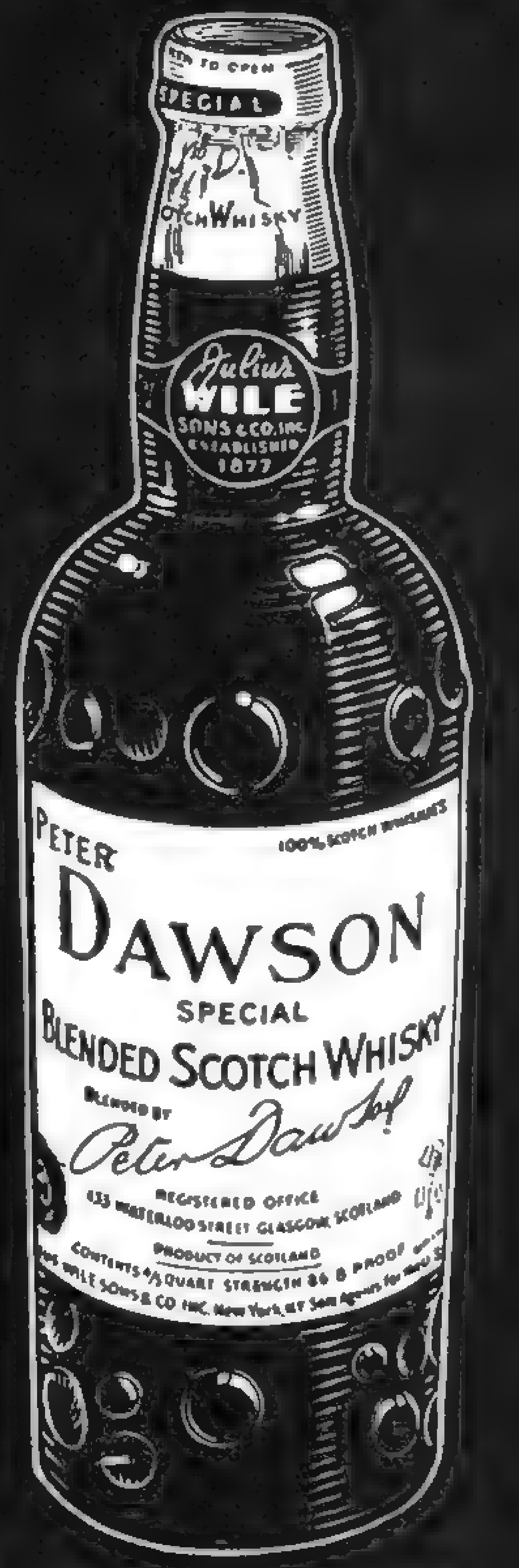
"All right, but keep away from Helena. She's . . ."

"Not for me," I said. "But there's a girl out there called Penny . . ." I said it as I was walking out, and as I closed the door I could hear the Old Man asking, "Penny? Penny who?"

But that's one deal he never got a report on. ⵌ

Continued from page 69

a wee bit smoother
a wee bit mellower
a wee bit tastier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Uncle Bud's Bloodhound

Continued from page 60

it in Uncle Bud's mouth. "Don't spit on that chap," he said. "Jenny Jenkins would skin us both."

"All right," Uncle Bud said. "I reckon you got time now to tell me what the hell's goin on around here."

So Guy explained to Uncle Bud how they had drove over to old man George Bilers' housewarmin last night because he had finished his new seven-room house so he would have plenty of space to hold his family the way it was increasin, and how the womenfolks had took all them three-months-old babies out there along about dark and bedded them down in the wagons because it was a hot night. Then after awhile the rest of the chaps had got sleepy and went on out there and clumb up in the wagons and went to sleep too.

It looked like the grown folks could go and dance because Bill Moore and Jack was gittin hot on that fiddle and guitar. But they hadn't no mor'n got started till that cattle train come pitchin and snortin down the track and stopped right there in the front yard and Uncle Bud clumb down out'n the cab with them two quart fruit jars in a paper sack and that houn'-dog under his arm.

"Sho," Uncle Bud said. "But what has that got to do with me and you trompin around out here in the middle of the night with a baby settin on our belly?"

Guy explained how all that noise from the engine and the cattle bawlin and the dogs barkin had woke up the young babies and then the womenfolks had quietened down the kids and the menfolks had made the dogs hush up.

"Then we went on in the kitchen," Uncle Bud said, "and we had a drink out'n them fruit jars and after awhile, along about one a.m., the womenfolks begun to take the fidgets and pretty soon they broke up the frolic and we went on home."

"Sho," Guy said. "That's right. But while me and you was settin in the kitchen with our nose stuck in them fruit jars, somebody taken Oscar out of our wagon and put this here girl in his clothes."

Well, anyhow, they got on over to the Jenkins place and old man Jenkins come out in his shirttail with the shotgun and called the dogs off of them. So Guy asked him if they had a extra boy baby around the place anywheres. And old man Jenkins said, "What in tarnation happened over there last night anyhow? Me and Jenny got home with a boy all right, but we done hitched up the team and taken it over and swapped it to Lizzy Briggs for a girl."

"That so?" Guy said. "I didn't know it was anybody's but our'n that had got mixed up."

And about that time Jenny come out on the gallery in her nightgown, holdin a lamp in her hand. She said: "Lucy Reid and Tom was over here not ten minutes ago tryin to swap off a boy. They had done and lost their girl."

"We better be truckin on over to Tom's place," Guy said. "I guess him and Lucy has got Oscar."

So they said good night all and drove on down the road. "It sho is some funny business goin on around here," Uncle Bud said. "Has all these folks got babies the same age?"

And Guy said, "Yes. Most of them. It must be forty or fifty up and down this railroad track. All about three months old."

Uncle Bud set there nursin that baby and pattin Jim Ferguson on the head. And the first thing anybody knowed they had done and drove up to Tom Reid's place. "Railroad in his front yard too, I see," Uncle Bud said.

And Guy said, "Sho. It ain't a woman in this part of the country that would have it any other way. They want civilization brought to their doorstep."

So Guy hollered hello and Tom come out on the gallery and told him. He said, "No, we did have a boy, but we done swapped it off. I wisht I knowed who was responsible for all this business."

"Me too," Guy said. "I b'lieve it was them older young'uns. That cattle train woke them up too. I seen some of them gangin up out there like they might of been tryin to study up some devilment."

And old man Reid said, "Well now, whyn't I think of that? Just wait a minute and I'll find out." So he ducked back in the house and pretty soon he come out draggin' his twelve-year-old boy by the scruff of the neck.

"We never done it," the boy said. "It was the girls that mixed'm up. The boys wasn't nowheres about the wagons."

And old man Reid said, "Ha. That's a likely story. Where was the boys all that time?"

"They was down to the railroad track," he said. "Puttin logs on it so that four a.m. passenger train would tump over."

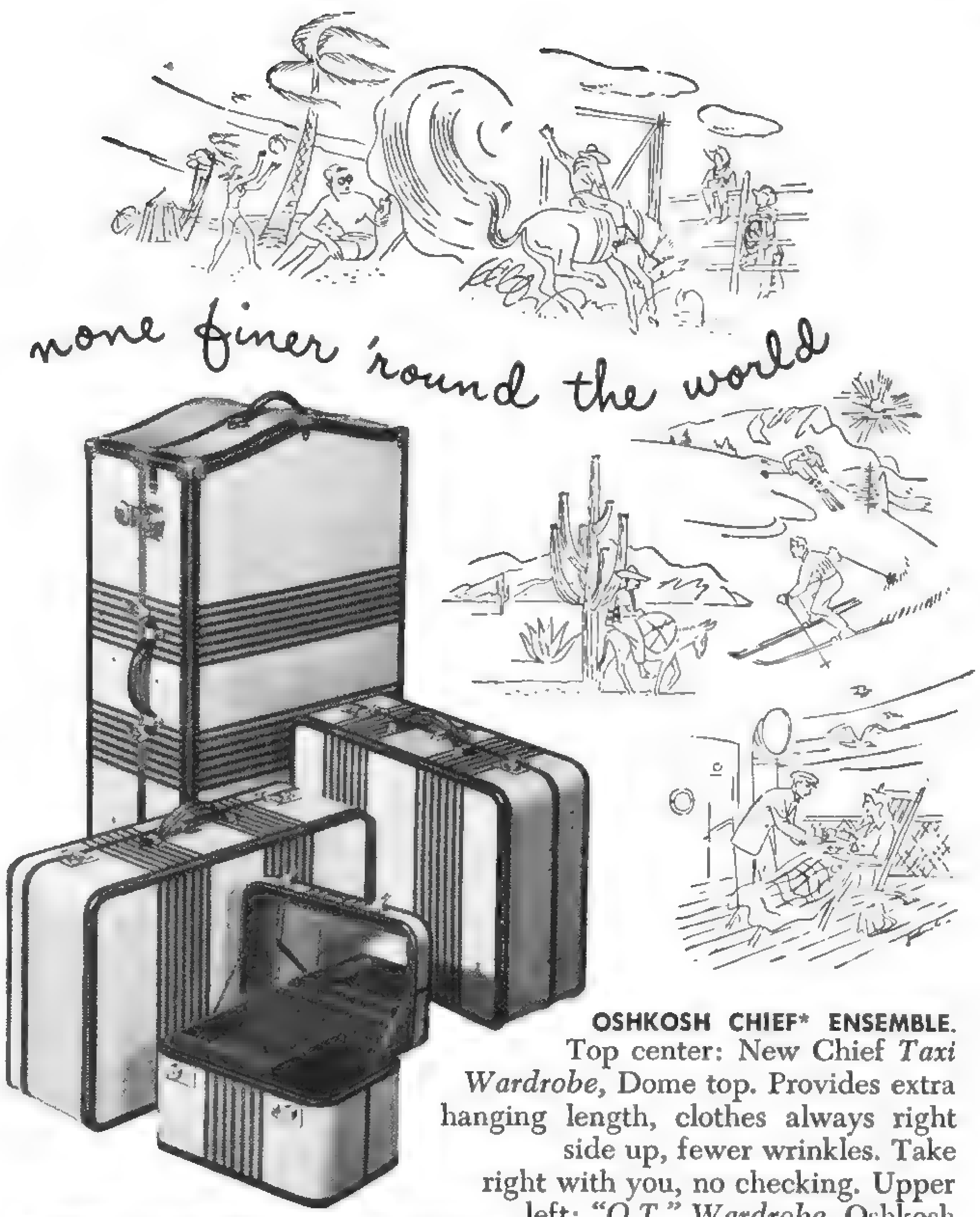
And old man Reid said, "For Christ's sake! Guy, you got a watch?"

So Guy held up the lantern and looked at his watch. "We got twenty minutes to make it," he said. "To keep it from pilin up in bed with George Bilers and Mary and them fourteen kids."

Well, it was a pretty close race, but they made it and got the logs off of the track and took Tom Reid back home. And by that time Guy and Uncle Bud had just about had enough of runnin around. "We just as well to wait until daylight now," Guy said. So they went on back home and et their breakfast.

They hadn't no mor'n got up from the table till Julius Tiner

Continued on page 140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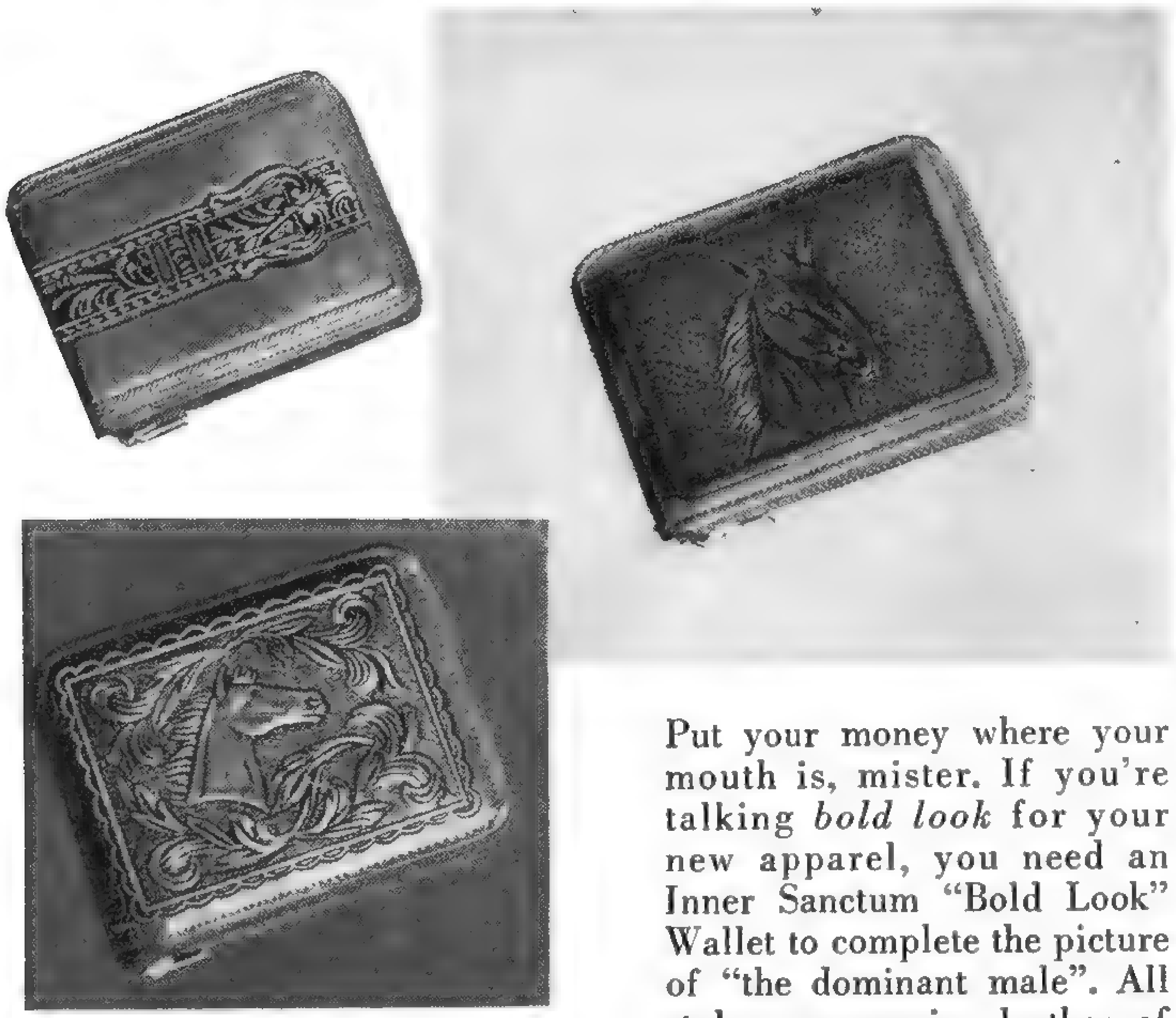

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Uncle Bud's Bloodhound

Continued from page 139

drove up out front with his shotgun and told Guy he had come over to git his baby girl.

"Sho," Guy said. "What have you got to swap for it?"

And Julius said he never had nothin. That when they had got home from the housewarmin and counted the nine chaps in the bed of the wagon they had come up one short. He pulled the hammer back on the gun then and told Guy to bring it on out. So Guy and Ella let him have the odd girl, because they knowed it wasn't theirs.

Well, that baby swappin went on all the next day and finally ever'body was pretty well satisfied except Guy and Ella. They never had located Oscar.

So it rocked on that way for about a week or such a matter and folks had just about reconciled theirselves with what they had. But some of them was still tryin to figure out who in the hell their baby favored. Till one day the cattle train stopped in Guy Burleson's front yard on its way from Austin down to Cedarmont, and out stepped this doctor and nurse. He told Guy he was the youngest one of the Mayo boys, but he never had went in cahoots with his brothers at the hospital.

"I can straighten out this bunch of babies," he told Guy, "and find that missing twin of yours." And Guy said, "How?"

"Blood tests," Dr. Mayo said. "You git all them papas and mammas and babies down to the schoolhouse and we'll see whose blood matches who."

About that time Uncle Bud woke up out there on the front gallery where him and Jim Ferguson had been takin a nap on the floor. He come waddlin on in the house wipin the sweat off of his face with a big red bandanna handkerchief and Jim Ferguson limpin along behind him. "How much you aimin on chargin these folks?" he said.

"Ten dollars," Dr. Mayo said, "for ever baby that's tested. I don't believe you could git it done no cheaper."

So Ella made Guy jump on one of the mules and ride bareback up an down the railroad track and collect all the folks that was implicated in that big baby scramble. And by two p.m. the doctor was settin at the teacher's desk takin in the money and the nurse was stickin ever'body in the arm or the leg or most anywheres that was handy and drawin out a few drops of blood. The men stood it pretty well, but when she got to stickin pins in all them forty or fifty young'uns and them squawlin and the womenfolks bawlin because the babies had got stuck and pretty soon all that bunch of houn'-dogs asleep out there under the wagons woke up and commenced barkin and howlin and I never heard such a racket. But they finally got through and Dr. Mayo and the nurse collected all the little tubes with blood in them and said he would have to go over to Austin and run the tests. He would send the answers back the next day and tell ever'body which baby he was supposed to have. And Cy Shelby said, "Before you go, Doc, could you stick that pin in my other eight young'uns and tell me if they are mine, and if they ain't, could you tell whose they are?"

"Sho," Dr. Mayo said. "That would be eighty dollars." And Cy said, "No. I guess not. I thank you kindly. I could durn nigh raise them for that."

So about that time they heard the cattle train whistle off down the track toward Cedarmont and Guy said, "They must not of had much loadin to do. They're comin back on time."

"I'll send you the data tomorrow," Dr. Mayo said. And him and the nurse run out and flagged the train down and clumb up in the cab with the engineer.

It was already gittin along about suppertime, so I guess most of the folks never paid no attention to the rest of the train when it come rollin on by. But some of them said later that they seen Uncle Bud and Jim Ferguson settin up in the cupola of the caboose.

Well, sho 'nough the doctor sent the answers out the next day and ever'body come on back down to the schoolhouse again and brought the kids. Old man George Bilers read out the numbers and told them who was supposed to have each one of the babies, because Dr. Mayo had tied a tag with a number on it to the right foot of ever boy baby and the left foot of ever girl.

So they shuffled them all up again and ever'body looked to see if they could recognize any family resemblance. Most of them thought they could, because they was satisfied that a doctor with the reputation them Mayo boys had would know about them blood types.

Anyhow, they all piled in the wagons again and lit out home. The womenfolks vowed and declared that if they ever had another one they would take a good look at it so they would recognize it if it ever got misplaced. And the menfolks said if they ever had another one, be durned if they didn't stamp their cattle brand on the seat of his britches or notch one ear like they marked a pig.

Ever'body was satisfied except Guy and Ella. Because when old man George Bilers distributed the babies, it still wasn't no Oscar in the crowd.

Well, ever'body was as busy as a hen a-hatchin, because they still had a right smart of cotton in the field to scrap. They done clean forgot all about that baby

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trouble—all except Guy and Ella. Especially Ella. She knowed Oscar was somewheres in the neighborhood and if things went on like they had been, he'd grow up unbeknowin to ever'body and marry his own twin sister.

And then about that time the sheriff from Austin come over and give ever'body his ten dollars back and told them they had caught Dr. Mayo in Santone changin the brands on cattle. His real name was different, he didn't even know the real Mayos and he didn't know no more about doctorin than a nine-year-old boy, and they had slapped him in the calaboose.

Well, that kinda knocked the bucket out from under all them folks because now they knowed durn well they had the wrong number. But it hadn't throwed no light on the main question at the Burleson ranch, which had always been "Where's Oscar?"

So it wasn't but a day or two after that when Ella caught Uncle Bud sneakin a bushel of corn out of the crib and she lit in on him. "Uncle Bud," she said, "don't you think you've done about enough devilment around in this community without cookin up a batch of rotgut liquor and gittin all the menfolks tight as a peafowl?"

And Uncle Bud said, "Sho now. What have I done?"

"Nothin," Ella said. "Not nothin. You ain't hit a lick of work since I been knowin you."

"You got a job you want me to do?" Uncle Bud said.

Ella just snorted. "If you wasn't so infernal triflin, you would of been scoutin around lookin' for the baby."

"Sho," Uncle Bud said. "All right. Now you're talkin. Now you're railroadin. I been wonderin how much longer you was goin to wait before you asked me. Because his leg ought to be healed up by now."

And Ella said, "That's something else I want to speak about. We could fatten a good-size shote on the vittles that hound eats."

Uncle Bud just squatted down and patted Jim Ferguson on the head and then he started unwindin the bandage.

When Uncle Bud got the splint off, he stood up and looked at Ella. "He's ready to commence work," he said. "I couldn't ask him to do it till his leg got well."

And Ella said, "Do what?"

"Find Oscar," Uncle Bud said. "Now you run in the house and git some of his old clothes."

So Ella went on in the house and got one of Oscar's old dresses and come back out with it. Uncle Bud punched Jim Ferguson in the ribs and woke him up and let him take a good smell of it. "Now," he said, "make Guy hitch up the mules to the wagon, because Jim Ferguson hadn't ought to exercise his left hind leg too much."

Well, Guy put his foot down and wouldn't do it. So Ella hitched up the mules to the wagon herself and Uncle Bud helped his houn'-dog in and then he clumb in hisself and drove off down the big road.

Uncle Bud was gone all day and when he come drivin up Ella was out about the cowpen watchin for him. But she could tell he never had nothin in the wagon but Jim Ferguson.

And Uncle Bud come drivin on in the lot and stopped and said, "It's a boy baby down at old Minnie Hoskins' cabin on the river."

"Minnie Hoskins got a baby?" Ella said.

And Uncle Bud said, "Sho. Ain't she supposed to have one?"

"I wouldn't think so," Ella said. "She ain't even married."

"You go on down there and git it," Uncle Bud said. "Jim Ferguson says it's Oscar. But you'll have to take the law with you, because she drawed a shotgun on me."

So Ella wouldn't even let Guy unhitch the team. She made him jump in the wagon with her and they run the mules ever step of the way to town and got the sheriff and come high-tailin on to the cabin on the river.

When they got back home, Uncle Bud and Jim Ferguson was settin in the kitchen eatin a chicken pie that Ella had cooked that day. Ella come on in the kitchen with the baby in her arms and Guy was right behind her. "It's him all right," Guy said. "I'd know him anywheres on God's green earth. He's the spittin' image of my grandma."

Well, Uncle Bud and Jim Ferguson done a land-office business the next day smellin of dirty clothes and gittin them forty or fifty babies unscrambled all over again. And when they got through, ever'body went home well satisfied, because Jim Ferguson was a pedigreed bloodhound from the Federal penitentiary and they knowed the government ought to have a good stock of dogs.

"The warden was goin to shoot him," Uncle Bud said, "because he had got his leg broke. But I told him, I said, 'Give him to me. I'll take him home and learn him how to tree coons.' "

And Guy patted Jim Ferguson on the head and said, "He's a fine dog, and you and him has got a home with us as long as you live."

"No, thank you," Uncle Bud said. "I'm goin to build me a cabin back there in the post oaks where I can't hear no trains. How long has this business been goin on, anyhow?"

And Guy said, "What? What business, Uncle Bud?"

"This passenger train blastin down through ever'body's front yard at four a.m. in the mornin."

"Oh that," Guy said. "They just put the railroad through here about a year ago."

And Uncle Bud said, "Well, I never was no hand to git up fore daylight and watch a train go by. But ever'body to his own notion." ⧻

Continued from page 60

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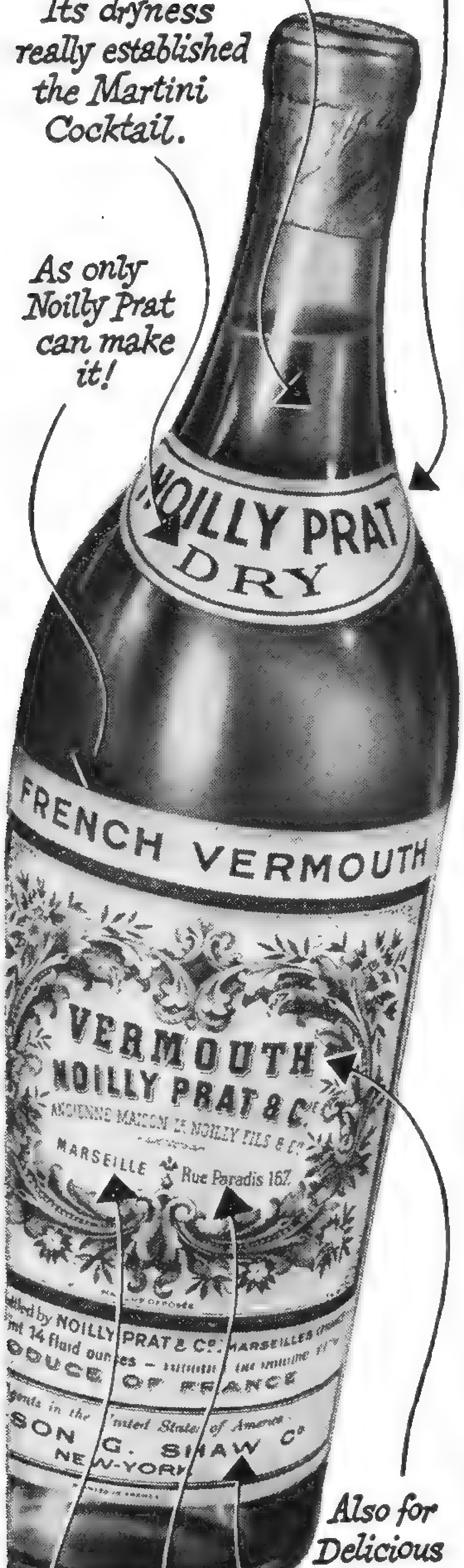

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

doll's house by Rice

In Dr. Rice's article *Nature of the Human Male* he says, "Men don't think they're superior, they just feel it."

True, perhaps, but can you blame the girls for resenting it when they are forced by custom to cultivate a totally unnecessary degree of inferiority in order to flatter the male feeling of superiority? Can you blame them for resenting it when they have to pretend they are babies in order to attract men, and then are criticized for not becoming responsible adults as soon as they are married? Or when the job of making a home and raising a family on a limited budget is, by implication, regarded as a baby's job? (Stay a baby all your life if you want to be loved is still the theme of many songs.)

Walter S. Hughes
Ojai, Calif.

many ache

Re: Backstage with Esquire, August, if Georg (Ugh!) Mann wants to play around with a handicraft operation called a beard, let him. To every man his poison.

But please, when have French-Canadian papers ever translated "plenty of headaches" as "beaucoup mal de tête"? Translated again, that would be: "Many *ache* of the head." This whole letter may give you a headache, but, please, let's not be like my buddies overseas who thought the word "beaucoup" meant everything.

If you have plenty of headaches, brother, you have "beaucoup de maux de tête" or even, and less properly but more easily used, "beaucoup de mals de tête." That "beaucoup mal" smells, Georg M.

Roger Lambert
Hampton Beach, N. H.

battle cry of freedom

As a seafaring man who has been knocking around the world for the past twenty years, I can attest to the truth of Leland Stowe's observations, and incidentally, my acquaintance with European women has not been confined to the water front.

Mr. Stowe has omitted one of the American woman's greatest faults—her terrific *possessiveness*. The European woman is content if she feels that she means, to a man, as much as a woman can. The American woman nags, heckles, and bedevils a man in an effort to be the center and focus of his entire life. She resents and is jealous of his clubs, sports, male friends—everything that he does or is able to enjoy, to the enjoyment of which *her company* is unnecessary. The European girl takes it for granted that a man will go hunting or fishing, or to his club, with other men. Let the American man tell his woman that he plans to spend an evening out of her sight and the result is either a tantrum, or an attitude of martyrdom designed to make him feel that he is a selfish, heartless brute.

The European woman expects a man to be a man. The American girl apparently wants him to be a little boy, tied to her apron strings.

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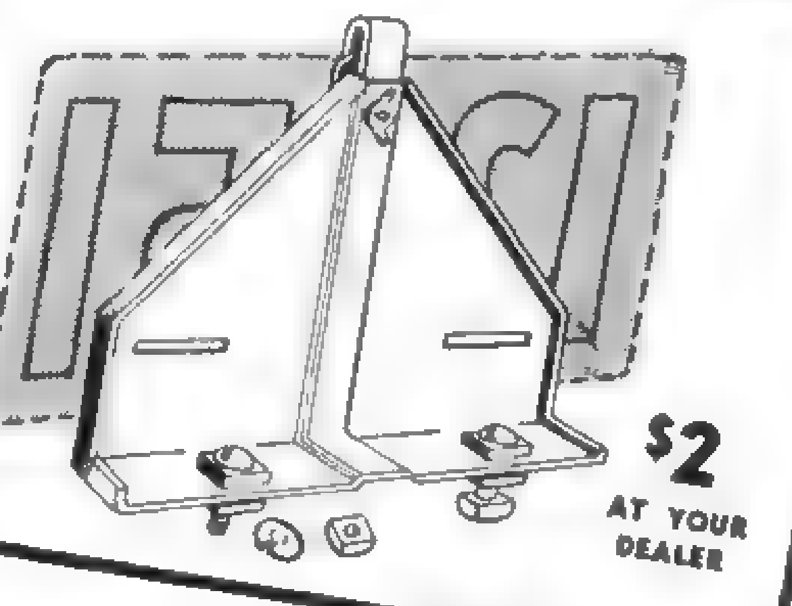

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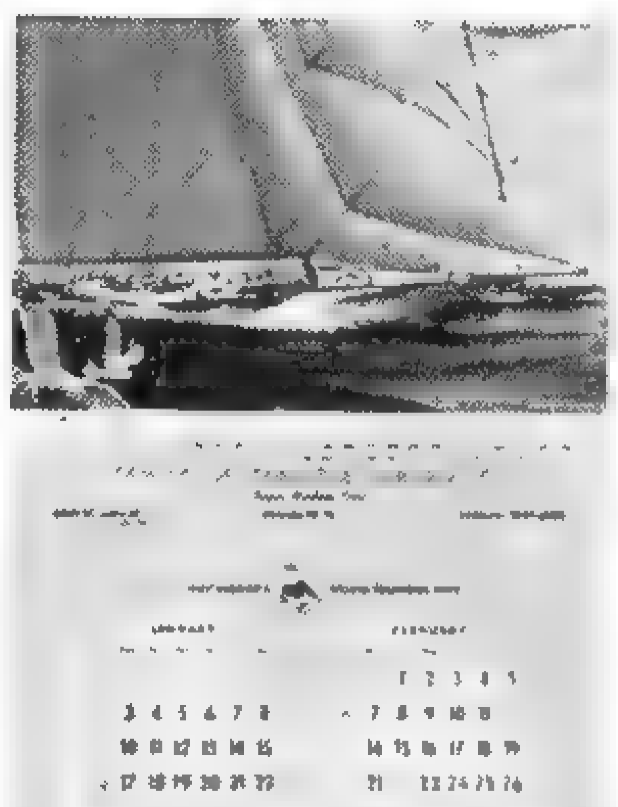

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Want a Drink? See Your Lawyer!

Continued from page 67

just taking the glass over to the table," I murmured. (The table wasn't ten feet away.)

"Sorry," he said, "but I can't let you do that. State law, you know. You gotta sit down *first.*"

That helps keep weaklings like me from falling under the spell of Demon Rum!

Another department in which our lawmakers have had a field day is in the hours and days when liquor can be sold. In Maryland, you can buy package goods in Cecil County at 6 in the morning, but in Talbot County you've got to wait until 8 o'clock. In New York City, you can drink legally in public until 4 a.m.; but elsewhere in the state 3 o'clock is the deadline. In Rhode Island, you can drink until 1 a.m. if you're eating, but you must quit at midnight if you're not eating.

In South Carolina, you may buy package goods from sunrise to sunset except on Saturday, when sales stop at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. And in New Hampshire, the hours of sale for on premise reads like a timetable: "Hotels, to guests in their rooms and cocktail rooms: Weekdays—6 a.m. to 10:45 p.m. Sundays (to guests in their rooms)—12 noon to 2:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. No Sunday liquor sales in cocktail rooms. Hotels, to guests in dining rooms: Weekdays—7 a.m. to 9:30 p.m; 11 a.m. to 2:30 p.m; 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. Sundays—12 noon to 2:30 p.m; 5 p.m. to 9 p.m."

As for the days when it is naughty to buy liquor in various states—boy, that's something! In Arizona, on the one hand, there is no holiday on which sales are banned, but in Utah there are twelve, including Arbor Day. In Idaho, there are no sales on Pioneer Day, June 15th; in Massachusetts, none before 1 p.m., on Patriot's Day, April 19th; in South Dakota, the sale of liquor is prohibited on Memorial Day. No state prohibits sales on Leap Year Day, but this will doubtless be taken care of soon.

The railroads, obviously, have their special problems, particularly on trains that pass from wet to dry territories. A business associate and I boarded a sleeper in New York an hour or so before train time. We decided to have a nightcap before turning in, but the porter shook his head.

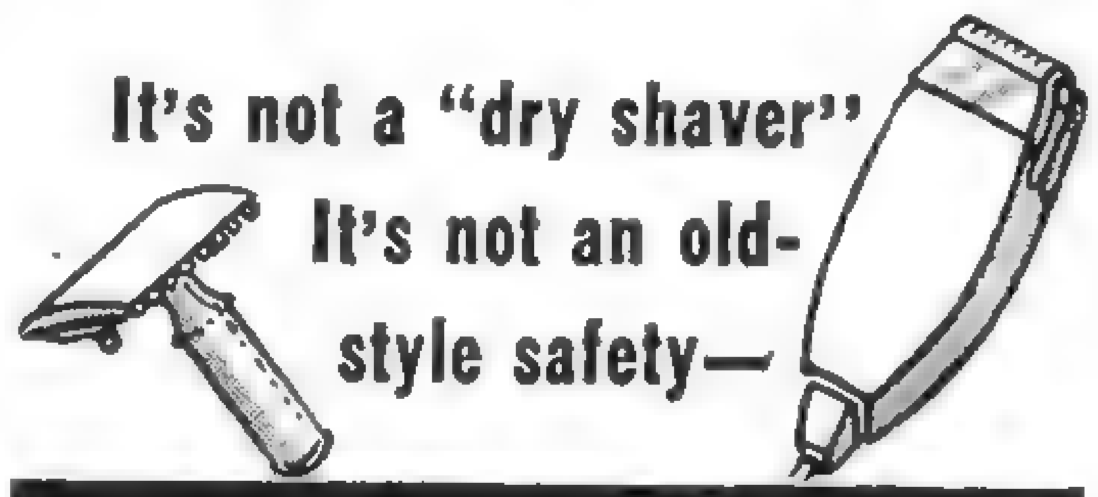
"You mean you haven't any liquor aboard?" queried my friend.

"Sure, boss, we's got liquor—but I can't serve you till we gets outa the hole."

Which, translated, meant that it was illegal to serve us while the train was still in the station; we'd have to wait until it came out of the tunnel into New Jersey.

No, no; I'm not complaining about the rigors of modern travel. But I think some "incertitudes of the law" are funny as hell. #

Here's something he hasn't got!



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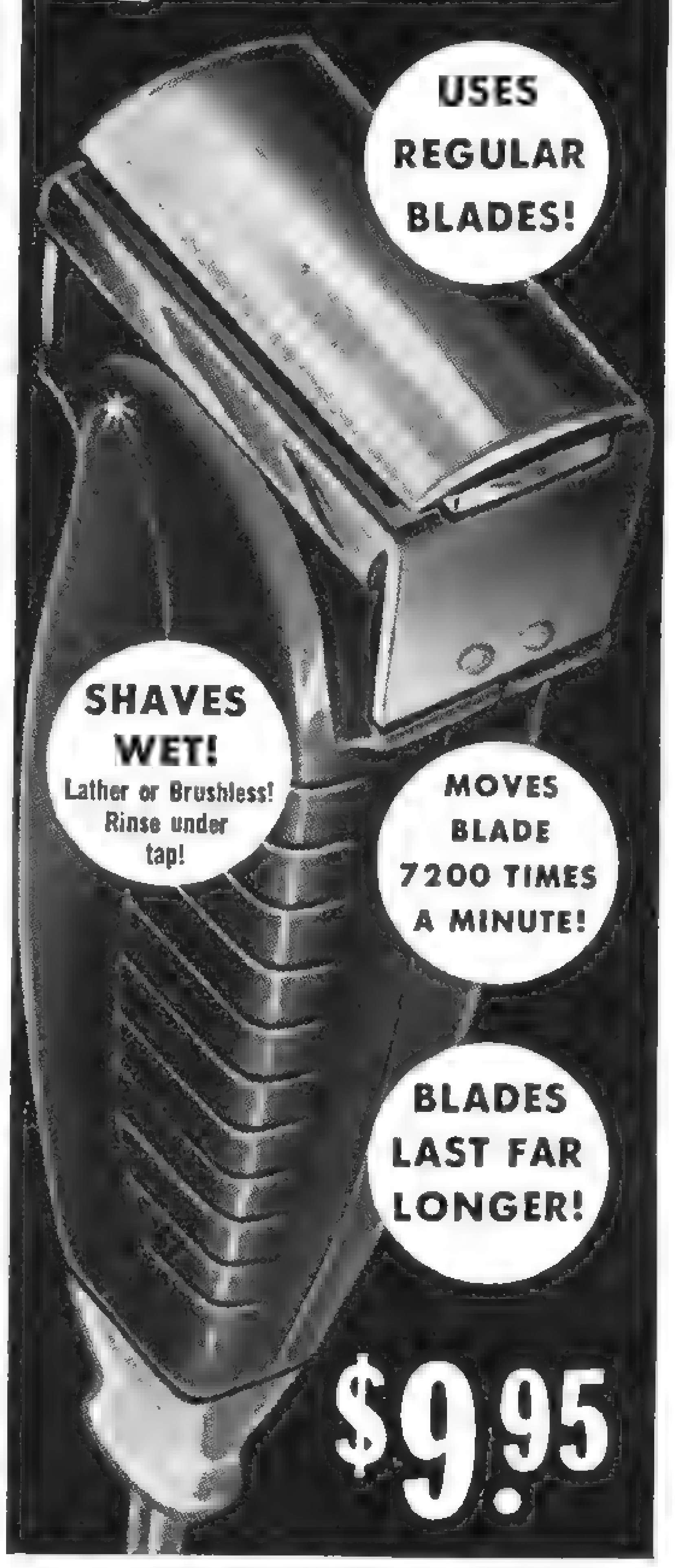
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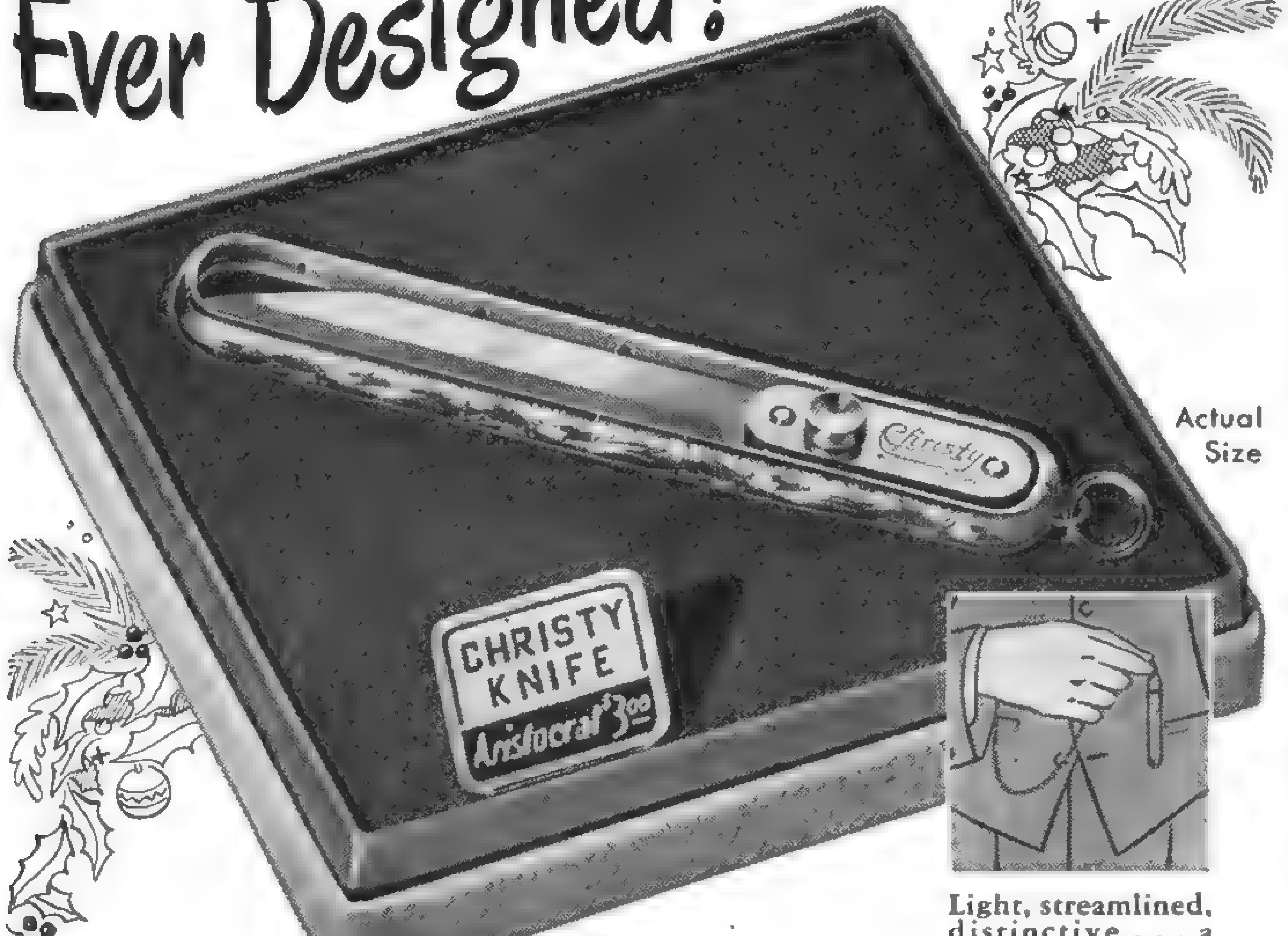

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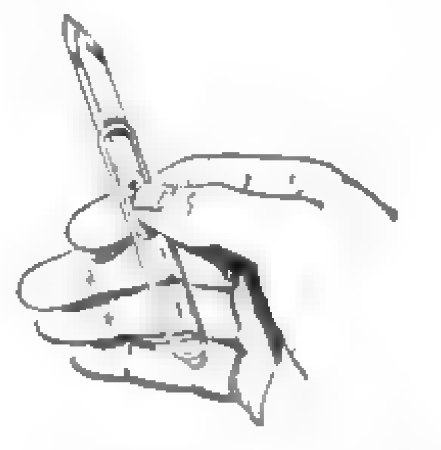

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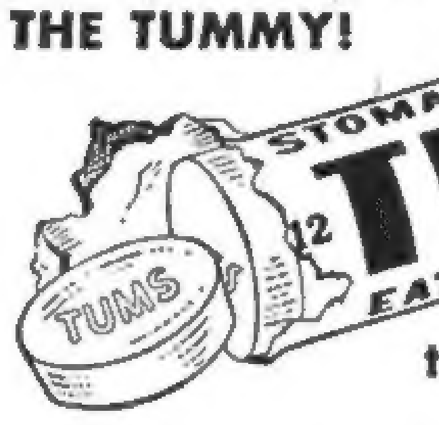

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(SEAL) Kay Marten. (My commission expires March 13, 1952.)

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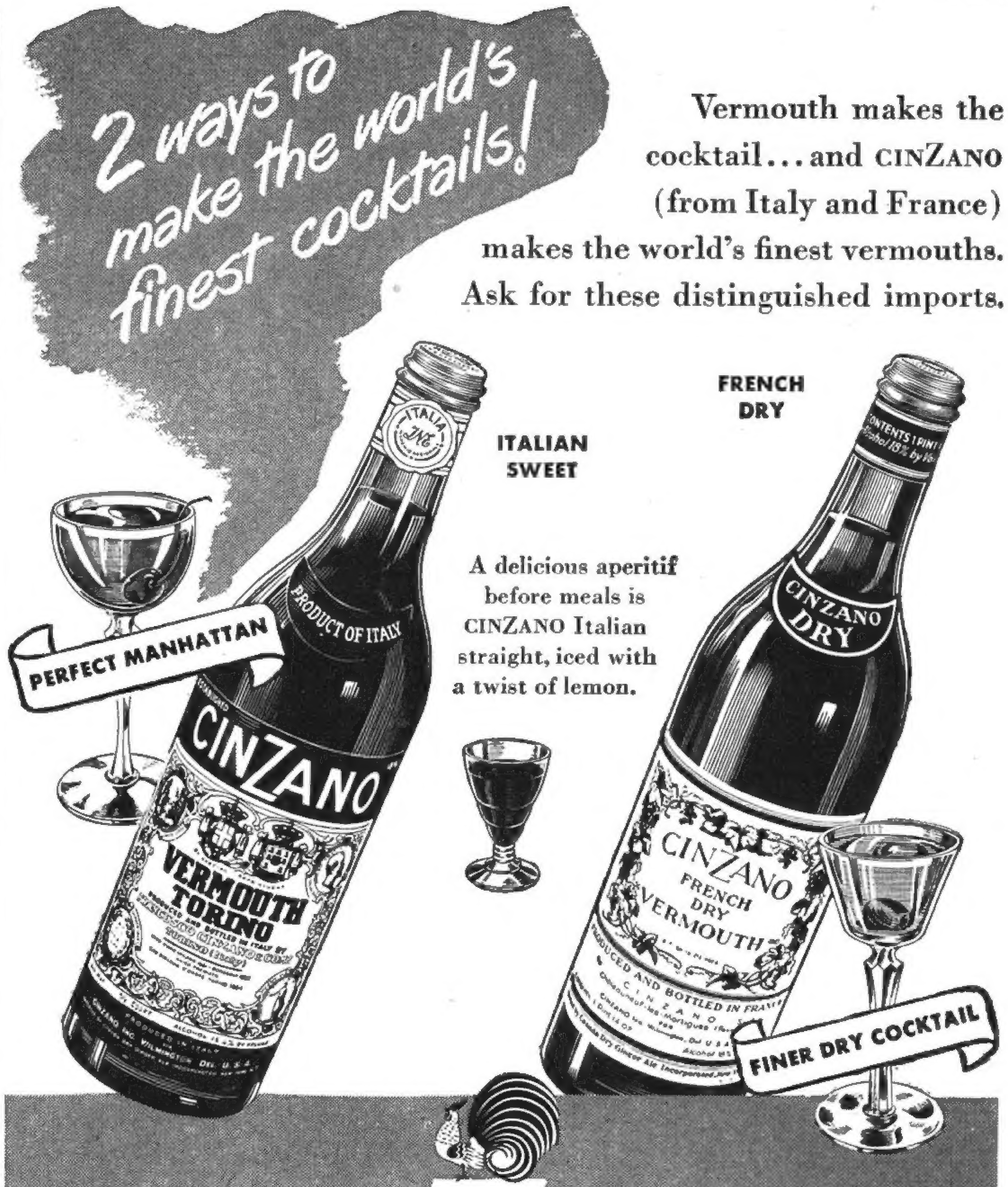

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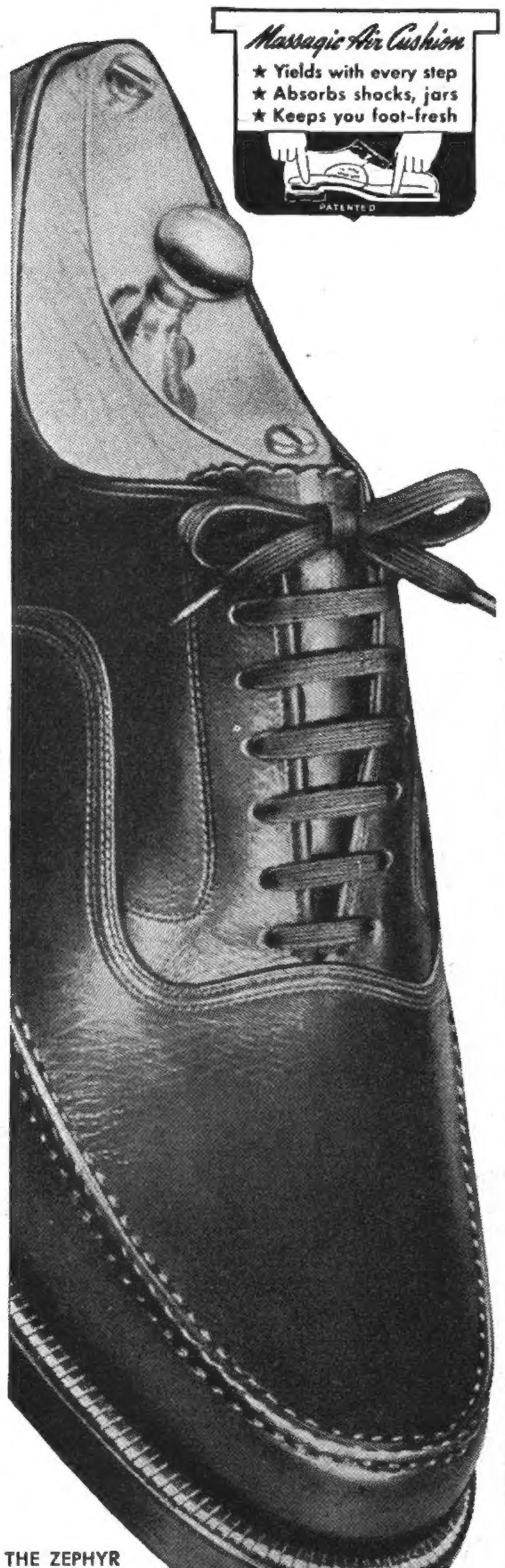

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by **HERBERT KUBLY**

The High

JOHANNES BRAHMS wrote his *German Requiem* in memory of his mother and his great friend, Robert Schumann. Mozart wrote a *Requiem* for himself. A few hours before he died, Mozart sang the *Requiem* with his friends. After his death the unfinished parts were filled in by his pupil, Süssmayer.

These two great *Requiems* have been put on records—the Brahms not once, but twice. Victor has a domestic version with Robert Shaw conducting his RCA Victor Chorale and Symphony Orchestra and soloists Eleanor Steber, soprano, and James Pease, baritone (18 sides) ♪♪. Columbia has one with the young Austrian, Herbert von Karajan, conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Wien, with Soprano Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and Baritone Hans Hotter (20 sides) ♪♪. The Victor version has the musical fastidiousness characteristic of Shaw recordings. Columbia's, with its larger chorus, has the spiritual abandon that comes from a love for and familiarity with great music.

The greatest treasure of all is the imported Mozart *Requiem* (Cetra-Soria, 16 sides) ♪♪♪. Recorded in the accoustically phenomenal Basilica of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome, its wondrous sounds soar majestically through churchlike spaciousness. Soloists include Soprano Pia Tassinari and Tenor Ferruccio Tagliavini, a man-and-wife team now with the Metropolitan. Victor de Sabata conducts the Italian Radio System orchestra and chorus.

Berlioz, Tschaikovsky and Prokofiev have all composed fine orchestral pieces on the *Romeo and Juliet* theme. Latest to be inspired by the Shakespeare play is the young American, David Diamond. His sensitive and tragic suite is recorded by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting (Columbia, 5 sides) ♪♪.

Five other home-grown composers are tossed into an *Americana* album (Vox, 6 sides) ♪, played by another man-and-wife team, Violinist Louis Kaufman and Pianist Annette Kaufman. Best sides are Aaron Copland's *Ukelele Serenade* and *Hoe Down.* Other composers: William Grant Still, Everett Helm, Robert McBride, Harold Triggs.

Victor has released two ingratiating Handel albums. One of the most infectiously happy pieces ever written, the *Concerto No. 6 for Harp* (3 sides) ♪♪, is enchantingly played by Harpist Marcel Grandjany with the RCA Victor Orchestra. A second album contains the *Water Music Suite* and *Concerto Grosso No. 21 in D Minor* (8 sides) ♪, played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Desire Defauw conducting.

The Low

DAN BURLEY, the firebrand managing editor of Harlem's *Amsterdam News*, is widely known as the best "party-piano" player north of 110th Street. In *South Side Shake* (Circle, 6 sides) ♪♪ Dan purrs along with "The Skiffle Boys"—bass-player Pops Foster and Brownie and Globe Trotter McGhee, a pair of guitar-strummin' brothers from Tennessee. The fanciful titles include *Dusty Bottom, Shotgun House Rag* and *Three Flights Up*.

Burley's is the best in a current rash of jazz piano albums. Count Basie ripples through old-timers like *Shine on, Harvest Moon* and *Sugar* (Victor, 8 sides) ♪. Boogie-player Freddie Slack thumps through a new collection (Capitol, 6 sides) ♪. Andre Previn embroiders some flossy arrangements of show tunes (Victor, 8 sides), and Mel Powell plays in a variety of styles on a variety of pieces, including *Hallelujah* and *You Go to My Head* (Capitol, 6). In Decca's *Songs of Our Time* series, Carmen Cavallaro rustles up the hit tunes of 1932 (8 sides). The hits that year, in case you've forgotten, included *How Deep Is the Ocean?, Forty-second Street* and *Lullaby of the Leaves*. If you like pianistics four-handed, a man-and-wife team, Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, give their sophisticated treatment to an assortment called *Night Life on Two Pianos* (Columbia, 8 sides). It includes Gershwin, Berlin, Prokofiev and Kern.

In *American Folk Songs* (Capitol, 6 sides), Jo Stafford warbles the standard *Barbara Allen* and *Black Is the Color*, along with the less frequently heard *Red Rosy Bush* and *The Nightingale*.

The French Sparrow, Edith Piaf, has a new collection (Vox, 4 sides) ♪♪, which includes her greatest hit, *Monsieur St. Pierre*. With bells ringing and choirs of angles singing *a capella*, a sinner of the streets wafts triumphantly through the gates of paradise, her reward for an unselfish life. The moral is hardly for the Sunday school. ⧻

Rating of Recording:

♪ = GOOD
♪♪ = SUPERIOR
♪♪♪ = OUTSTANDING

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Choicest full pale Oloroso. Rich.
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HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY
A very superior pale, light Fino.
HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO
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